

ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Valley

Cuentos del Valle · treinta cuentos para crecer

Companion to Spanish From the Valley

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A companion reader to the Spanish From the Valley course.



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The First Hello

El primer saludo de Oliver

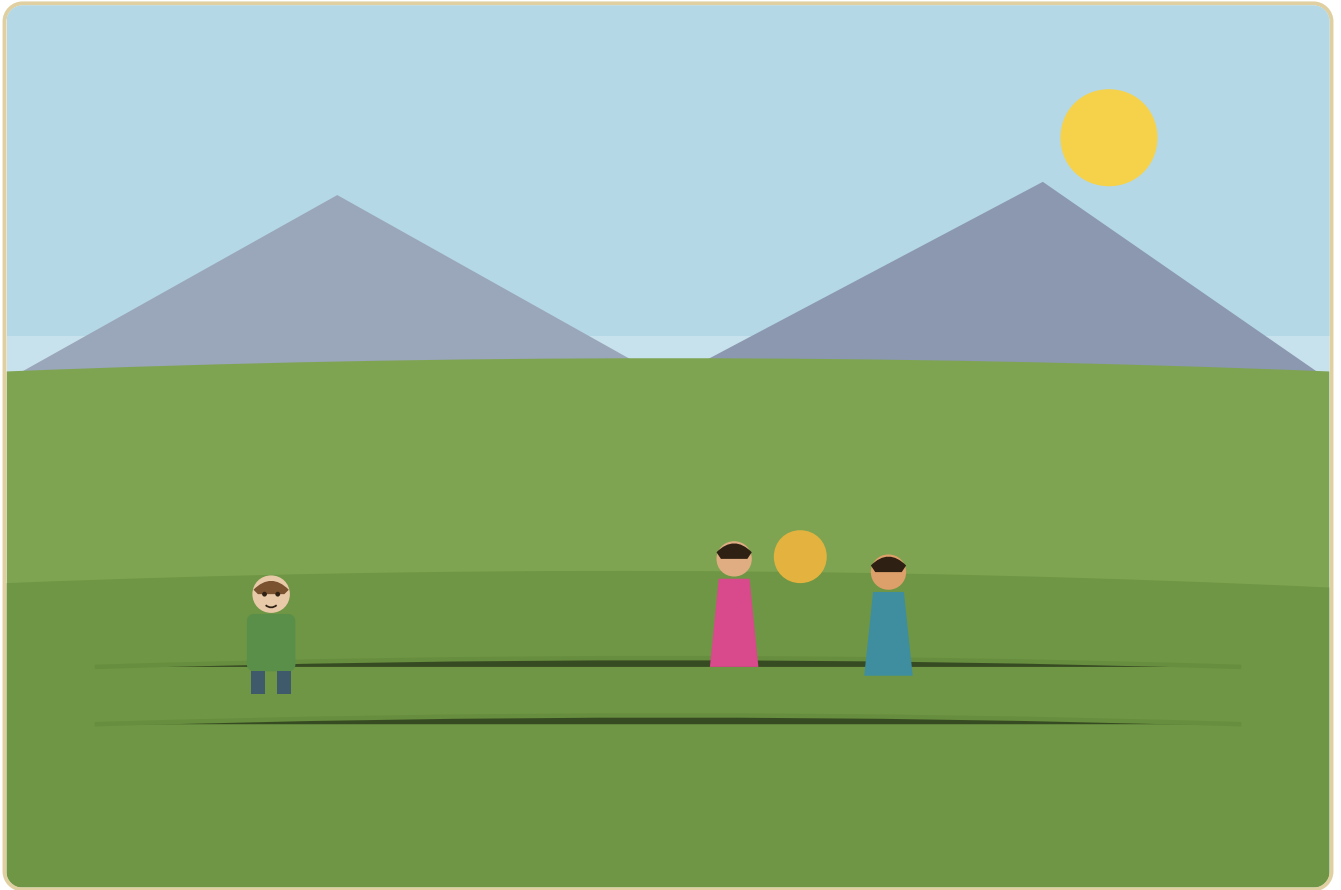
A boy who lives in the valley finally finds the words to step in

One word can open a whole valley

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 1

For every child taking their first step across the plaza

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



Oliver lived in the valley now. His family had come to Písaq, and he loved it — the tall green mountains, the river that never stopped singing, the dogs asleep in the sun of the plaza.

But there was one thing Oliver could not do yet. Every day, children played in the square, calling out to each other in bright, quick words he did not understand. Oliver watched from the edge, wishing he knew how to begin.

· 1 ·



One morning, a girl noticed him watching. She had a bright, easy smile, and instead of turning away, she walked right over to him.

Oliver's heart beat fast. He didn't know what to say. But the girl said one small, warm word — and it was a word he had been practicing at home.

¡Hola! (OH-lah)

Hello!

In Quechua, the valley's oldest hello: **Napaykullayki.**

· 2 ·



Oliver knew this word! He had said it to the mirror a hundred times. He took a breath and said it right back: "**¡Hola!**"

The girl beamed. Then she pointed to herself and told him her name.

Me llamo Illa. (meh YAH-moh EE-yah)

My name is Illa.

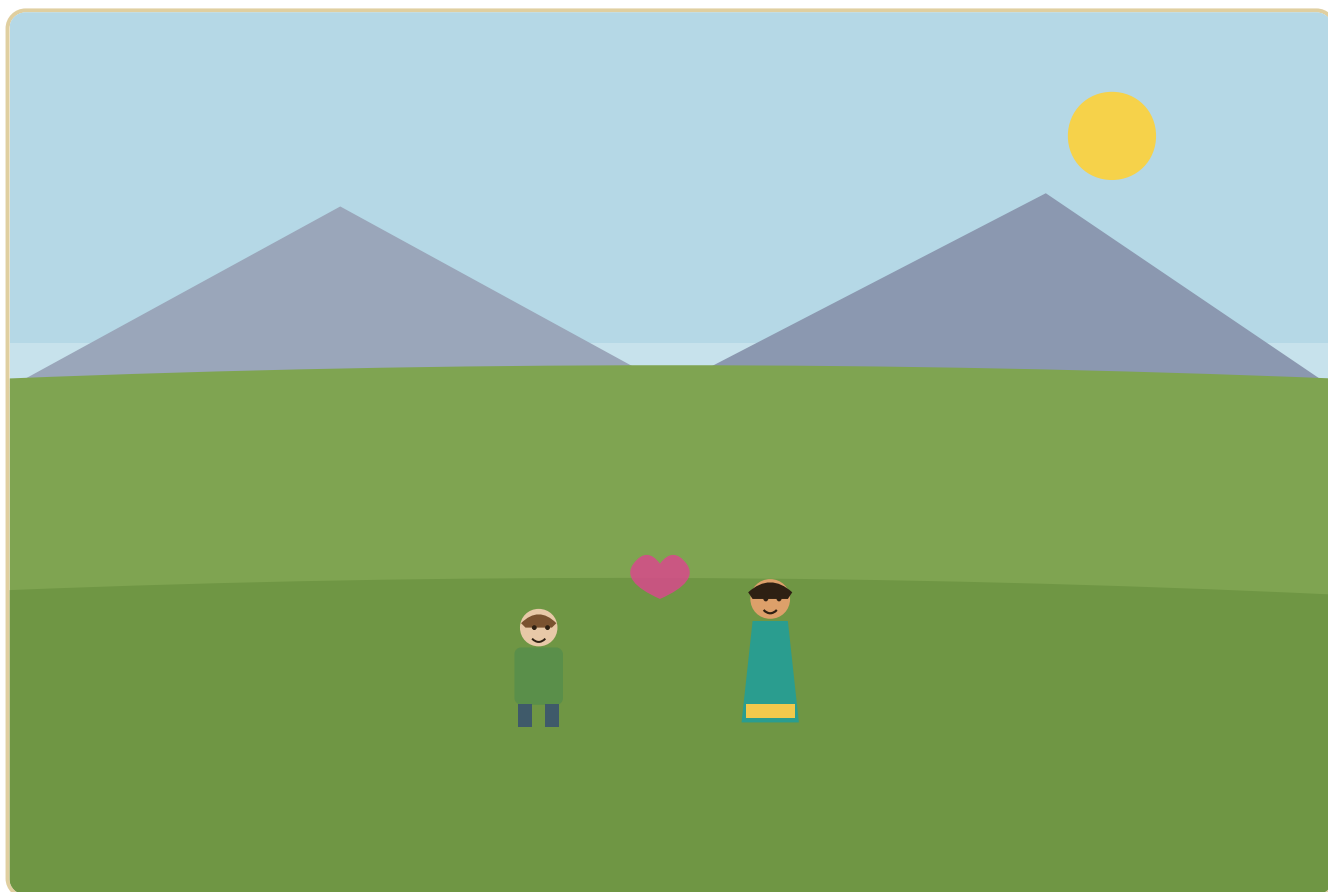
In Quechua: **Sutiyqa Illa-mi** — my name is Illa.



Now Oliver understood the game. He pointed to himself, the way Illa had, and said his own name: **"Me llamo Oliver."**

Illa clapped her hands, delighted. She reached out to shake his hand and said the warmest words of all.

¡Mucho gusto! (MOO-choh GOOS-toh)
Nice to meet you!

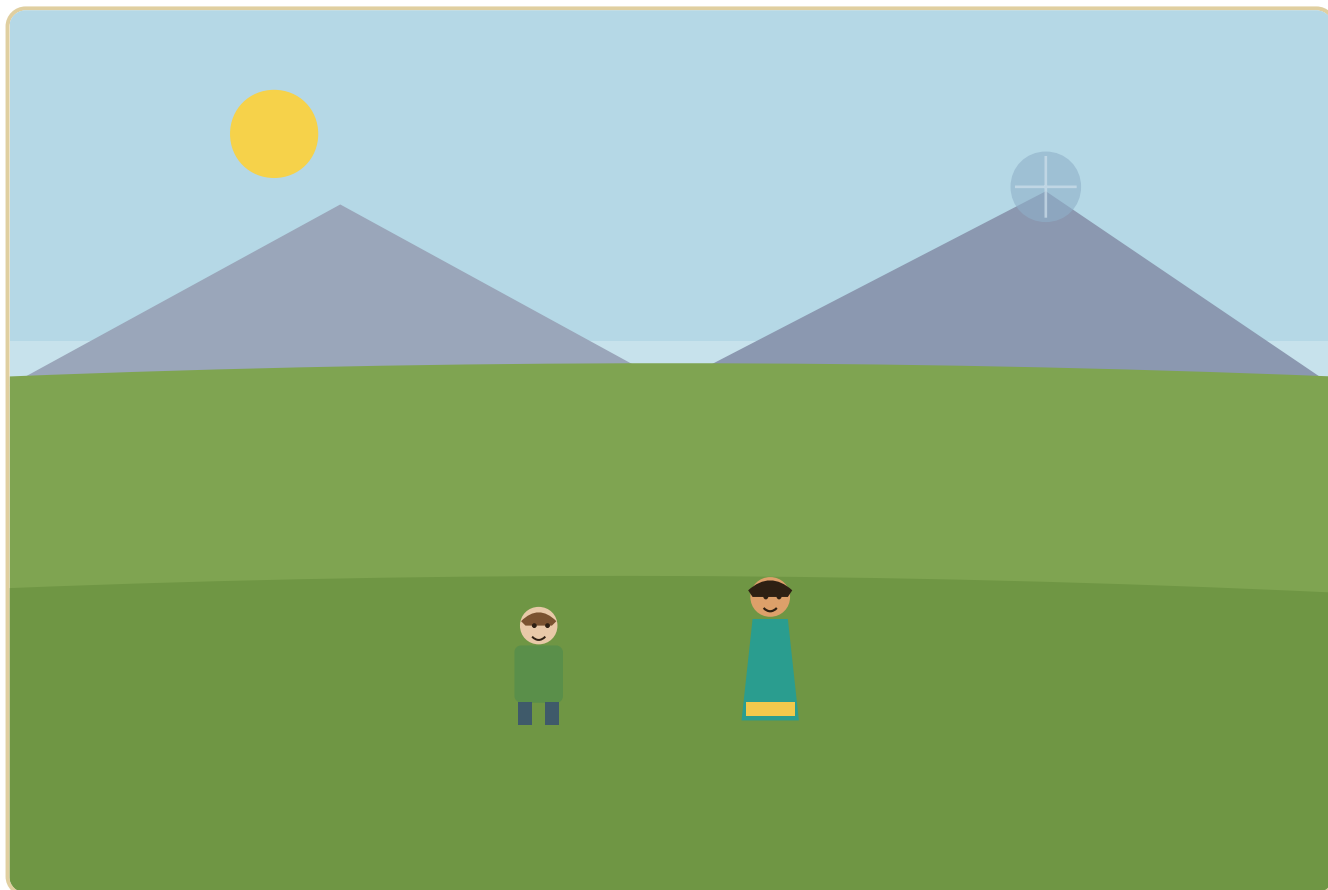


Illa tilted her head and asked how he was feeling. Oliver remembered this one too, from Module 1. "**Bien, gracias,**" he said — *fine, thank you* — and then, feeling brave, he asked her back: "**¿Y tú?**"

¿Cómo estás? (KOH-moh ehs-TAHS)

How are you? — Bien, gracias. ¿Y tú?

Just like the Quechua **Allillanchu?** — **Allillanmi!**



Then Illa asked the question the whole valley loves to ask. Oliver told her he came from far away — but that this valley was his home now.

"Soy de Canadá," he said, *"pero vivo en Písaq."* Illa's face lit up.

"¡Bienvenido al valle!" she said — *welcome to the valley.*

¿De dónde eres? (deh DOHN-deh EH-rehs)

Where are you from? — Soy de... pero vivo en Písaq.

In Quechua: **Maymantan kanki?**



The other children came running over. One by one, Oliver turned to each of them and said the little word he now knew by heart: "**¡Hola!... ¡Hola!... ¡Hola!**"

And with every hello, a door swung open. He was not watching from the edge anymore. He was standing right in the middle of the circle — one of them.



The sun slipped down behind the mountains, painting the whole sky gold. It was time for Oliver to go home. He turned to his new friend and waved:

"¡Chau, Illa! Hasta mañana."

Walking home, Oliver understood something. Today he had not only learned some words. He had made a friend. And it had all begun with one small, brave **hola**.

One hello opened the whole valley.

You don't need every word — you only need the first one, said with a smile.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
¡Hola!	Hello / Hi	Napaykullayki
Buenos días	Good morning	Allin p'unchay
Me llamo...	My name is...	Sutiyqa ...-mi
¿Cómo te llamas?	What's your name?	Iman sutiyki?
Mucho gusto	Nice to meet you	—
¿Cómo estás?	How are you?	Allillanchu?
Bien, gracias · ¿Y tú?	Fine, thanks · And you?	Allillanmi · Qanri?
¿De dónde eres?	Where are you from?	Maymantan kanki?
Vivo en Písaq	I live in Písaq	—
Hasta mañana · Chau	See you tomorrow · Bye	Paqarinkama

One hello in Spanish. One hello in Quechua.

One valley, one open hand — and now, one more friend in it.

¡Hasta mañana, Oliver!

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 1 — companion to "¡Hola, Písaq!" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



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Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Come, I'll Show You

Ven, te muestro el valle

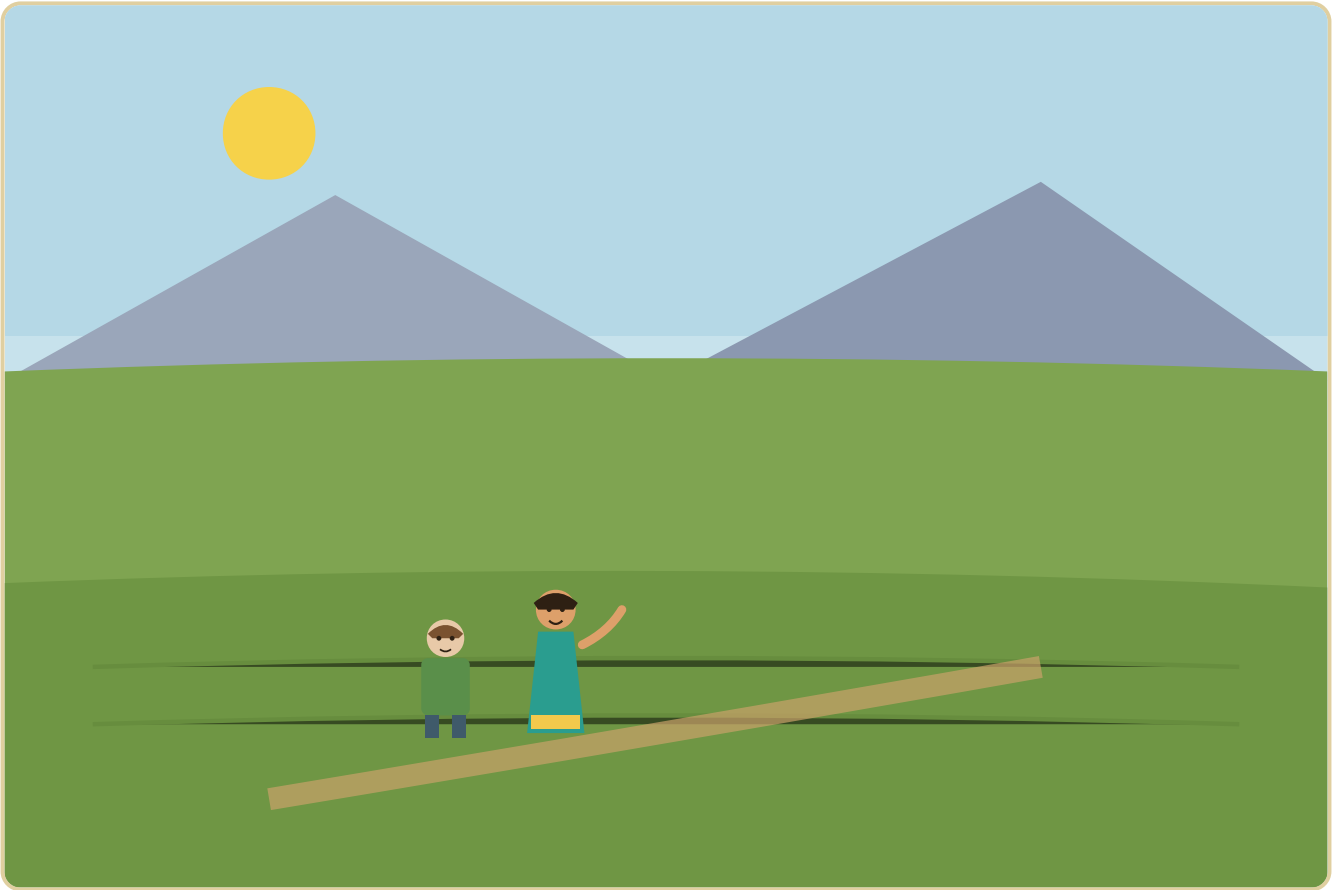
Illa walks Oliver up a path — and he sees his valley for the first time

The place was always here. Today he really sees it.

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 2

For everyone learning to see their own home with new eyes

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The morning was bright and clear. Illa found Oliver by the plaza and grinned. She had something she wanted to share.

She waved him toward a little path that climbed up out of the town. "**¡Ven!**" she said — *come!* — "**Te nuestro mi valle.**"

¡Ven! (vehn)

Come! / Come along!

In Quechua, **Haku!** — let's go, together.

· 1 ·



Up they climbed, past the terraces, until the whole valley opened below them like a green blanket. Illa spread her arms wide.

"Esto es mi valle," she said softly — *this is my valley*. Oliver had lived here for months, but he had never seen it like this.

Esto es mi valle. (EHS-toh ehs mee VAH-yeh)
This is my valley.

• 2 •



Illa pointed to the great peak standing over the valley, its top brushed with snow. Her voice went quiet and warm.

"Esa es la montaña," she said — *that is the mountain* — **"el Apu."** The Apu, she told him, watches over everyone in the valley.

la montaña (lah mon-TAH-nyah)
the mountain

The valley's sacred name for it: the **Apu**, the great guardian.

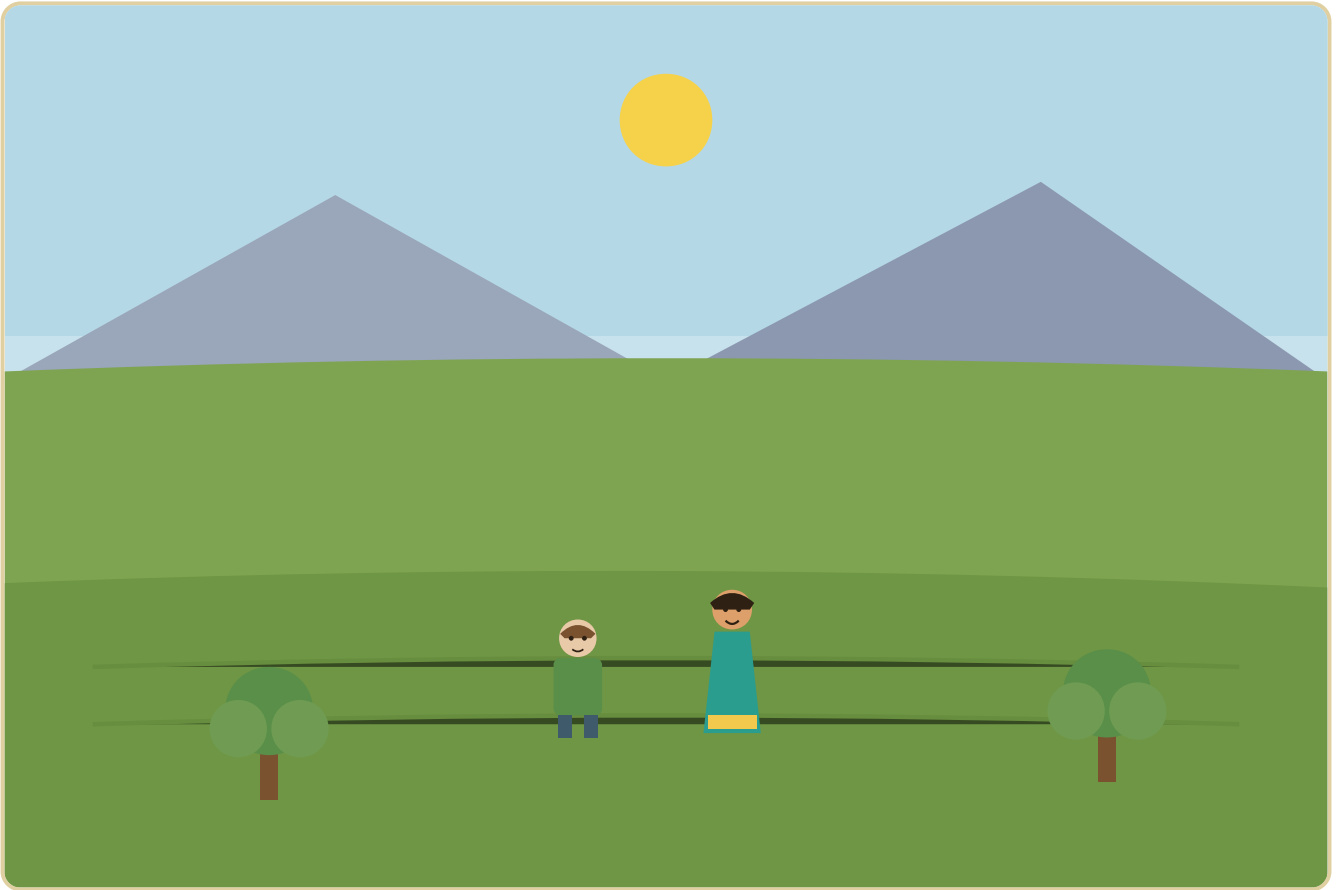


Down at the bottom of the valley, a silver ribbon wound through the fields, catching the light.

"Y ese es el río," Illa said — *and that is the river*. It had been flowing there, singing, since long before anyone could remember.

el río (ehl REE-oh)
the river

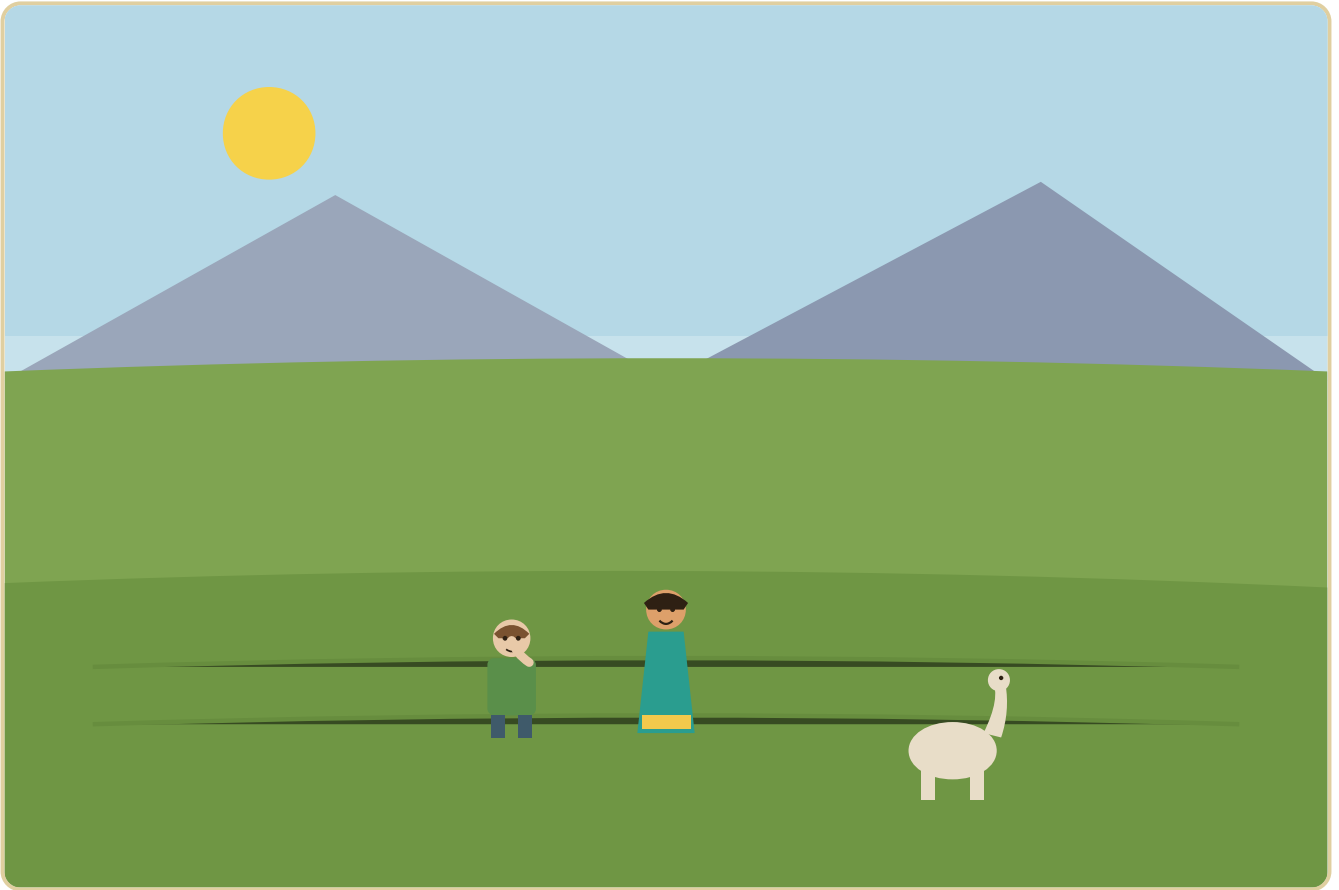
The sacred river of the valley: the **Mayu**.



Oliver looked, and looked. Everywhere, color: the deep green of the fields, the bright blue of the sky, little yellow flowers nodding in the grass.

"Verde," he said, pointing at the fields. **"Azul,"** at the sky. **"¡Amarillo!"** at the flowers. Illa clapped.

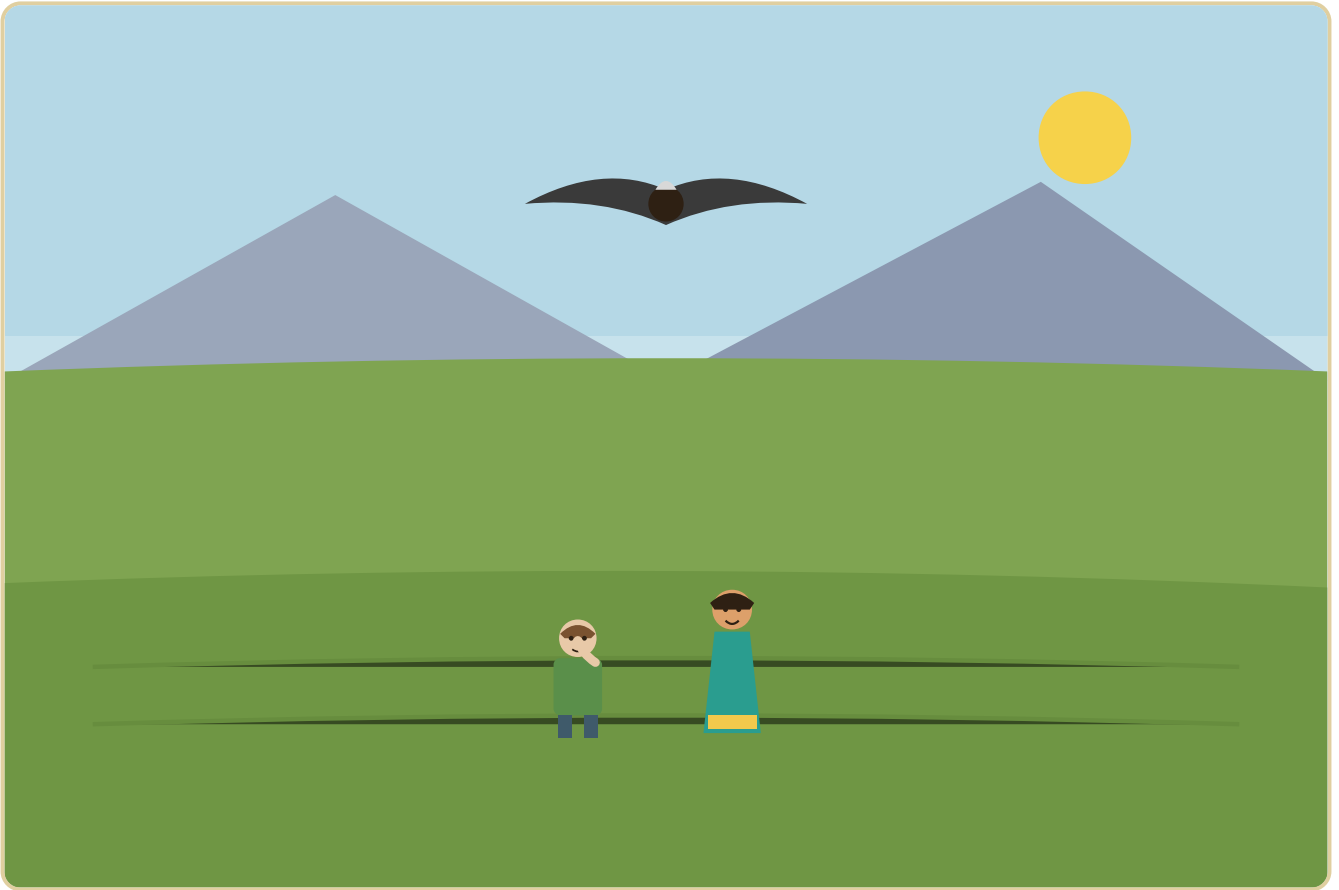
verde · azul · amarillo (VEHR-deh · ah-SOOL · ah-mah-REE-yoh)
green · blue · yellow



Something moved on the hillside. A tall, gentle shape with a long neck turned to look at them, chewing thoughtfully.

"¡Mira!" Oliver whispered — *look!* **"Una llama."** The llama blinked its long lashes, as if it were saying hello.

¡Mira! Una llama. (MEE-rah! OO-nah YAH-mah)
Look! A llama.



Then a great shadow slid across the grass. High above, wings wider than a door, a huge bird circled the peaks without a single flap.

"¡El cóndor!" Illa breathed. Oliver held his breath and watched it ride the wind, round and round the Apu, king of the whole sky.

el cóndor (ehl KOHN-dor)
the condor

The great sacred bird: the **kuntur**.



The sun began to sink, turning the whole valley to gold. Oliver stood quietly, taking it all in — the mountain, the river, the colors, the birds.

"Es hermoso," he said at last — *it's beautiful*. And then, surprising himself: **"Me gusta mi valle."** *I like my valley*. His valley. It really was.

He had lived here all along — but today, he saw it.

Sometimes the most beautiful place in the world is the one you already live in.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
¡Ven!	Come!	Haku!
Esto es...	This is...	—
mi valle	my valley	—
la montaña	the mountain	Apu
el río	the river	Mayu
el cielo	the sky	—
verde · azul	green · blue	k'omer · anqas
amarillo	yellow	q'ello
¡Mira!	Look!	Qhaway!
la llama	the llama	llama
el cóndor	the condor	kuntur
hermoso	beautiful	sumaq
Me gusta mi valle	I like my valley	—

One valley, named at last. One friend to show the way.
And a boy who looked — really looked — and loved what he saw.
Es hermoso, Oliver. Es tu valle.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 2 — companion to "Mi Valle" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha ·
Pisaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



This Is My Family

Esta es mi familia

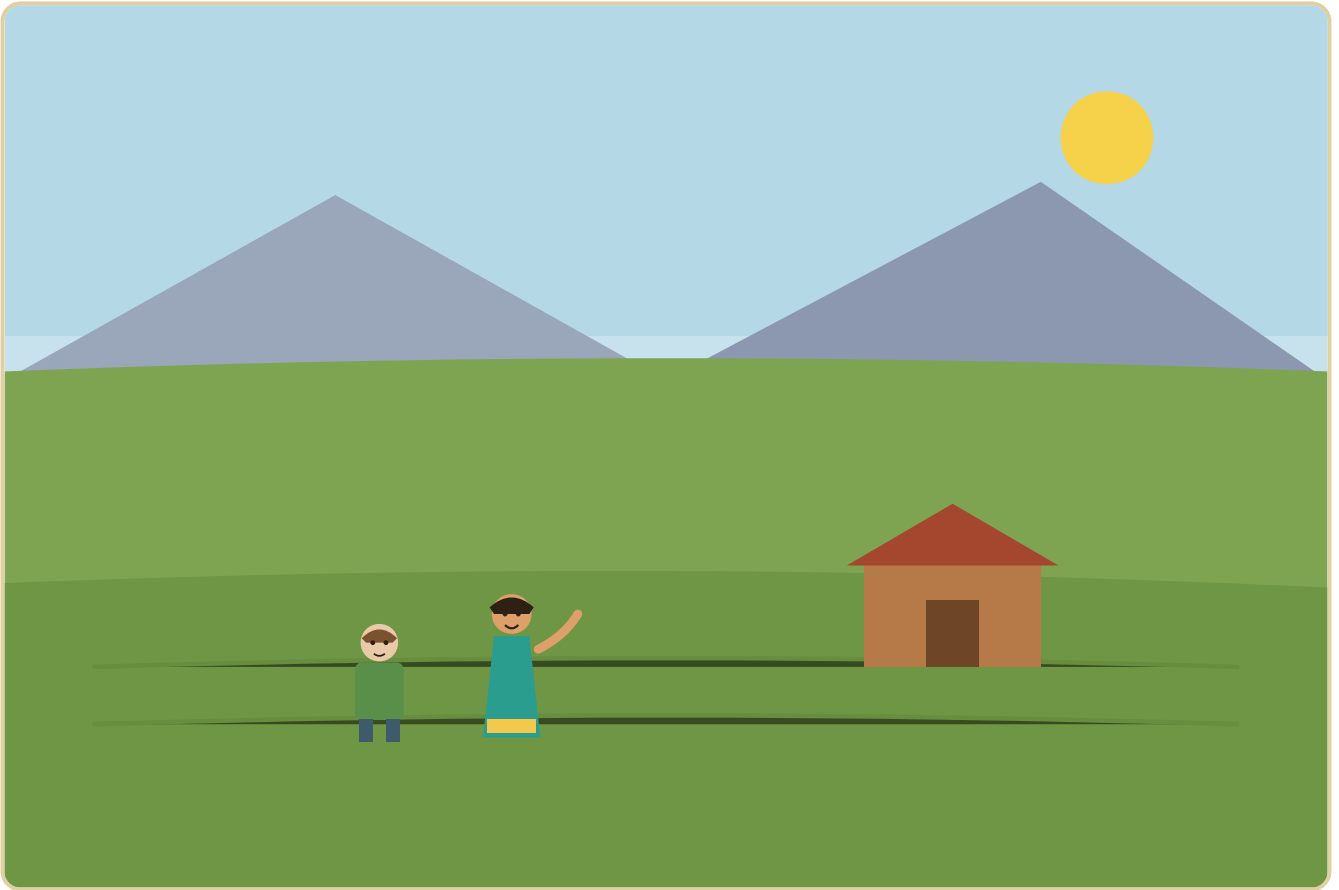
Illa brings Oliver home — and a big family opens its arms

In the valley, family is a circle that keeps room for one more

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 3

For every child welcomed to a table that wasn't theirs — and made theirs

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley

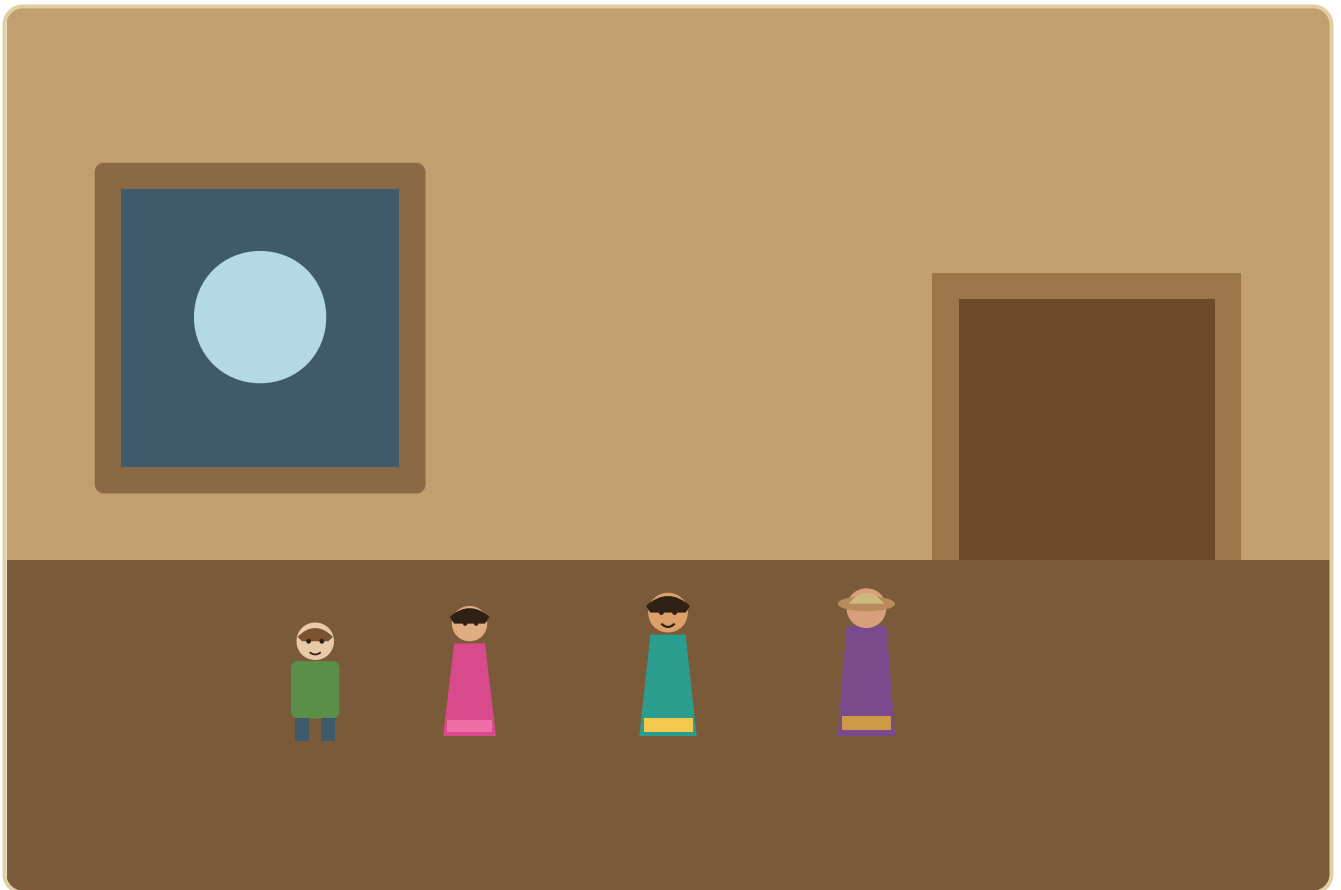


One afternoon, Illa tugged Oliver's sleeve. "**¡Ven!**" she said, smiling. "**Esta es mi casa.**"

She led him down a lane to a warm adobe house with smoke curling from the roof. From inside came voices, laughter, the clink of cups. A whole world was waiting.

Esta es mi casa. (EHS-tah ehs mee KAH-sah)
This is my house.

• 1 •

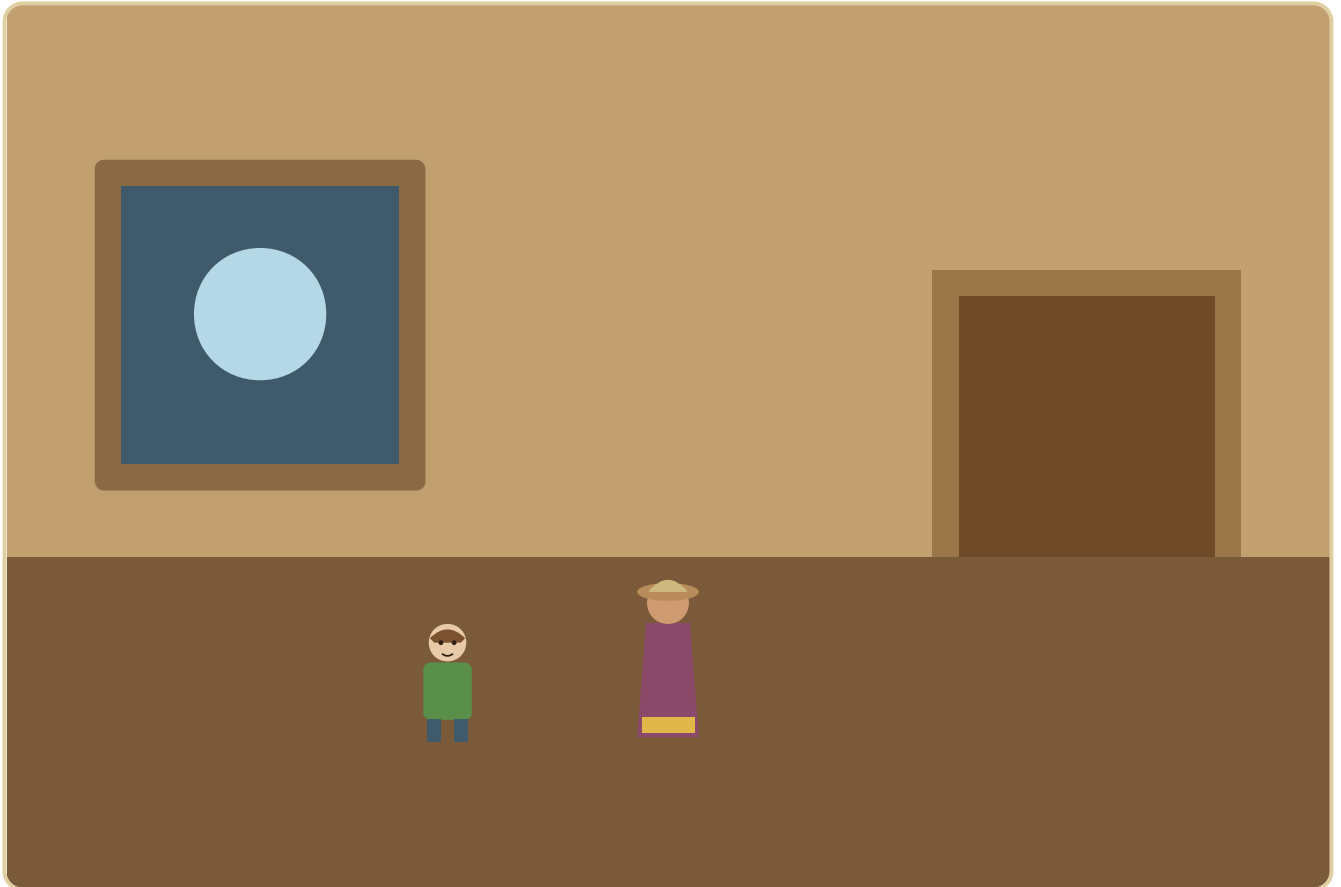


Inside, the house was full of people. Illa pointed to each one with pride.

"Esta es mi mamá. Este es mi hermano." One by one, she named her family — *this is my mom, this is my brother* — and each one smiled at Oliver like they already knew him.

mi mamá · mi hermano (mee mah-MAH · mee ehr-MAH-noh)
my mom · my brother

In Quechua: **mama** (mother), and the whole circle is the **ayllu**.



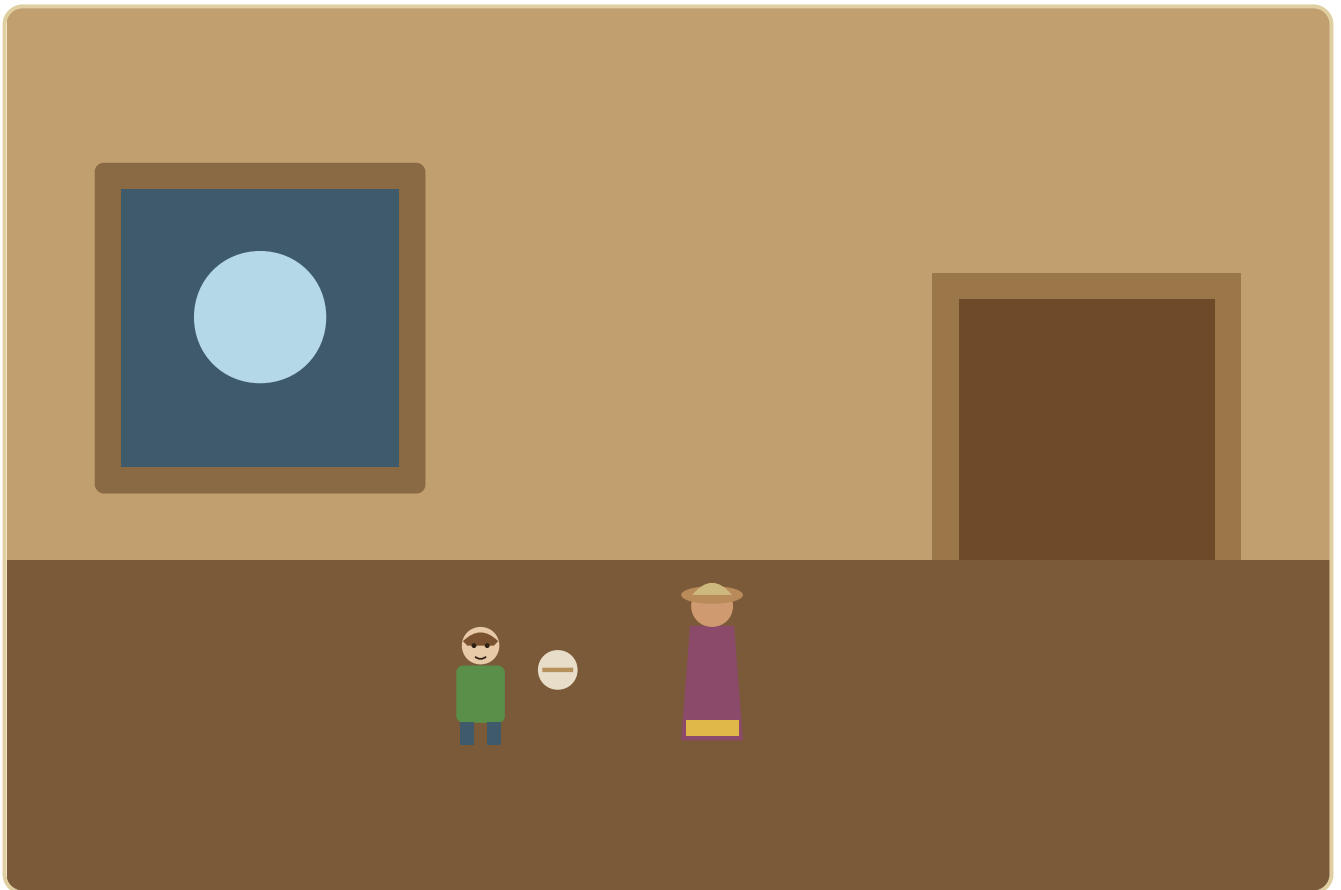
By the fire sat a small, silver-haired woman with kind, deep eyes. The whole room seemed to turn gently around her.

"Y esta es mi abuela," Illa whispered — *and this is my grandmother.* In the valley, Illa said, the grandmother is honored above all.

mi abuela (mee ah-BWEH-lah)

my grandmother

The beloved grandmother: the **awicha**.



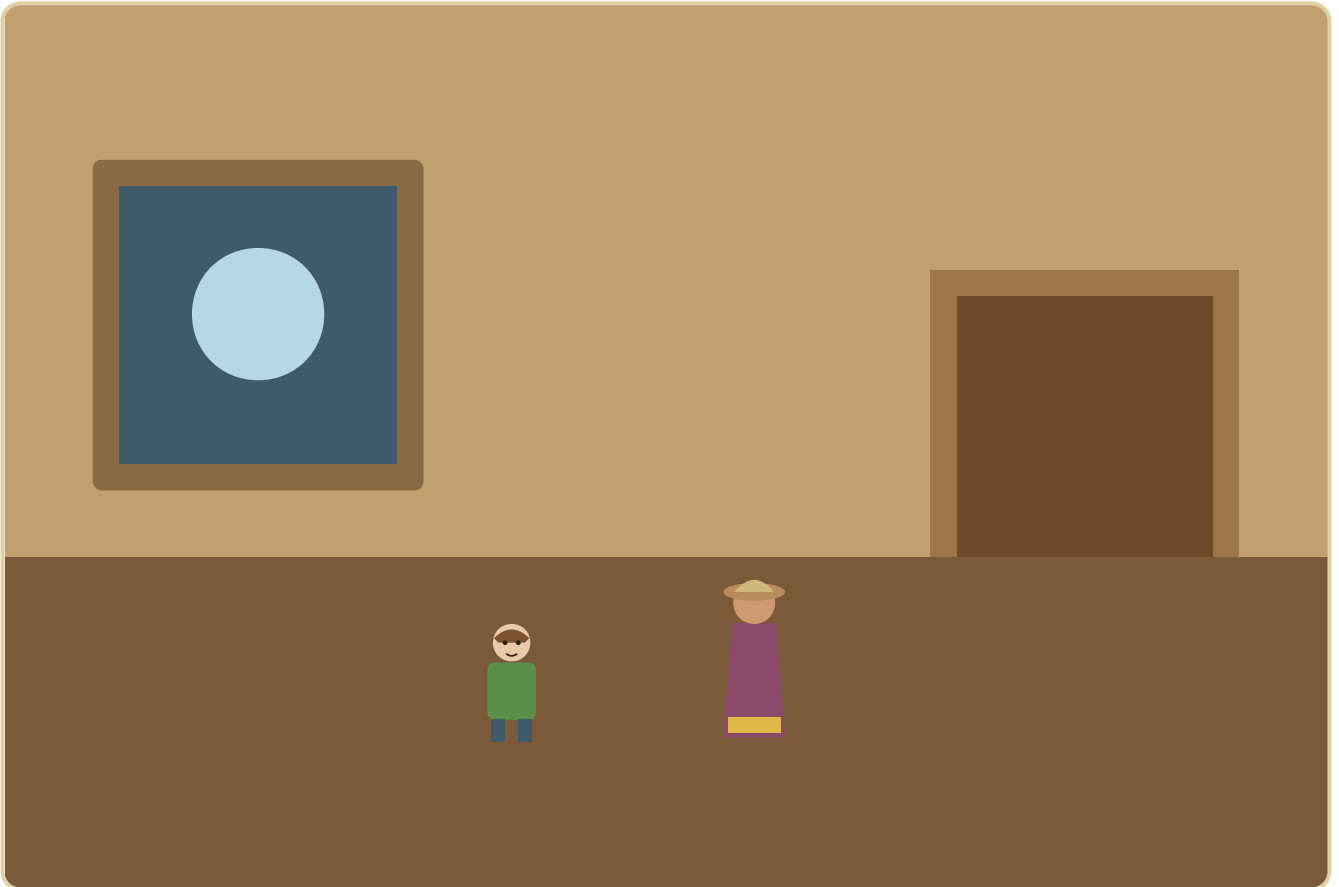
The grandmother reached for a clay cup, filled it, and held it out to Oliver — the very first cup, before anyone else.

"Para ti," she said — *for you*. It is the valley's oldest custom: the guest is served first. Oliver's cheeks went warm. He was a guest no longer.

Para ti. Gracias. (PAH-rah tee · GRAH-syahs)

For you. Thank you.

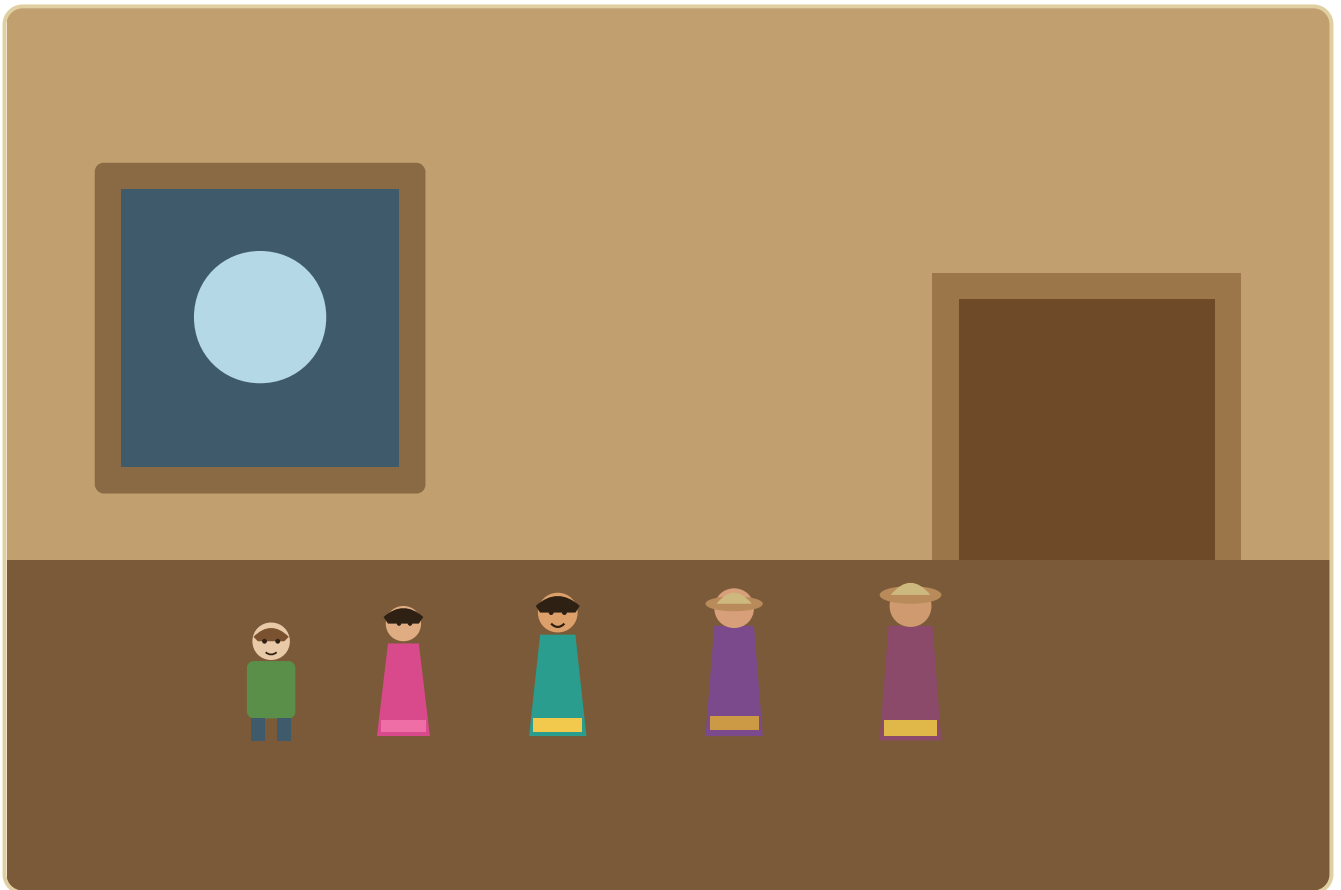
To thank from the heart: **Sulpayki.**



The grandmother patted the bench beside her. She asked about his family, far across the sea.

"¿Cuántos hermanos tienes?" she asked. **"Tengo dos,"** said Oliver — *I have two* — **"pero mi familia es pequeña."** *But my family is small.*

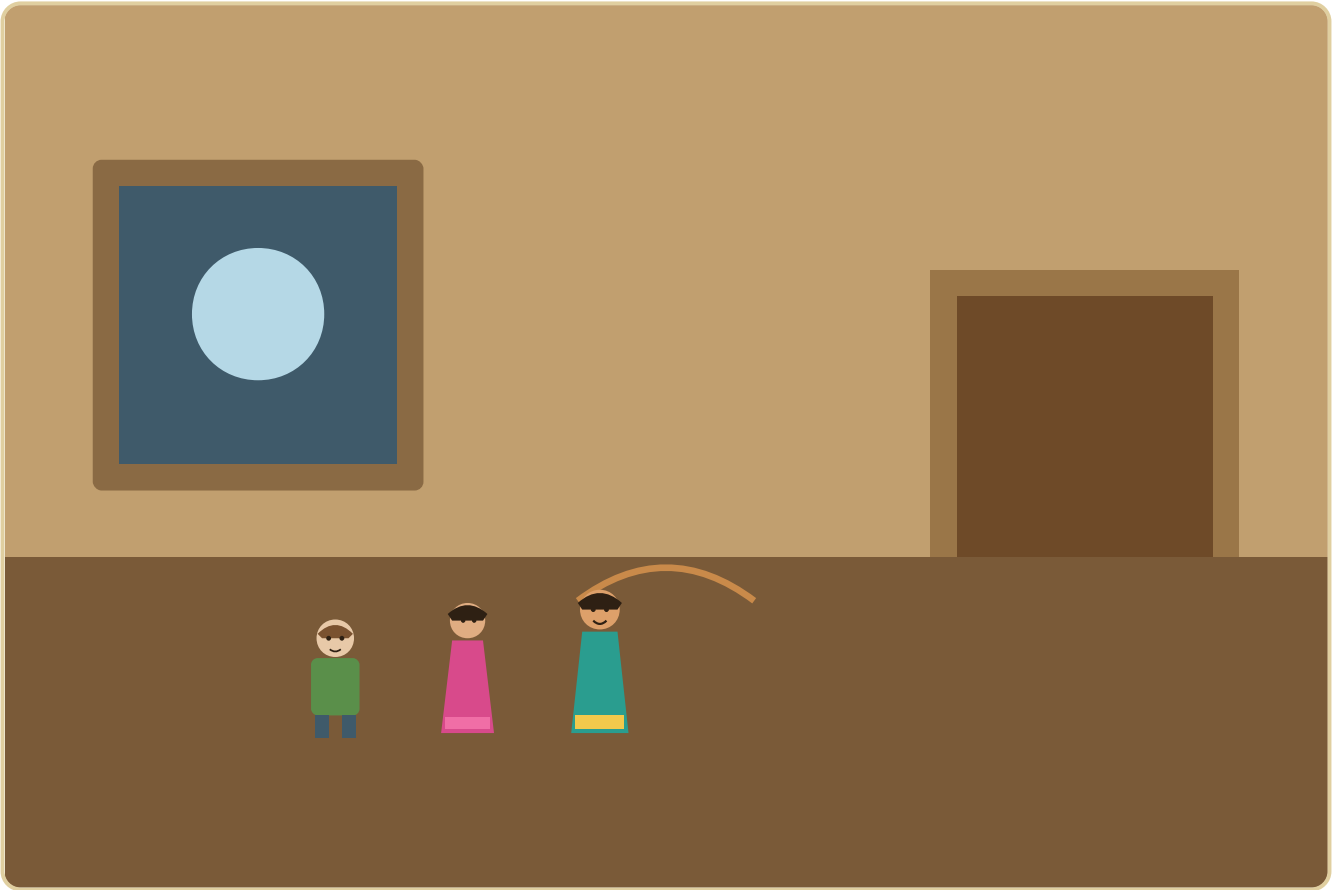
¿Cuántos hermanos tienes? (KWAHN-tohs ehr-MAH-nohs TYEH-nehs)
How many siblings do you have?



The grandmother laughed softly and swept her hand around the crowded, glowing room.

"Aquí tu familia es grande," she said — *here your family is big*. **"Somos un ayllu."** *We are one ayllu*. And Oliver understood: this whole warm room was being offered to him.

Somos un ayllu. (SOH-mohs oon EYE-yoo)
We are one ayllu (one family).



They ate together, all of them, packed shoulder to shoulder. The children taught Oliver the words for everything on the table, and he taught them a few of his.

Nobody was a stranger. In the valley, Illa said, that's what an **ayllu** does — it makes a place at the table, and the table simply grows.

· 7 ·



When it was time to go, the grandmother took Oliver's hands in hers.

"Vuelve pronto," she said — *come back soon*. **"Aquí eres familia."**

Walking home under the golden sky, Oliver said the words over and over, so he'd never forget them: *Here you are family*. He had come with a small family. He was leaving with a big one.

He arrived a guest, and left as family.

In the valley, the family circle always keeps room for one more.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Esta es mi casa	This is my house	wasi
mi mamá · mi papá	my mom · my dad	mama · tayta
mi hermano · hermana	my brother · sister	—
mi abuela	my grandmother	awicha
Para ti · Gracias	For you · Thank you	Sulpayki
¿Cuántos?	How many?	hayk'a
mi familia es grande	my family is big	—
Somos un ayllu	We are one ayllu	ayllu
juntos	together	kuska
Aquí eres familia	Here you are family	—

*One table, and always room for one more.
One grandmother's cup, and a stranger made family.
Aquí eres familia, Oliver.*

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Run, Jump, Climb

Correr, saltar, subir

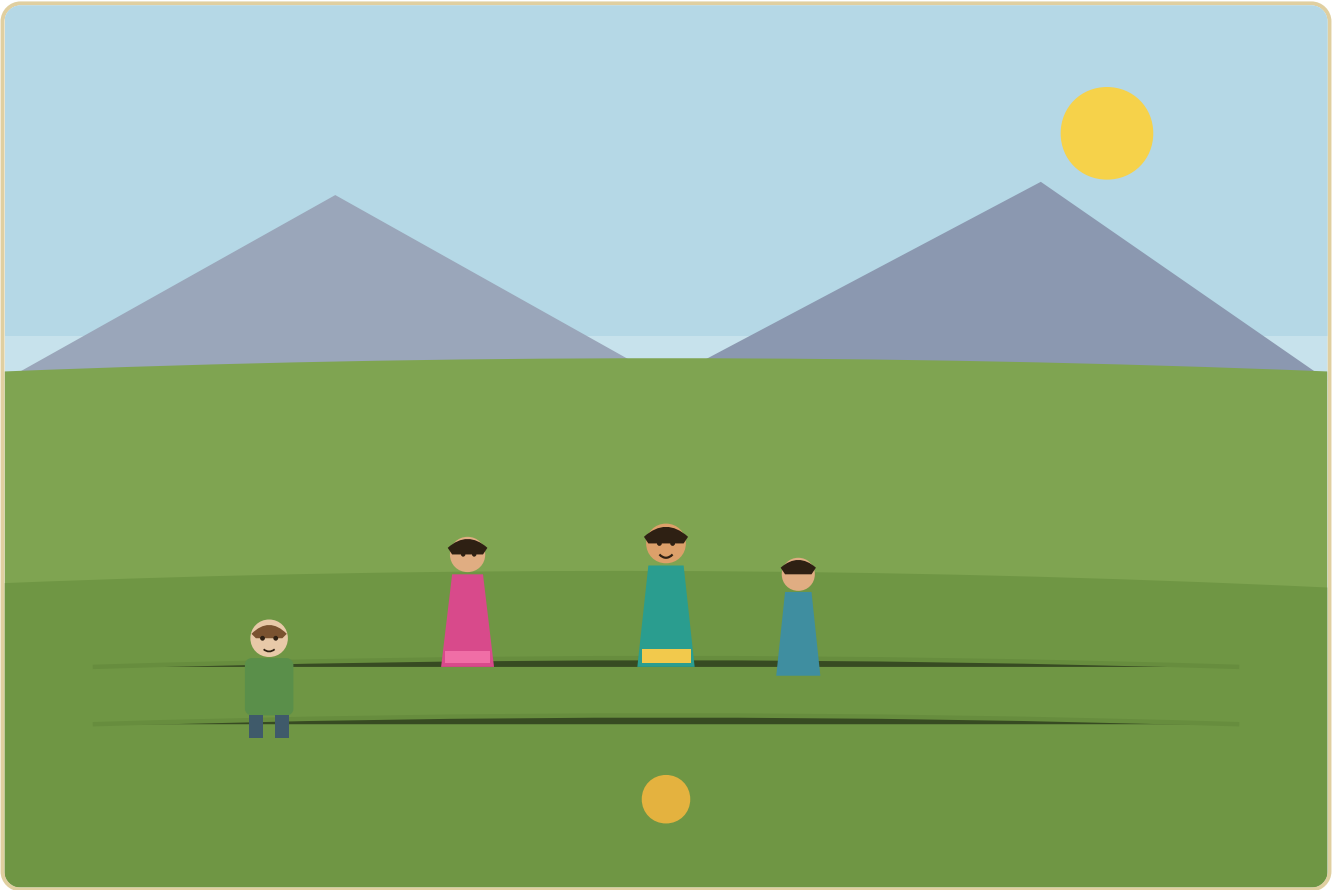
Oliver stops watching the game — and finally joins it

Some things you learn with your feet, not your ears

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 4

For every child catching their breath halfway up the hill — and climbing anyway

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



In the plaza, the children were playing — running, leaping, tumbling, shrieking with laughter. A ball flew from foot to foot.

Oliver watched from the wall. He knew a few words now. Maybe, just maybe, it was enough to play.

jugar (hoo-GAR)
to play

In Quechua: **pukllay** — to play (and the name of Carnaval).

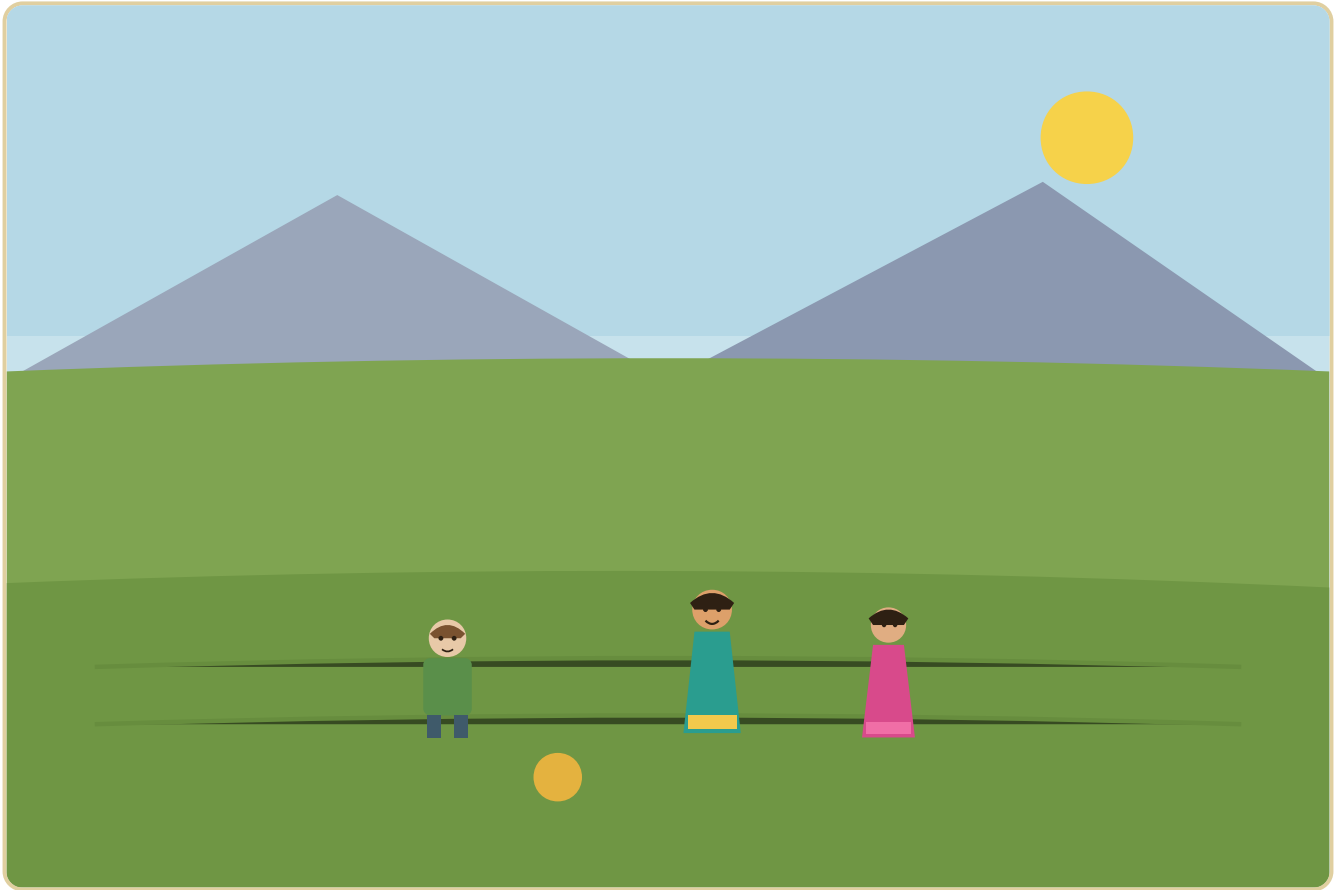
· 1 ·



Illa spotted him and ran over, cheeks flushed. "**¡Vamos a jugar!**" she said — *let's play!*

"**¿Puedes correr?**" she asked — *can you run?* Oliver's stomach flipped. Then he grinned. "**¡Sí, puedo!**"

¿Puedes correr? ¡Sí, puedo! (PWEH-dehs koh-RREHR)
Can you run? Yes, I can!



And then he was in it. **¡Corre!** — running. **¡Salta!** — jumping the little canal. The ball bounced his way and he kicked it, and everyone cheered. He wasn't the fastest. He didn't need to be. He was *in the game*, and his whole body was laughing.

¡Corre! ¡Salta! (KOH-rreh · SAHL-tah)
Run! Jump!

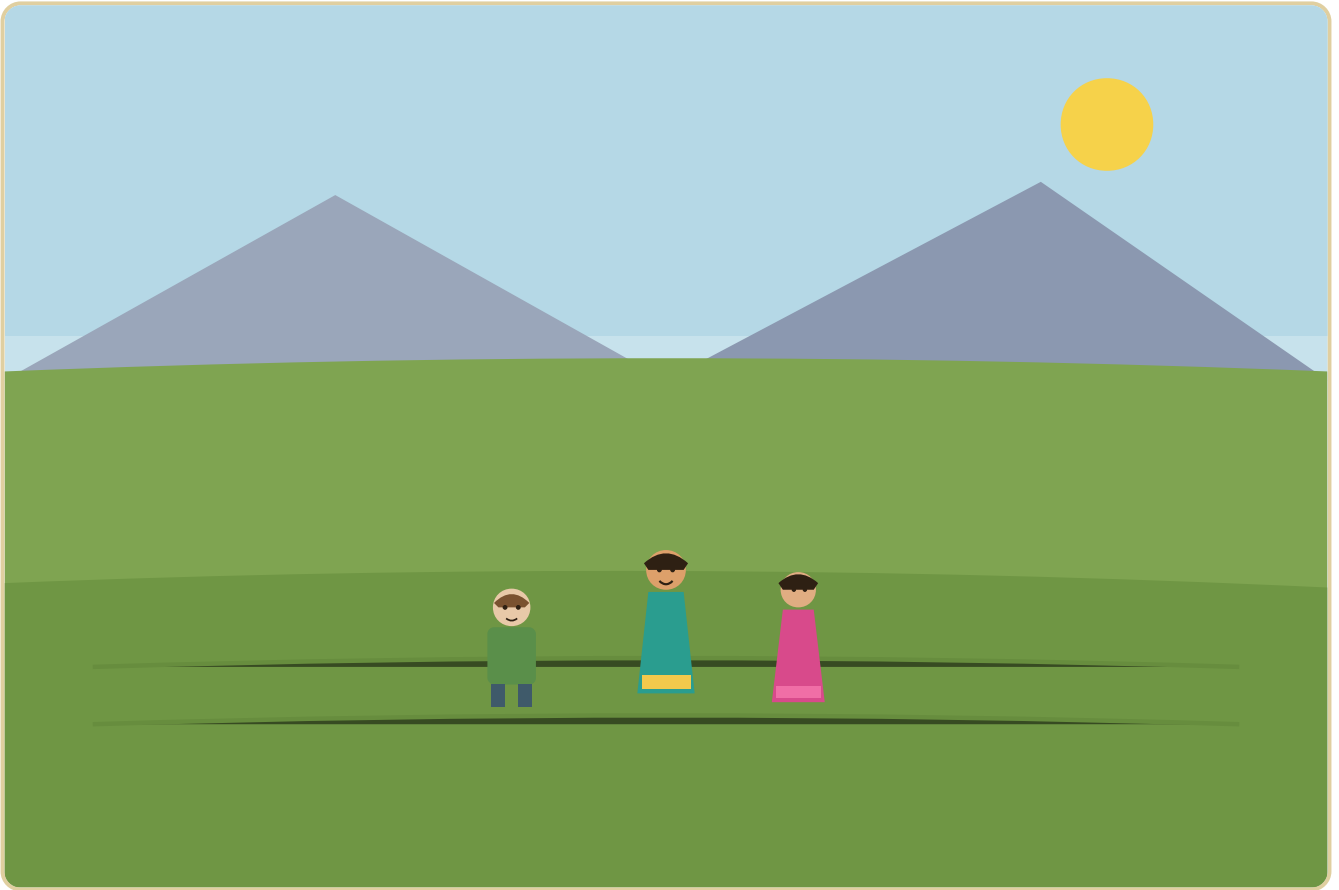
· 3 ·



Then Illa pointed up — up the steep green terraces climbing the mountainside. "**¿Puedes subir?**" — *can you climb?*

The hill was high and the air was thin. Oliver's chest went tight. But he nodded. "**Puedo... despacio.**" *I can... slowly.*

subir (soo-BEER)
to climb / go up

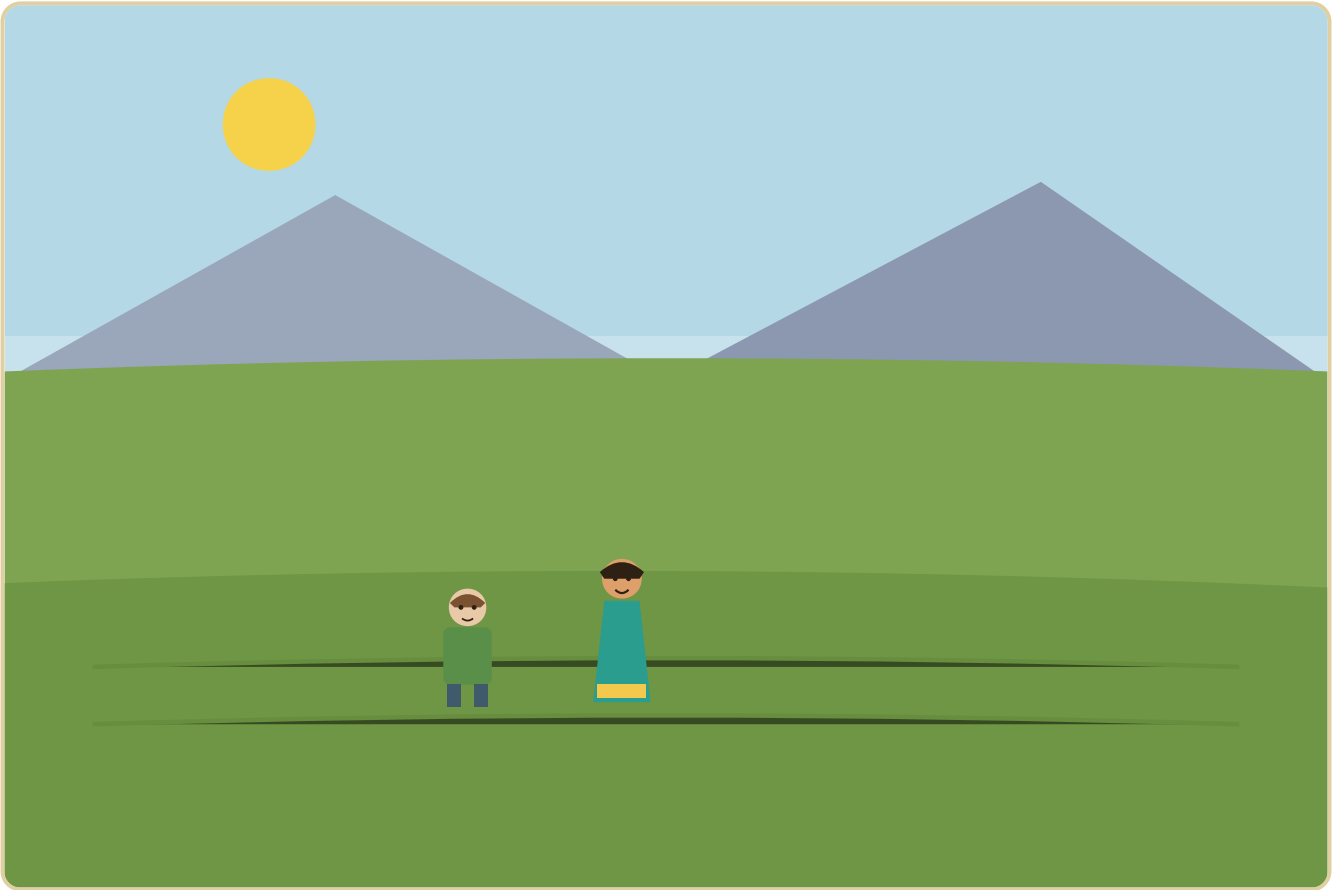


Up they went, step by step. Halfway, Oliver had to stop, hands on his knees, heart pounding.

"Mi corazón va muy rápido," he puffed — *my heart is going very fast*. He felt slow, and small.

el corazón (ehl koh-rah-SOHN)
the heart

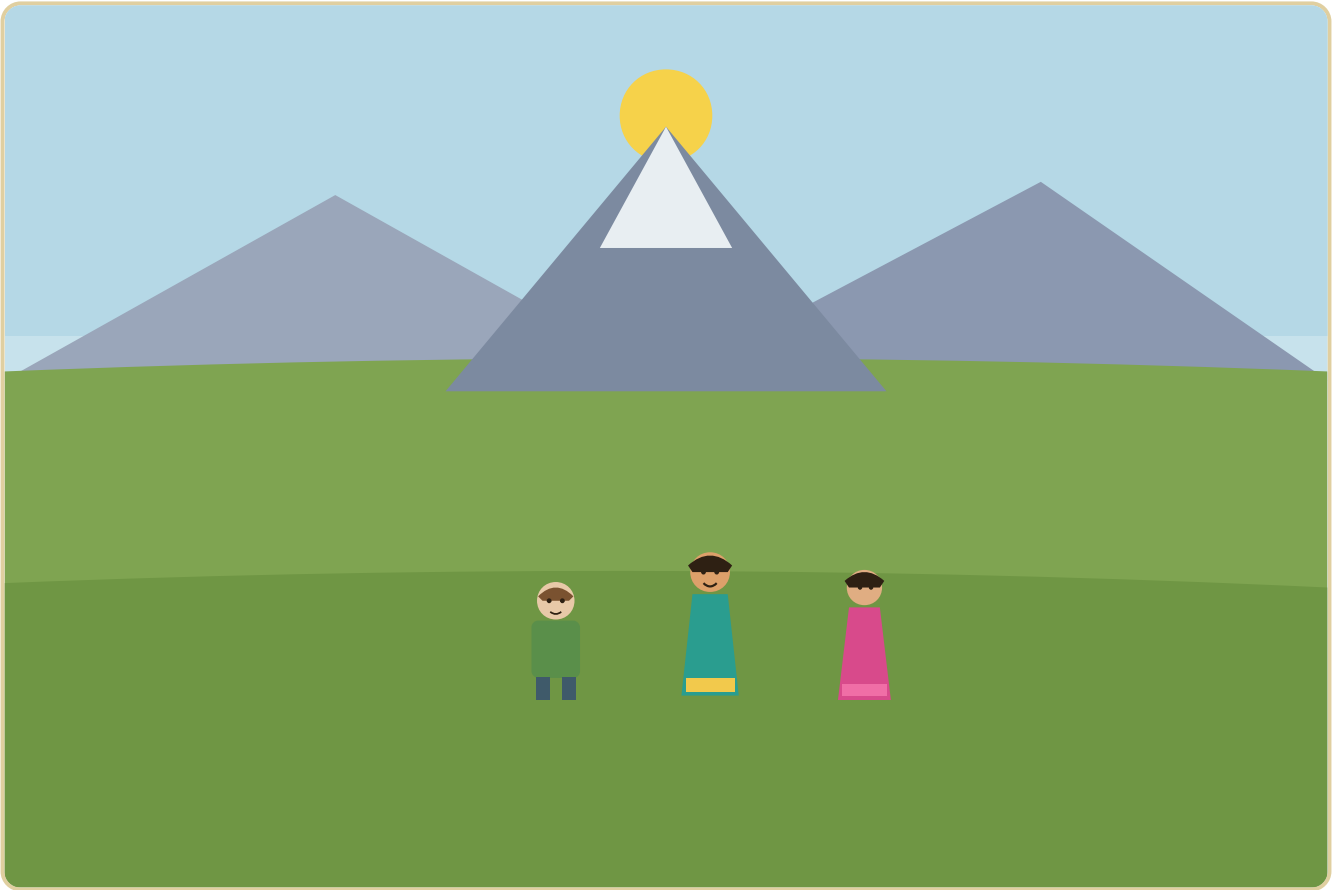
In Quechua the heart is the **sonqo** — where feeling lives.



But no one laughed. Illa stopped right beside him and breathed slowly, on purpose, so he could match her.

"Está bien. Respira," she said — *it's okay. Breathe.* **"Todos vamos juntos, despacio."** *We all go together, slowly.* Up here, she told him, everyone climbs slowly. Even the strongest.

despacio · juntos (dehs-PAH-syoh · HOON-tohs)
slowly · together



And then, at last, the top. The whole valley spread out below them, green and gold and endless.

Oliver stood tall, chest heaving, a huge smile on his face. He had climbed the mountain — slowly, with friends, one breath at a time. He was **fuerte** after all. Just his own kind of strong.



Walking down as the sun set, Oliver's legs ached and his heart was full. **"Estoy cansado,"** he said — *I'm tired* — **"pero muy feliz."** *But very happy.*

He hadn't been the fastest or the strongest. It hadn't mattered even a little. He'd played, he'd climbed, he'd belonged. **"¡Qué divertido!"**

Not the fastest. Not the strongest. Fully in the game.

In the valley, you don't play to win — you play to be together.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
jugar	to play	pukllay
¡Vamos!	Let's go!	Haku!
correr	to run	—
saltar · subir	to jump · climb	—
¿Puedes? · Puedo	Can you? · I can	—
rápido · fuerte	fast · strong	kallpa
el corazón	the heart	sonqo
respira · despacio	breathe · slowly	—
juntos	together	kuska
estoy cansado, feliz	I'm tired, happy	—

*One steep hill, climbed slowly, together.
One boy who learned that belonging beats winning.
Eres fuerte, Oliver — a tu manera.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 4 — companion to "Mi Cuerpo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



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Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A Day in the Valley

Un día en el valle

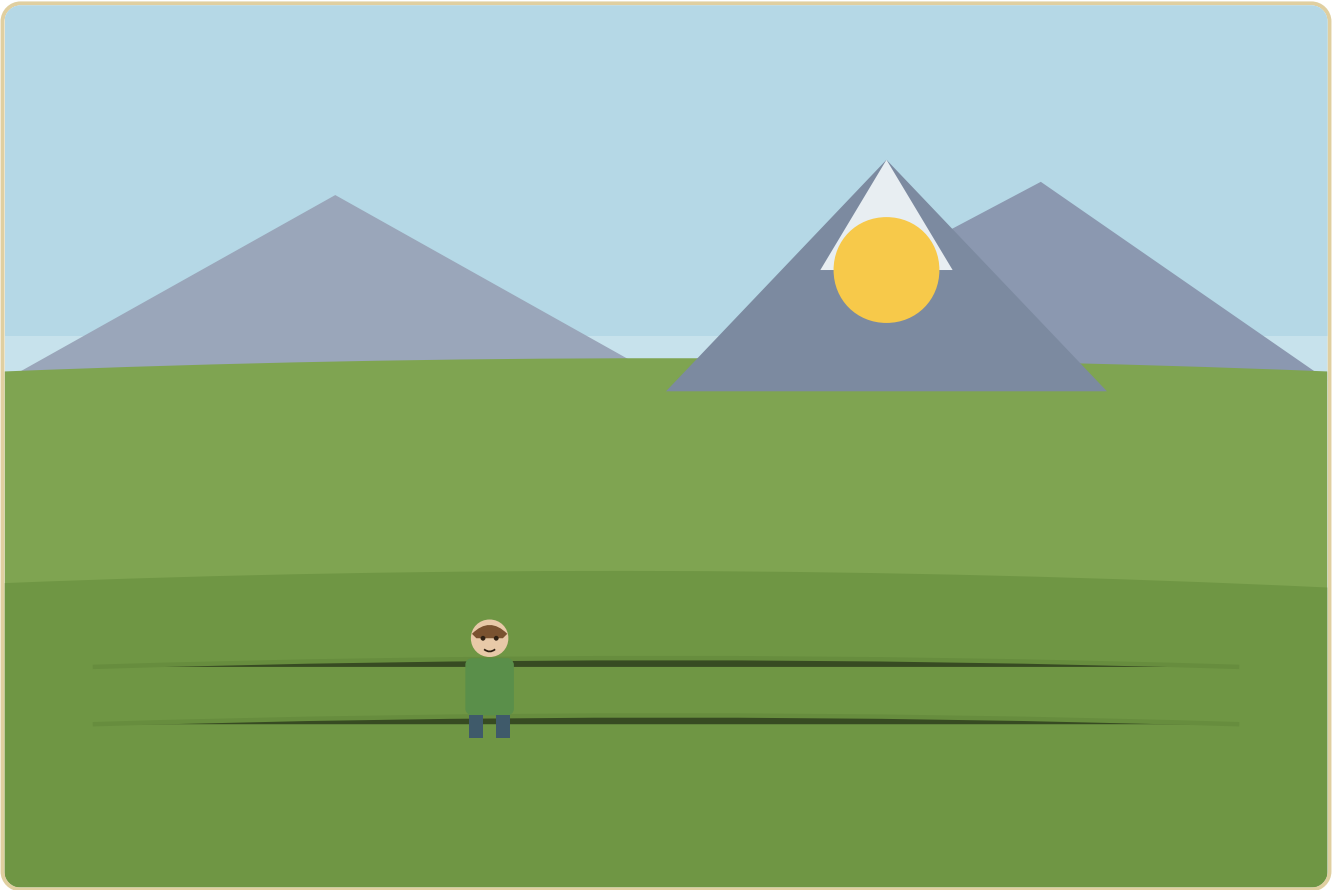
Oliver follows the sun from dawn over the Apu to the river of stars

Here, the sky is the only clock you need

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 5

For every child who learned to tell time by the mountains

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



Oliver woke early, the way the valley does. Through his window, he watched the sun climb up behind the great mountain, spilling gold over everything.

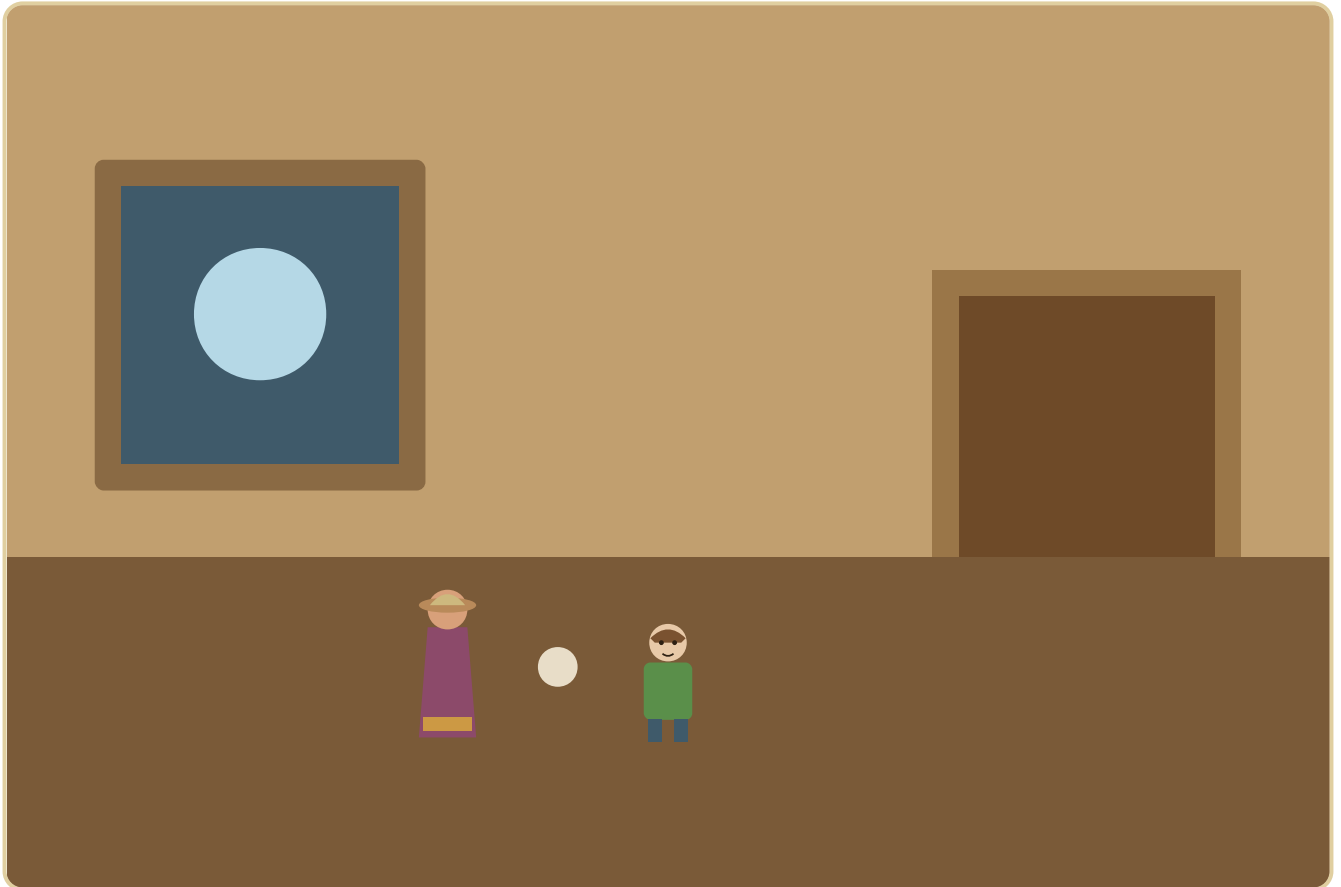
"Sale el sol," he whispered — *the sun is rising*. A brand-new **día** was beginning.

Sale el sol. (SAH-leh ehl sohl)

The sun rises.

The sun is **Inti**; the dawn is **paqarin**.

· 1 ·

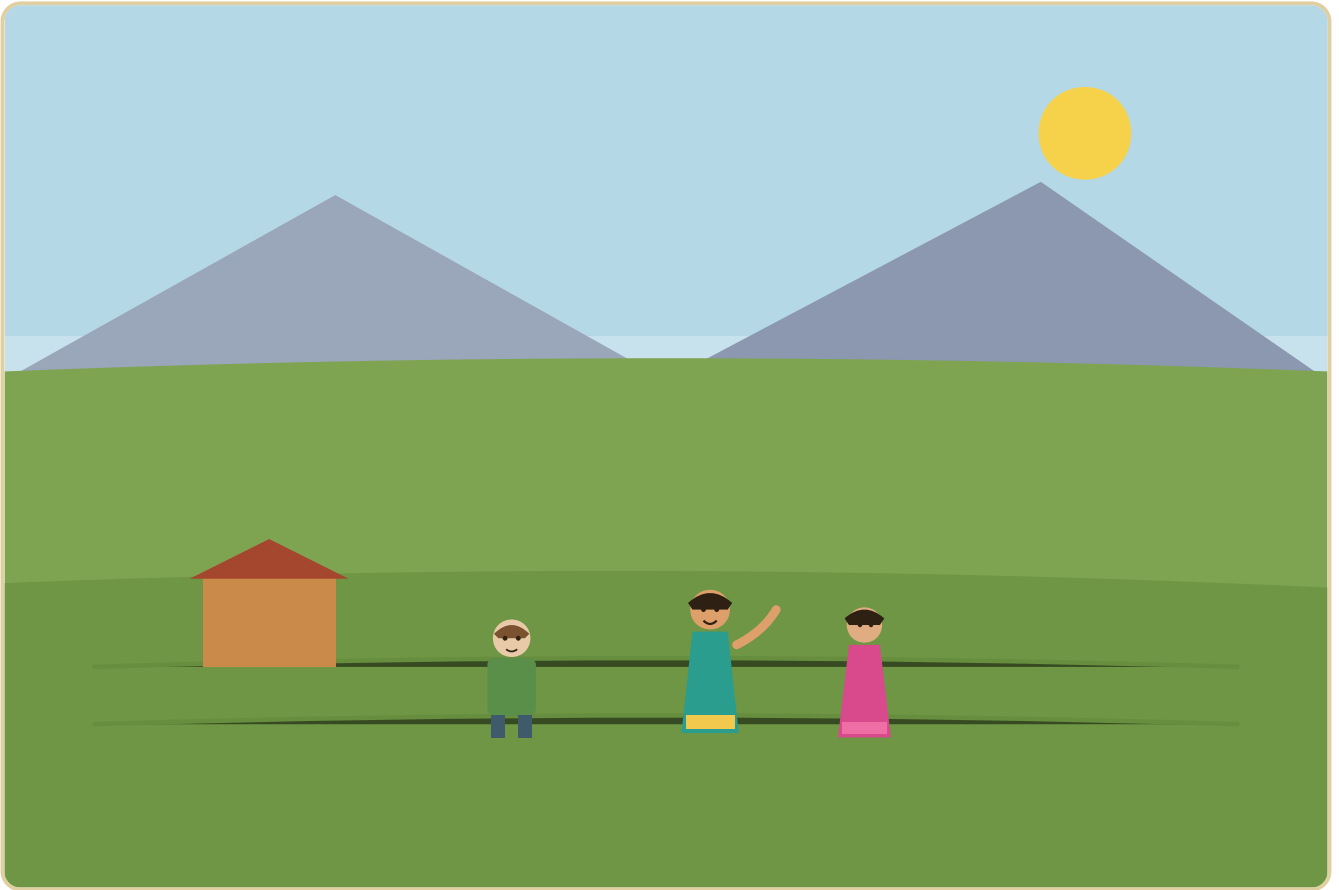


"Me levanto," he said, swinging out of bed — *I get up*. In the kitchen, warm bread and hot barley waited.

"Como en casa," he said — *I eat at home* — and then he was out the door into the bright **mañana**.

Me levanto. Como. (*meh leh-VAHN-toh · KOH-moh*)
I get up. I eat.

· 2 ·



"Por la mañana, voy a la escuela," Oliver said — *in the morning, I go to school.* Illa and Kusi walked with him down the lane.

The morning was for learning: letters, numbers, songs. The sun rose higher and higher in the wide blue sky.

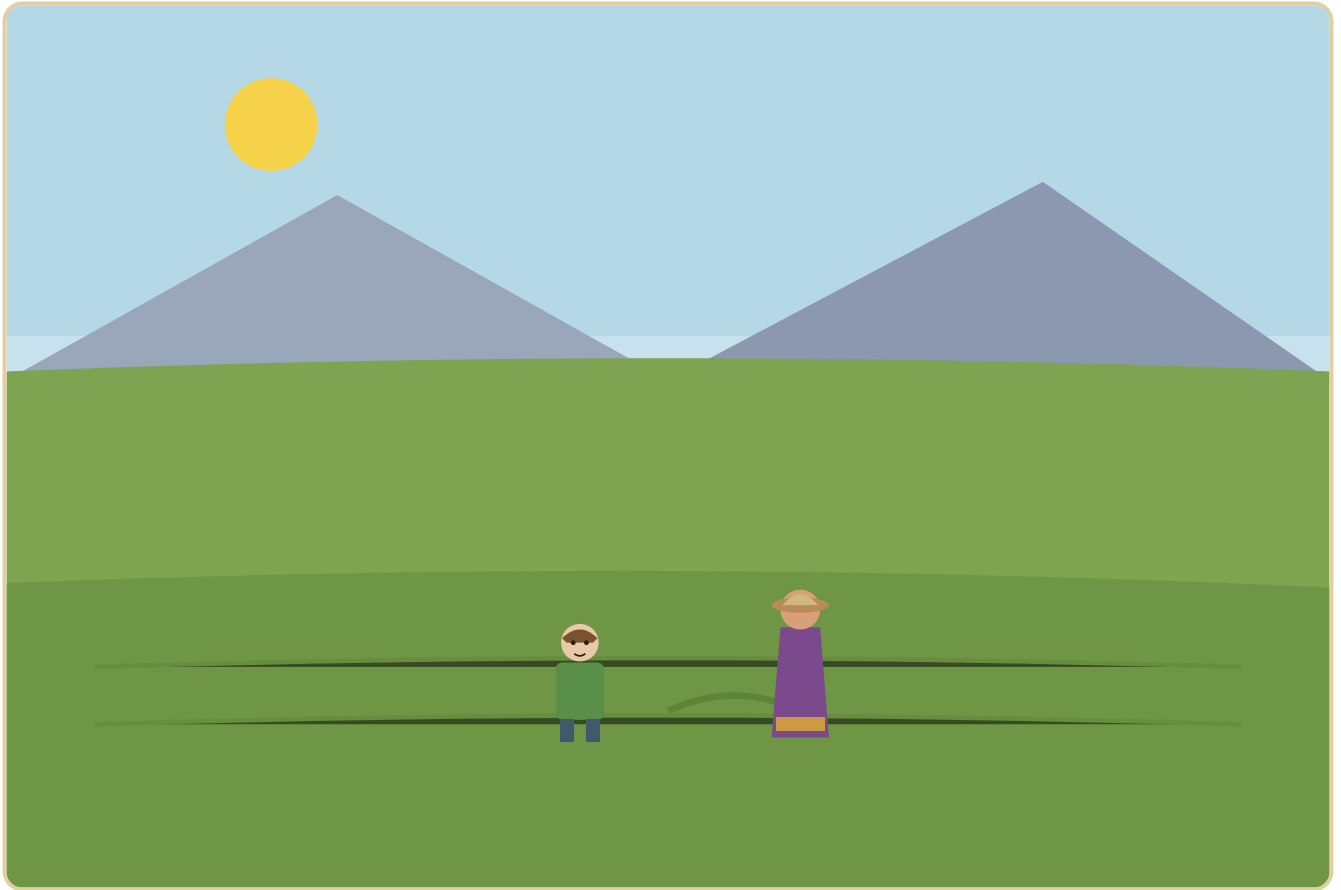
Voy a la escuela. *(voy ah lah ehs-KWEH-lah)*
I go to school.



At midday the sun sat straight overhead, small and fierce and bright. School was done.

"Por la tarde, juego," Oliver laughed — *in the afternoon, I play.* The children ran and kicked the ball until their cheeks were pink.

Por la tarde, juego. (*por lah TAR-deh, HWEH-goh*)
In the afternoon, I play.



Later, Oliver helped carry water and feed the animals. In the valley, everyone lends a hand.

"Ayudo en casa," he said proudly — *I help at home*. Helping, Illa had told him, has its own name here: **ayni**.

Ayudo en casa. (ah-YOO-doh ehn KAH-sah)

I help at home.

To help one another: **ayni**.

• 5 •



The sun slid down behind the mountains, and the whole valley turned to gold and rose and deep violet.

Oliver stopped to watch. In the valley, nobody hurries the evening. "**Buenas tardes,**" he said softly to the setting sun — *good evening*.



Then, as the dark came down, the sky filled with more stars than Oliver had ever seen — a glittering river spilling from mountain to mountain.

"¡Mira las estrellas!" he gasped — *look at the stars!* Illa smiled. **"De noche, el cielo es un río,"** she said — *at night, the sky is a river.* The **Mayu.**

las estrellas · la luna (ehs-TREH-yahs · LOO-nah)
the stars · the moon

The moon is **Killa**; the river of stars, the **Mayu.**



Warm in his blankets, Oliver watched the moon through the window. His whole body was tired and happy.

"Tengo sueño," he yawned — *I'm sleepy.* **"Buenas noches."** One good valley day, from the sun over the Apu to the river of stars. **Hasta mañana.**

From the sun over the mountain to the river of stars — one whole day.

In the valley, you don't watch the clock. You watch the sky.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Sale el sol	The sun rises	Inti · paqarin
la mañana · la tarde	morning · afternoon	p'unchay
la noche	the night	tuta
Me levanto · Como	I get up · I eat	—
Voy a la escuela	I go to school	—
juego · ayudo	I play · I help	pukllay · ayni
el sol · la luna	the sun · moon	Inti · Killa
las estrellas	the stars	Mayu
Tengo sueño	I'm sleepy	—
Buenas noches · Hasta mañana	Good night · See you tomorrow	paqarinkama

One day, kept by the sun and the stars.
One boy learning to tell time by the mountains.
Buenas noches, Oliver. Hasta mañana.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 5 — companion to "Mi Día" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Taste This

Prueba esto

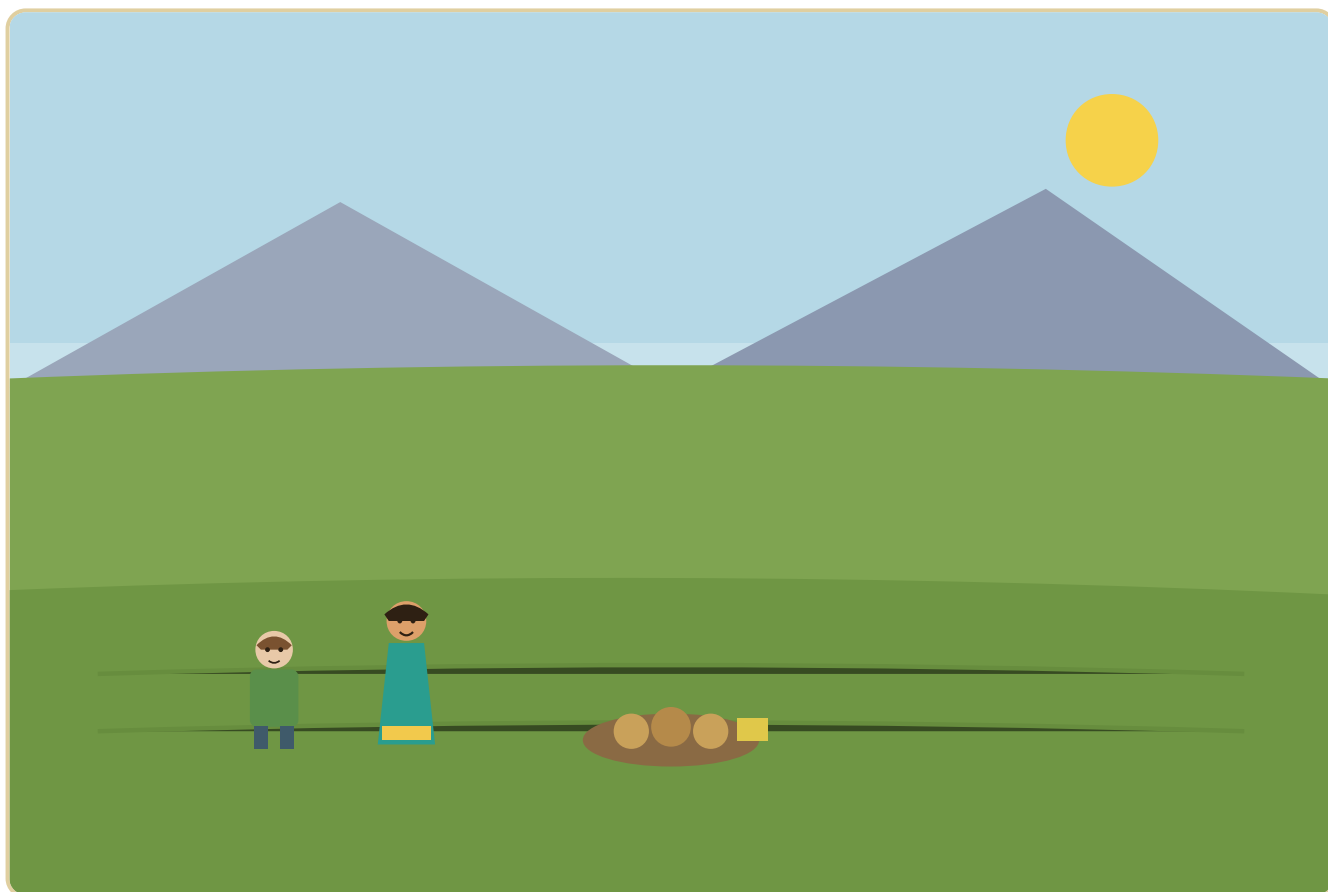
Oliver shares a valley meal — and learns where food really comes from

The humble potato was the valley's gift to the world

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 6

For every child who said 'gracias' to the earth before the first bite

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



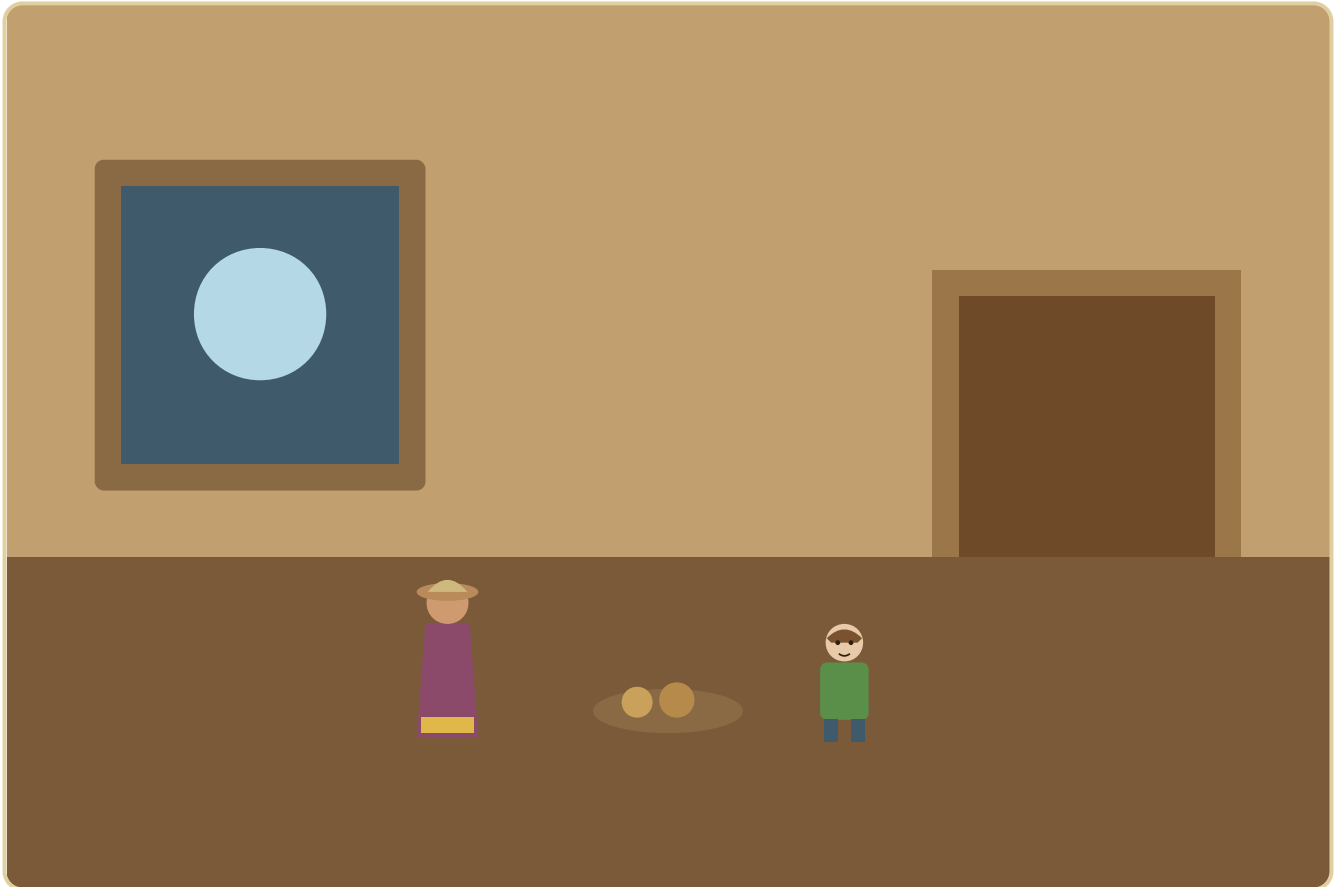
When Oliver arrived, the whole family was gathered around a great steaming meal — mounds of potatoes, golden corn, a pot of soup.

"¡Ven! ¡A comer!" called Illa — *come! let's eat!* Oliver's stomach rumbled.

"Tengo hambre," he admitted — *I'm hungry.*

¡A comer! *(ah koh-MEHR)*
Let's eat!

• 1 •



But before anyone ate, the grandmother lifted a small piece of potato and set it gently aside, onto the earth.

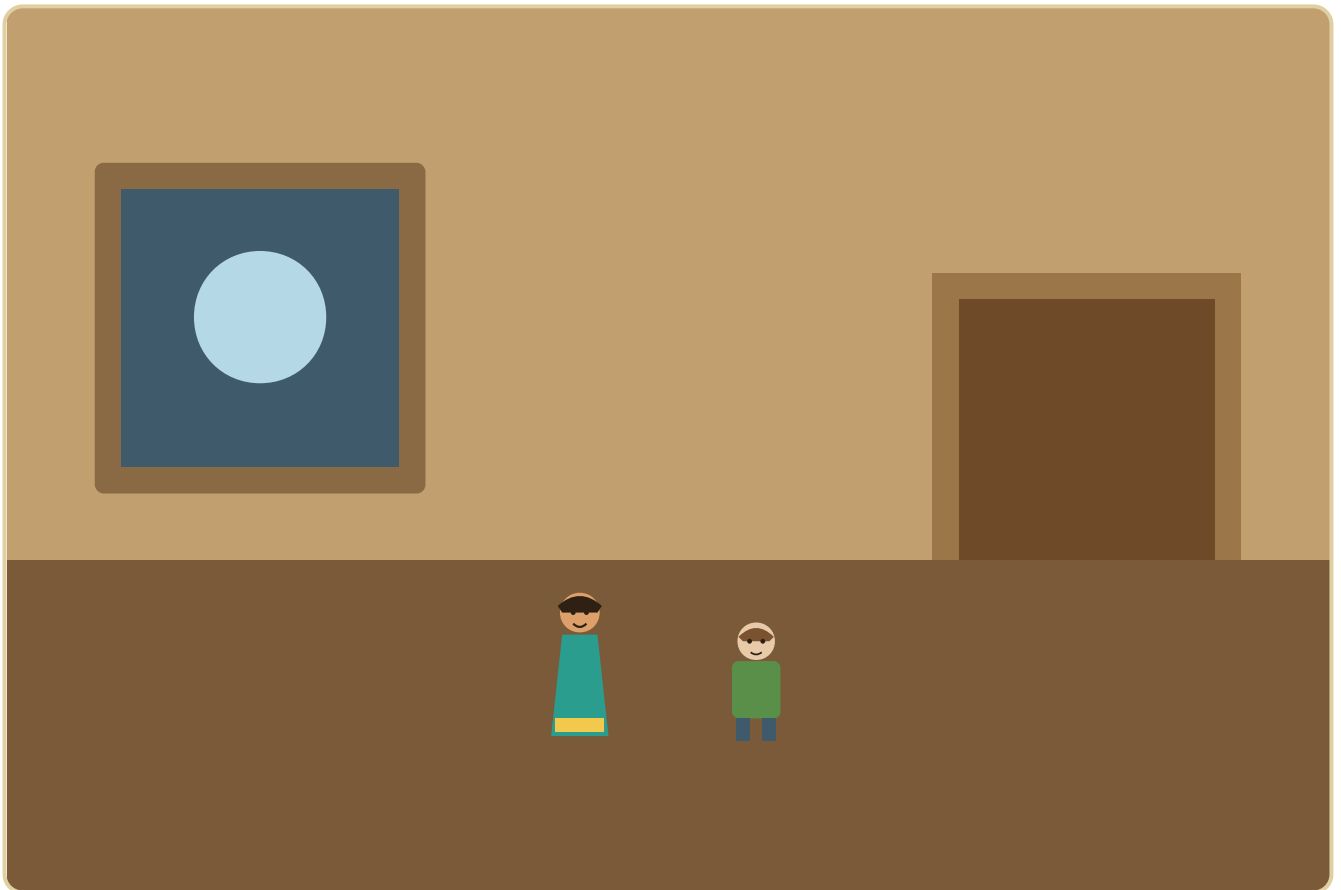
"Primero, gracias a la tierra," she said — *first, thanks to the earth.*

"Gracias, Pachamama." The food, she told Oliver, is a gift — a **regalo**.

Gracias, Pachamama. (GRAH-syahs pah-chah-MAH-mah)

Thank you, Mother Earth.

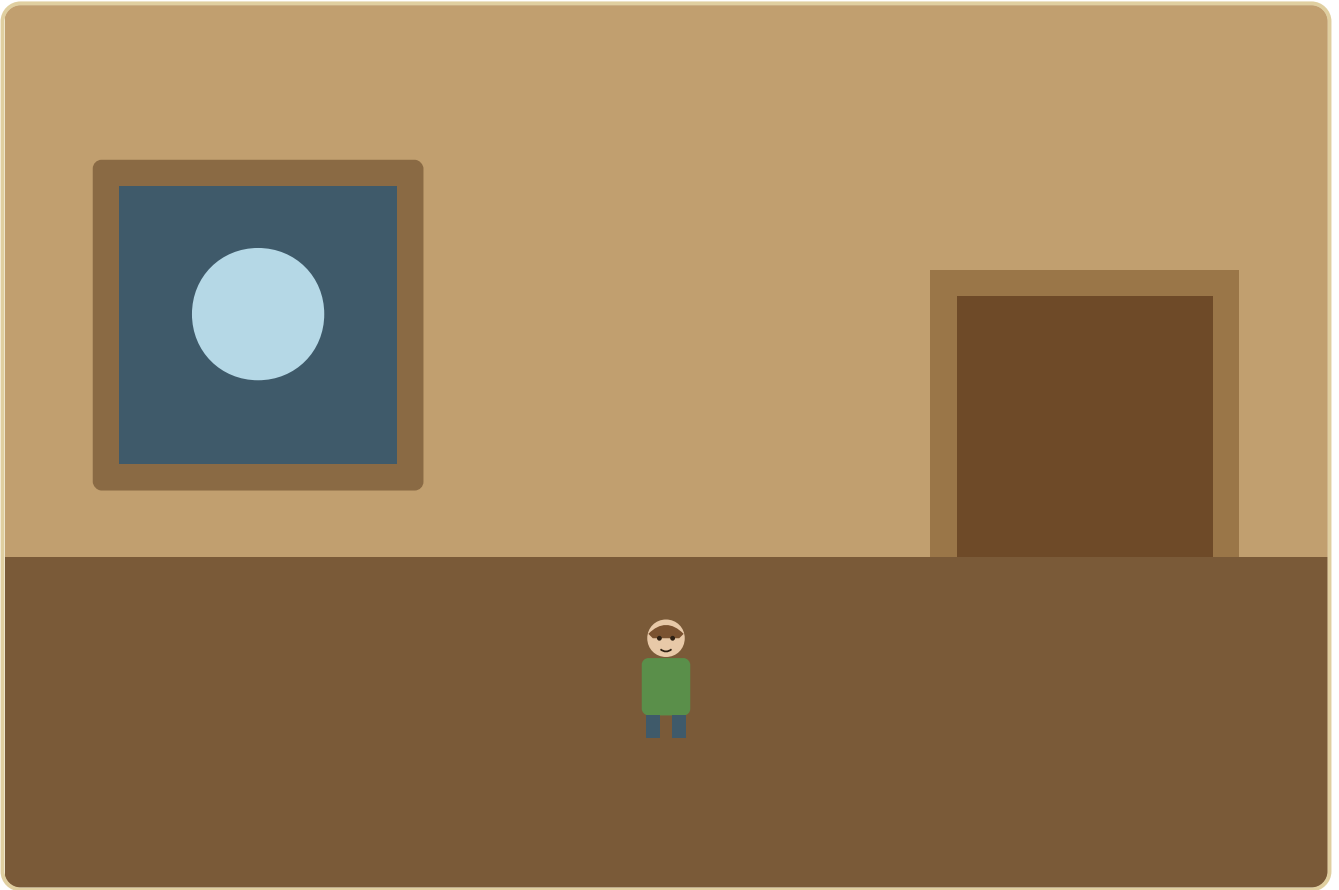
This first offering is the **t'inka**.



Then Illa held out a bowl of soup, steam curling up. "**Prueba esto,**" she said — *taste this*.

Oliver took a careful sip. It was warm and rich and good. "**¿Te gusta?**" Illa asked. He grinned. "**¡Me encanta!**" — *I love it!*

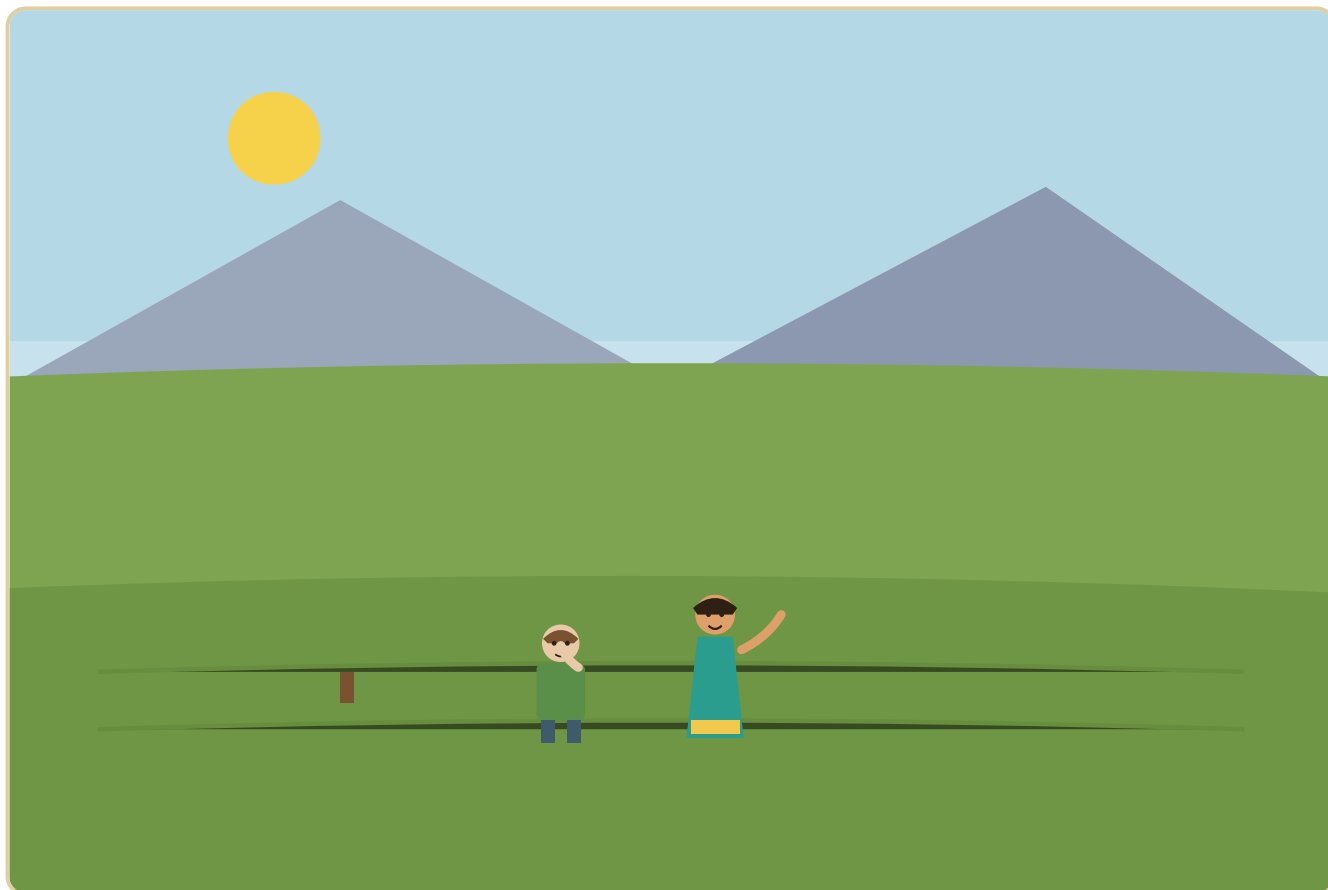
Prueba esto. ¡Me encanta! (PRWEH-bah EHS-toh)
Taste this. I love it!



The soup was **caliente** and **salado** — hot and salty. The corn was **dulce** — sweet. The spring water was **frío** and clear.

Everything, Illa said, was **fresco** — fresh — picked from their own field that very morning.

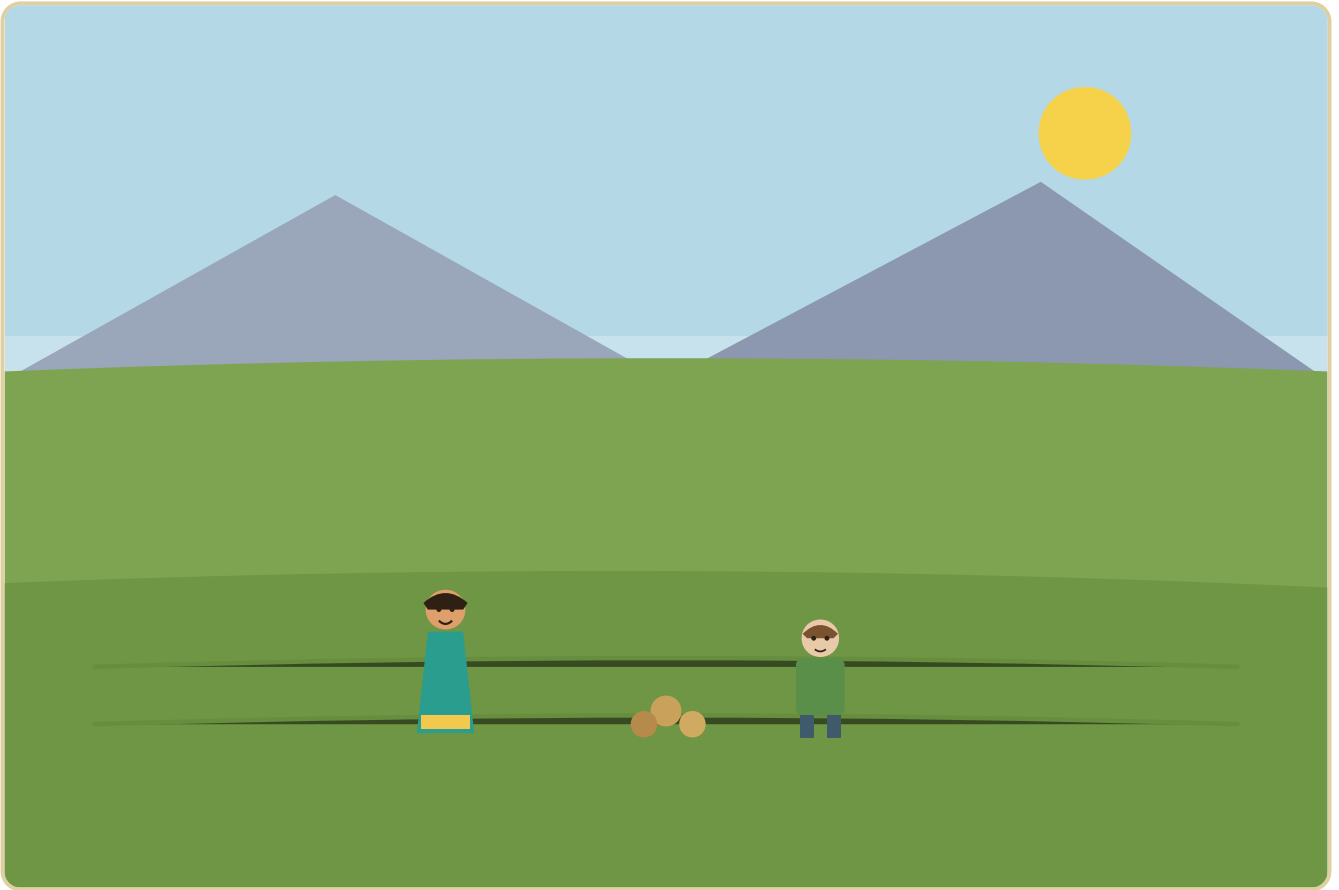
dulce · salado · caliente · frío (DOOL-seh · sah-LAH-doh ...)
sweet · salty · hot · cold



After the meal, Illa walked Oliver out to the terraced field behind the house — the **chakra**.

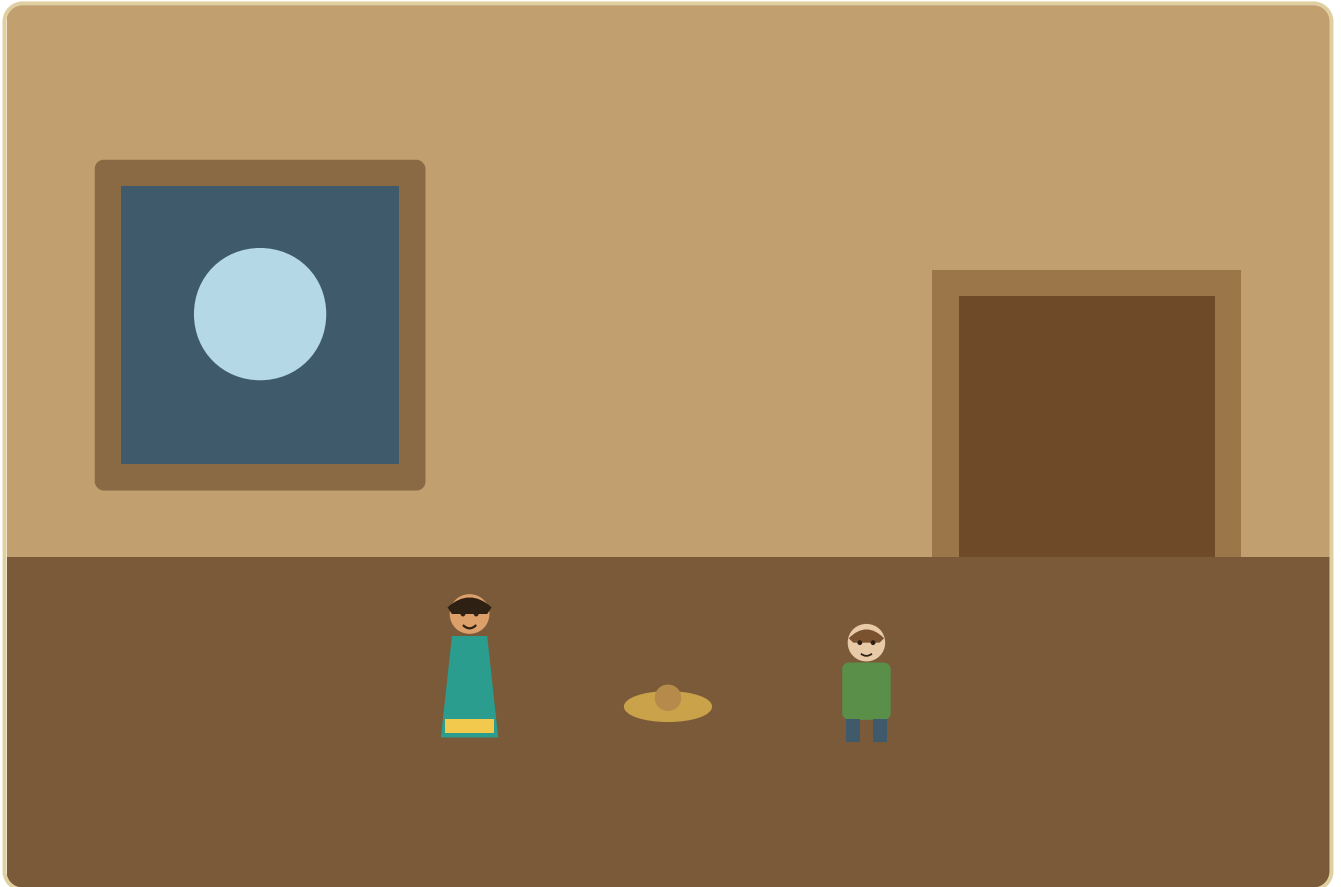
"Aquí sembramos la papa," she said — *here we plant the potato*. **"Crece en la tierra."** This little field, she told him, had fed her family for longer than anyone could count.

la chacra · crece (lah CHAH-krah · KREH-seh)
the field · it grows
the field is the **chakra**; to plant is **tarpuy**.



Illa knelt and dug up a fresh potato, brushing off the dark earth. She placed it in Oliver's hands, still cool from the ground.

"The potato," she told him, "was born here — in these mountains — and traveled to the whole world." Oliver looked at the little **papa** in his palm and felt he was holding something ancient and precious.



When it was time to go, the grandmother pressed a full plate into his hands — for the neighbor down the lane who lived alone.

In the valley, Illa explained, a good meal is always shared beyond the table. **"Vamos a compartir,"** she said — *let's share*. Food moves the way everything moves here: in **ayni**.

Vamos a compartir. (VAH-mohs ah kohm-par-TEER)

Let's share.

giving and receiving in turn: **ayni**.



Oliver walked home full and warm — **"Estoy lleno,"** he laughed, *I'm full* — carrying a plate for a neighbor he hadn't yet met.

He had eaten the valley's oldest gift, thanked the earth that grew it, and learned that here, no plate is ever really just your own. **"Gracias, Pachamama."**

He tasted the valley — and learned it's always shared.

Food from the earth, thanked before it's eaten and shared before it's finished.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
¡A comer!	Let's eat!	—
Tengo hambre	I'm hungry	—
la papa · el maíz	the potato · corn	papa · sara
Gracias, Pachamama	Thank you, Mother Earth	t'inka
Prueba esto	Taste this	—
me encanta · delicioso	I love it · delicious	—
dulce · caliente	sweet · hot	—
la chacra · crece	the field · it grows	chakra · tarpuy
la semilla	the seed	muhu
Vamos a compartir	Let's share	ayni

*One shared plate, and a stranger fed like family.
One little potato, the valley's gift to the world.
Gracias, Pachamama. Buen provecho, Oliver.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 6 — companion to "La Comida de la Tierra" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



At the Pisaq Market

En el mercado de Pisaq

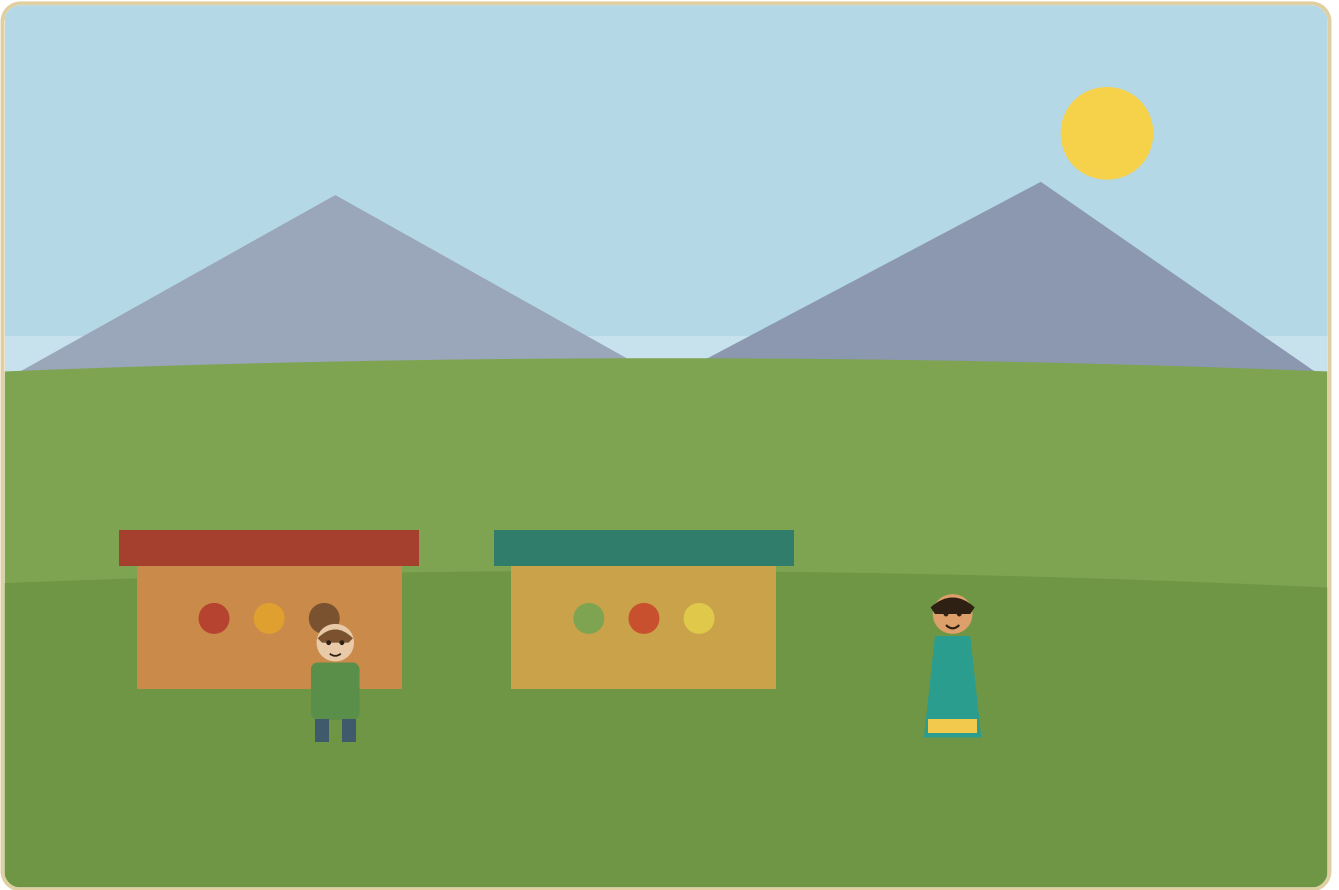
Oliver buys bread — and learns that a sale can be a friendship

A fair price, a little extra, and a neighbor made

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 7

For every child who learned to greet the seller before buying

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Pisaq · Sacred Valley



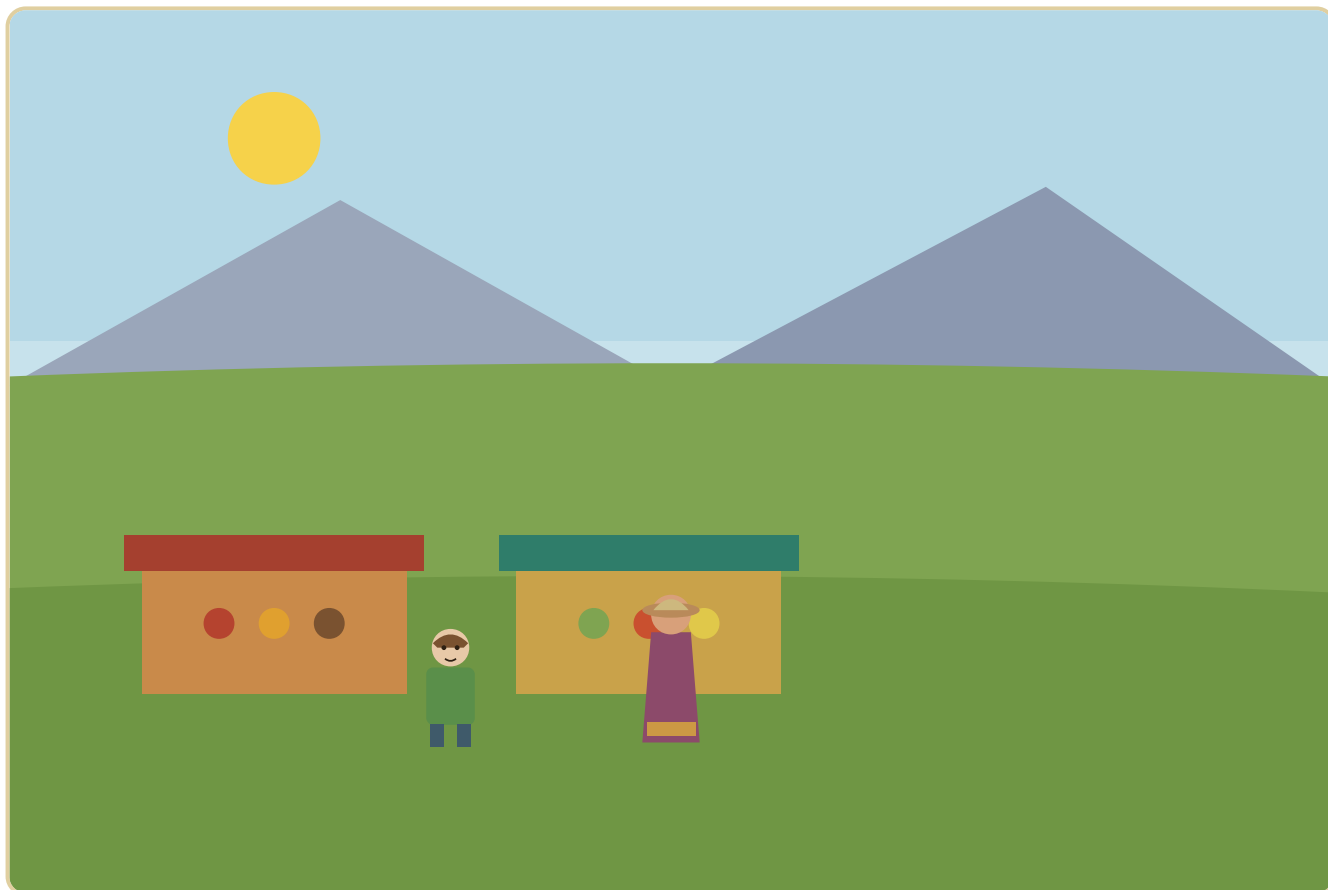
Sunday morning, and the plaza had turned into a great bright market — the **mercado**. Stalls of potatoes, weavings, fruit, and bread stretched everywhere, loud with voices.

Illa took Oliver's hand and pulled him in. "**¡Vamos al mercado!**" — *let's go to the market!*

el mercado (ehl mehr-KAH-doh)
the market

In Quechua, the market is the **qhatu**.

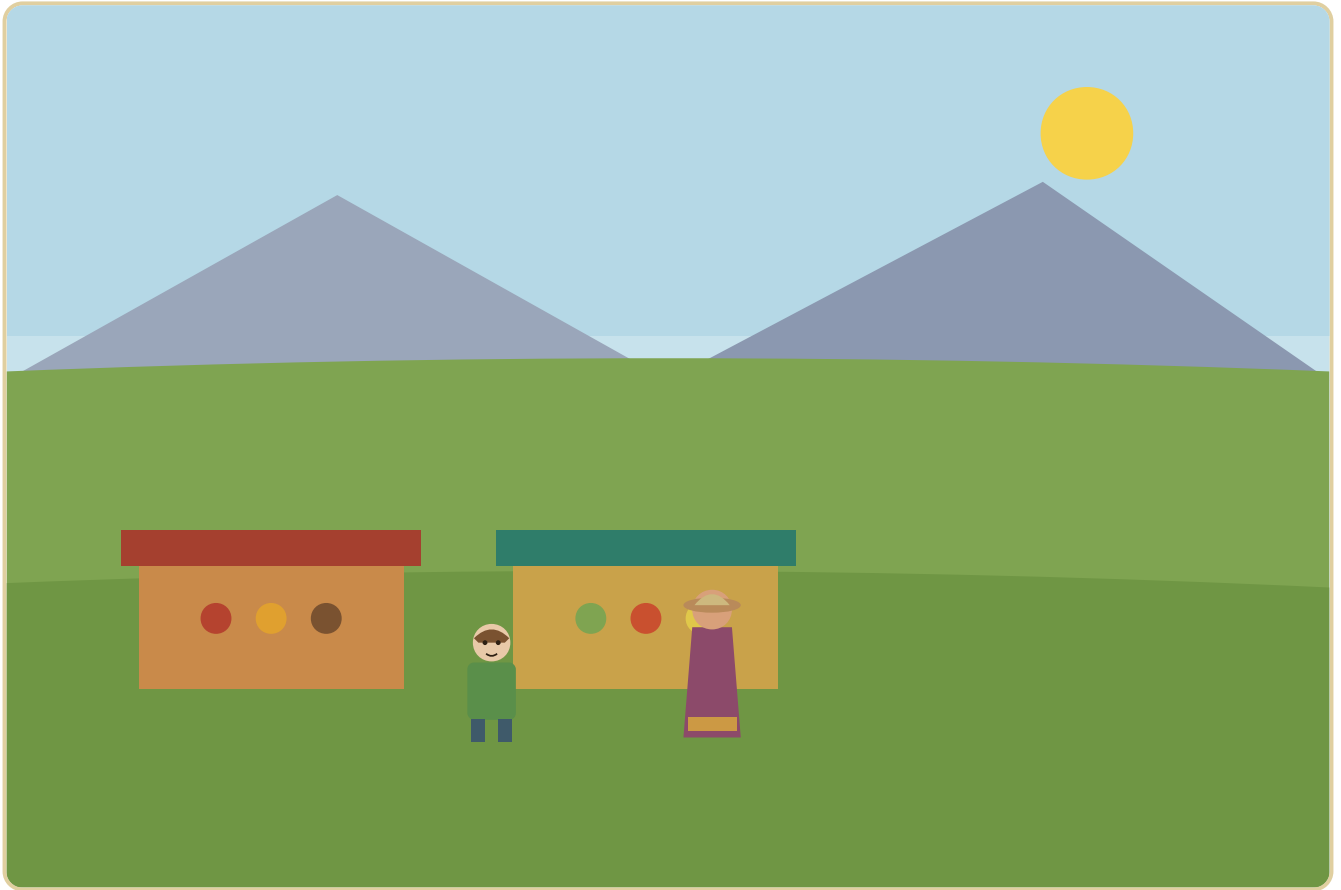
• 1 •



At a bread stall stood a kind-faced woman behind mountains of warm rolls. Oliver wanted to buy some, but he remembered what Illa had taught him: greet first.

"Buenos días, señora. ¿Cómo está?" he said — *good morning, ma'am. How are you?* The woman's whole face lit up.

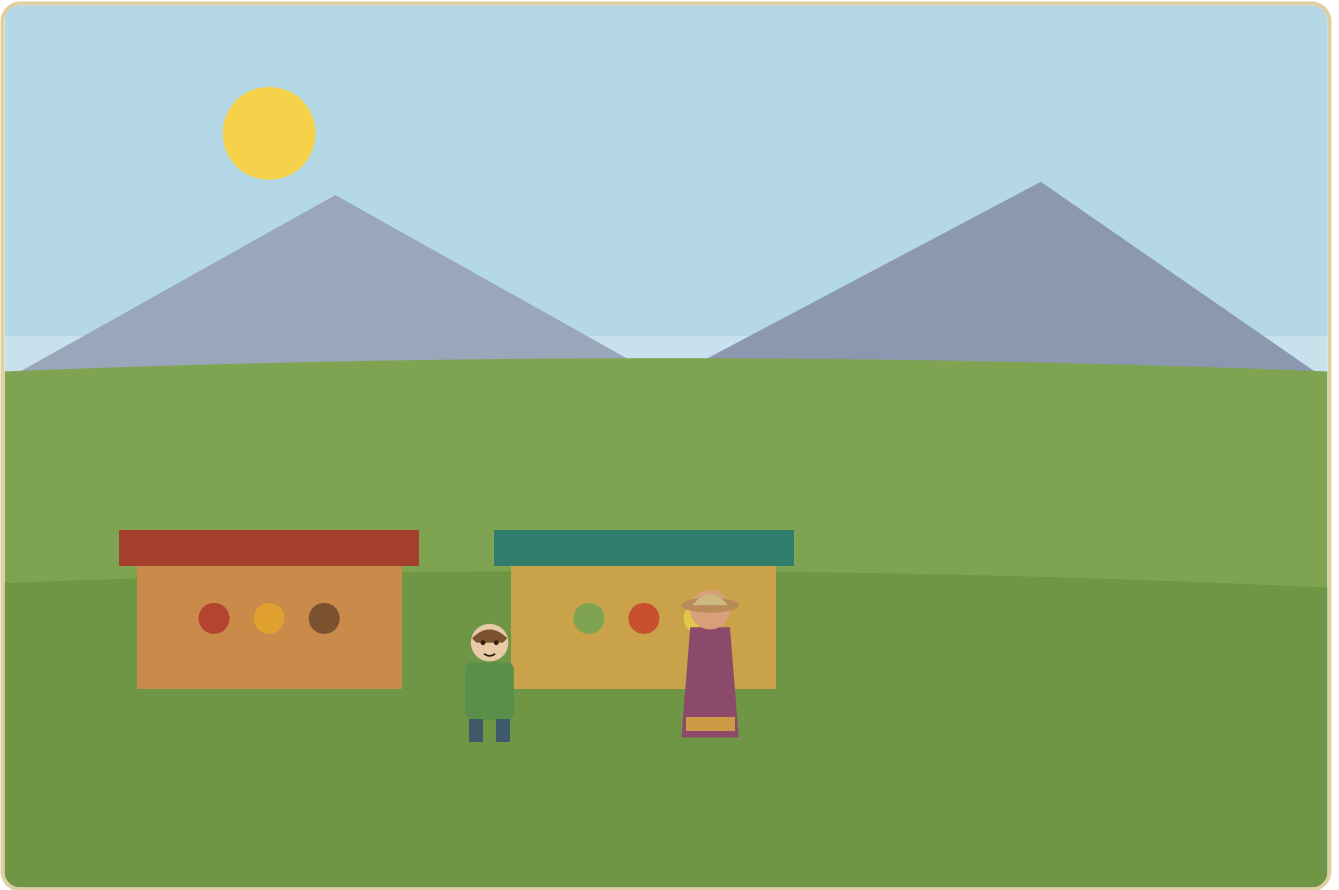
Buenos días, señora. (BWEH-nohs DEE-ahs, seh-NYOH-rah)
Good morning, ma'am.



"Quiero comprar pan, por favor," Oliver said — *I'd like to buy bread, please.*

"¡Claro!" the woman smiled — *of course!* **"¿Cuántos?"** — *how many?*

Quiero comprar pan. (KYEH-roh kohm-PRAR pahn)
I'd like to buy bread.



Oliver counted carefully in his head. "**Cinco, por favor,**" he said — *five, please.*

"**¿Cuánto cuesta?**" he asked — *how much is it?* "**Dos soles,**" said the woman — *two soles.* "**Es un buen precio.**"

¿Cuánto cuesta? Dos soles. (KWAHN-toh KWEHS-tah)

How much is it? Two soles.

A fair price: **chaninmi.**



Oliver handed over the coins. The woman wrapped the five warm rolls — and then, with a wink, tucked in a sixth.

"Y un poquito más," she said — *and a little more*. **"La yapa."** A small gift, given from the heart, on top of the sale.

un poquito más — la yapa *(oon poh-KEE-toh mahs)*
a little more — the yapa
the market's small generosity: the **yapa**.



Oliver's heart went warm. In his old life, buying bread had been quick and silent. Here it was a little friendship.

"¡Muchas gracias, señora! Qué amable," he said — *thank you so much, ma'am. How kind.*

¡Muchas gracias, señora! (MOO-chahs GRAH-syahs)
Thank you very much, ma'am!



"**Gracias a ti, hijito,**" the woman called after him — *thank YOU, dear.*

"**¡Hasta luego, vecino!**" — *see you later, neighbor!*

Neighbor. She had called him **vecino**. Oliver walked away taller than before.

• 7 •



Walking home with warm bread and a happy heart, Oliver understood the valley's secret. The market wasn't about the cheapest price. It was about the **trato** — the kindness in the trade.

He had come as a shopper. He was leaving as a neighbor — with an extra roll, and a friend at the bread stall who would remember his face next Sunday.

He came to buy bread. He left with a neighbor.

At the valley market, every fair trade is a small friendship.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
el mercado	the market	qhatu
Buenos días, señora	Good morning, ma'am	—
Quiero comprar	I'd like to buy	rantiy
¿Cuántos? · Cinco	How many? · Five	hayk'a · pichqa
¿Cuánto cuesta?	How much is it?	—
dos soles · el precio	two soles · the price	qollqe
un poquito más	a little more	—
la yapa	the little extra	yapa
¡Muchas gracias!	Thank you very much!	Sulpayki
Hasta luego, vecino	See you later, neighbor	—

One fair price, one small gift given freely.

One boy who greeted first — and was called neighbor.

Hasta luego, Oliver. Nos vemos en el mercado.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 7 — companion to "El Mercado" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Mountain Sky

El cielo de la montaña

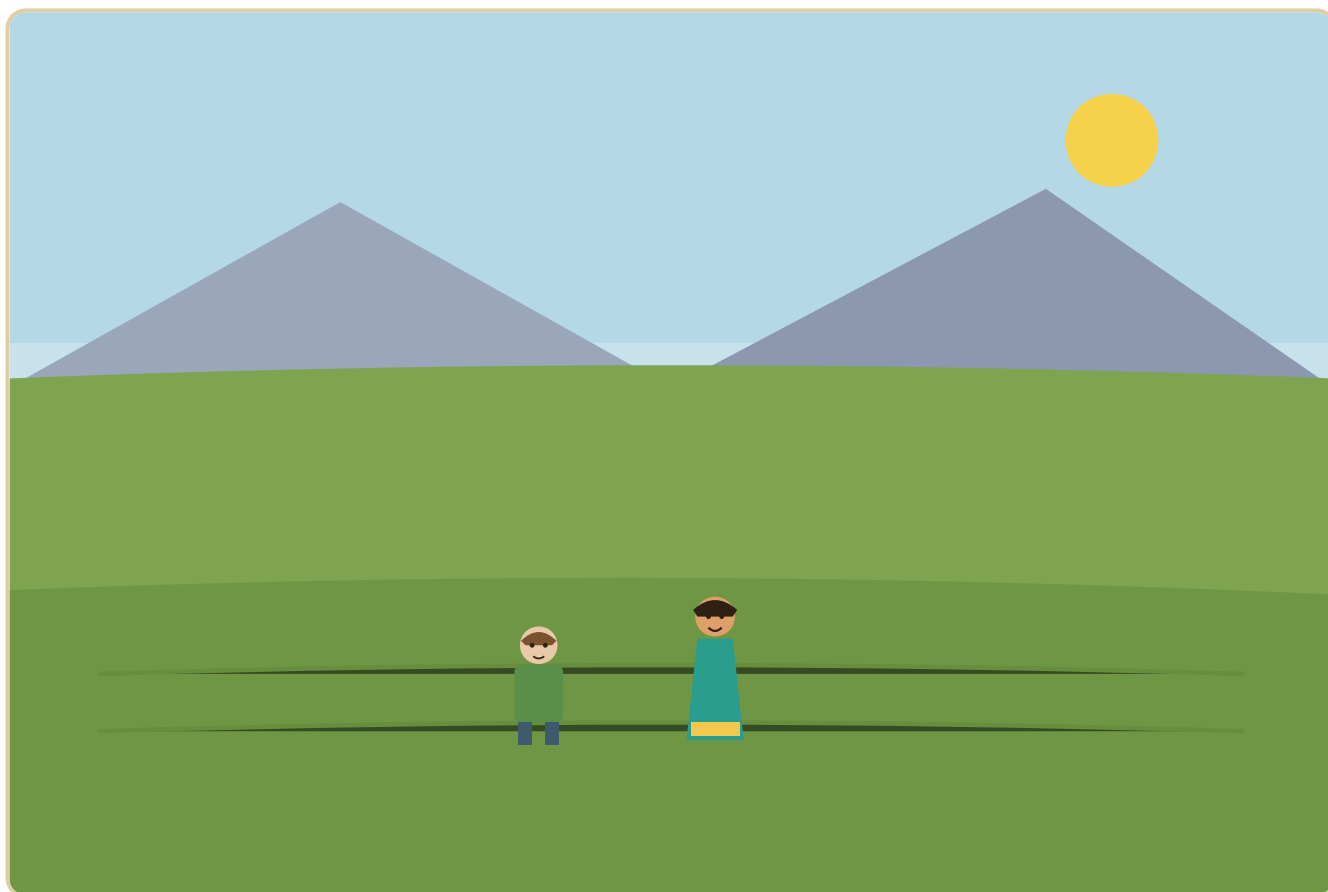
Oliver learns to read the valley sky — and to thank the rain

Here, rain isn't a ruined day. It's a blessing.

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 8

For every child who learned that the sky is a friend to read, not a foe to fight

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The morning was bright and blue. "**Hace sol,**" said Oliver, pleased with himself — *it's sunny*. He wanted to play outside all day.

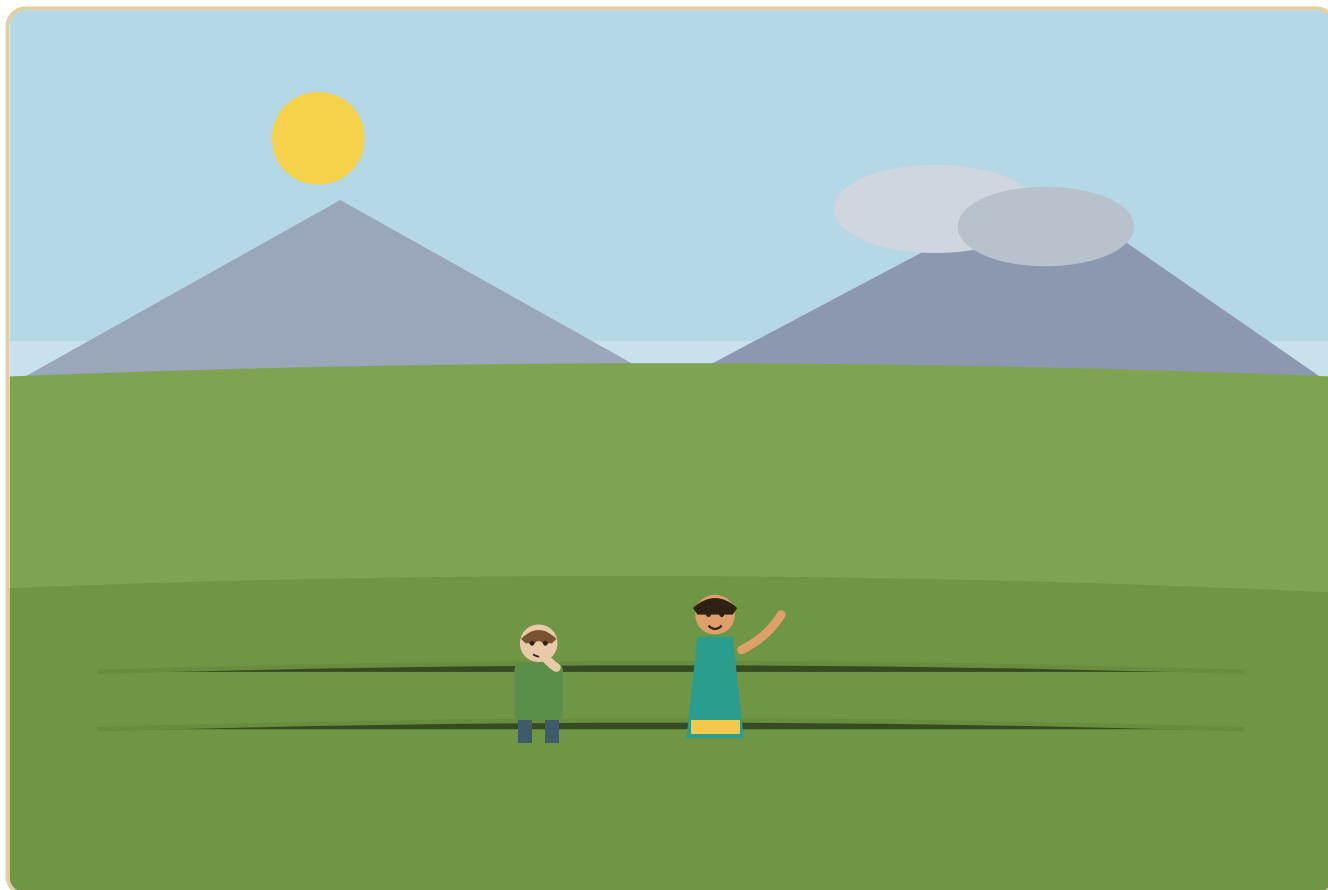
But Illa squinted up at the sky, the way her grandmother had taught her. "**Mira el cielo,**" she said — *look at the sky*.

Hace sol. (AH-seh sohl)

It's sunny.

The sun is **Inti**.

• 1 •



Far over the peaks, grey clouds were gathering — **nubes**. Oliver hadn't even noticed them.

"Viene la lluvia," Illa said calmly — *the rain is coming*. **"En la tarde, llueve."** *In the afternoon, it'll rain*. Oliver was amazed. How could she know?

Viene la lluvia. (VYEH-neh lah YOO-vyah)

The rain is coming.

rain is **para**; the wind that brings it, **wayra**.



"My grandmother taught me," Illa said. "The clouds, the wind, the birds flying low — the sky tells you, if you learn to read it."

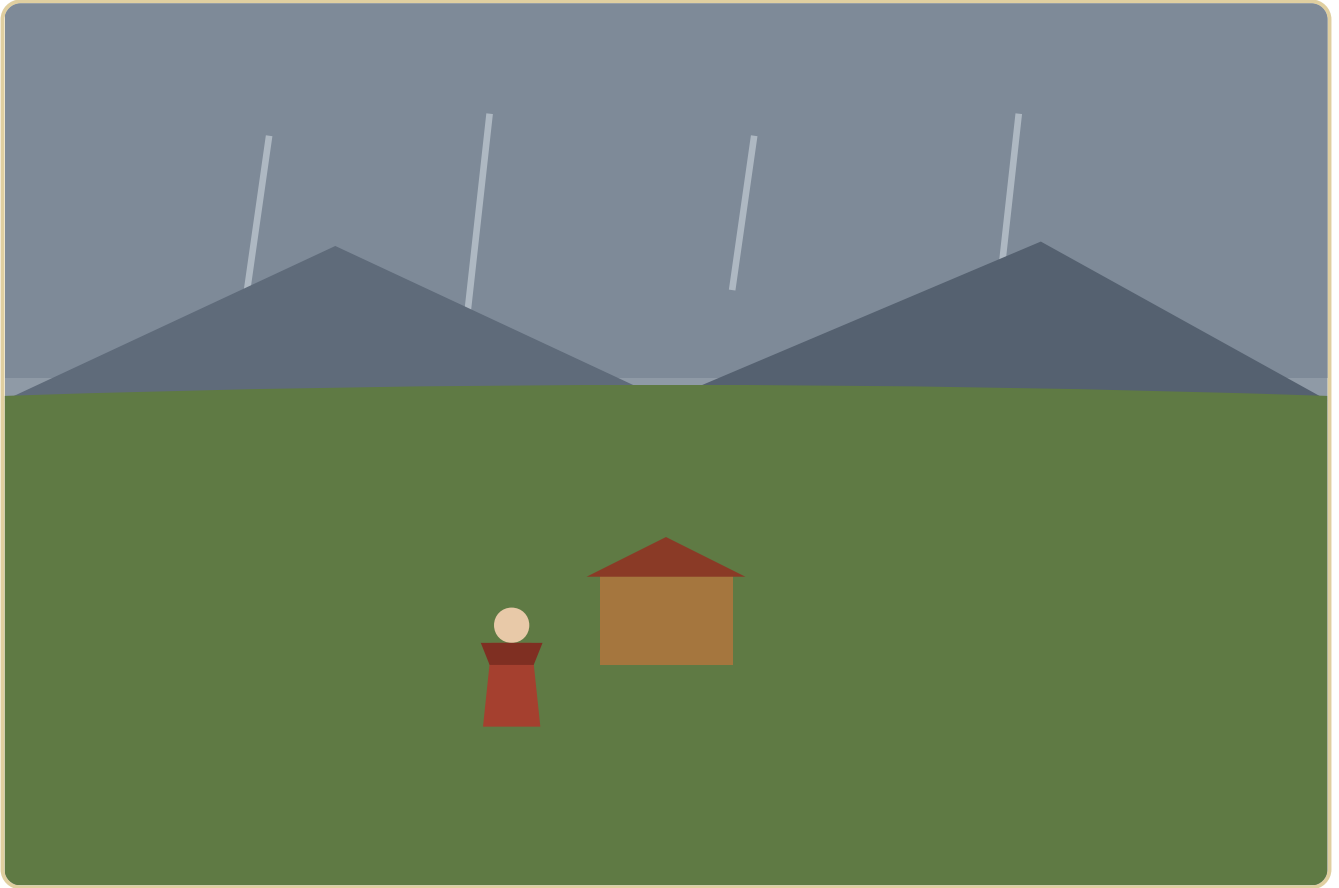
This knowing had a name, she said — **yachay** — and it was older than any book. Oliver decided to trust her. "**Llevo mi poncho,**" he said — *I'll take my poncho.*

Mira el cielo. (MEE-rah ehl SYEH-loh)

Look at the sky.

this valley knowledge is **yachay**.

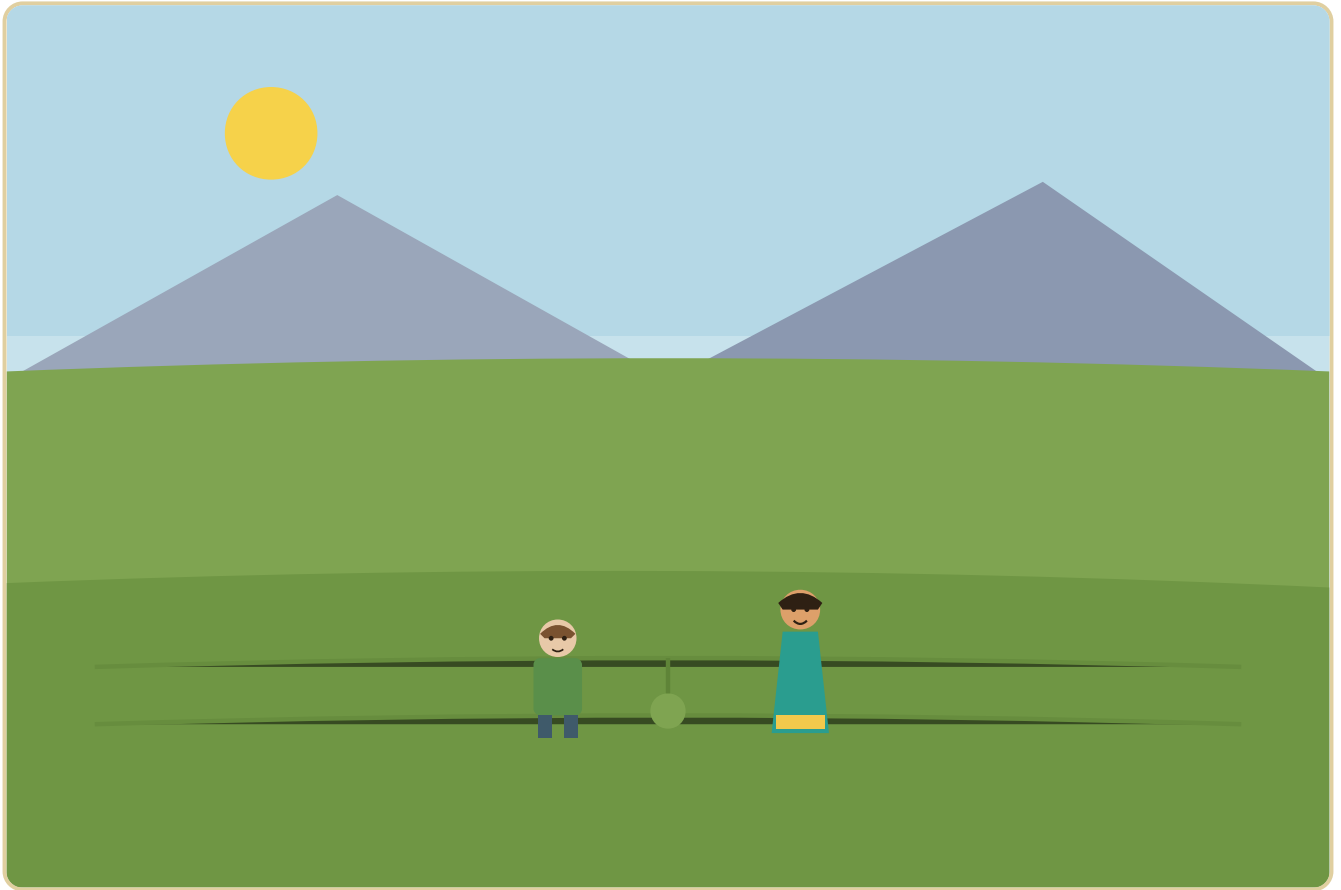
· 3 ·



In the afternoon, right on time, the sky opened. Rain came sweeping down in silver sheets, drumming on the roofs.

Snug in his poncho, Oliver watched it fall. "In my old home," he said, "rain meant a bad day." Illa shook her head. **"Aquí, la lluvia es bendición,"** she said — *here, the rain is a blessing*.

La lluvia es bendición. (lah YOO-vyah ehs behn-dee-SYOHN)
The rain is a blessing.



Illa knelt by the terraces, where tiny green shoots were drinking the rain, standing straighter by the minute.

"Con el agua, todo crece," she said — *with the water, everything grows*. The rain wasn't ruining the day. It was feeding the whole valley. Water — **unu** — was the blood of the earth herself.

Con el agua, todo crece. (kohn ehl AH-gwah, TOH-doh KREH-seh)

With the water, everything grows.

water is **unu**, blood of Pachamama.



Then, as suddenly as it had come, the rain stopped. The sun broke through — and across the whole valley arched a great **arcoíris**, a rainbow of impossible color.

"¡Mira!" Oliver gasped. **"Después de la lluvia, siempre,"** Illa smiled — *after the rain, always*. The rainbow, the **k'uychi**, was sacred here.

un arcoíris (oon ar-koh-EE-rees)
a rainbow
the sacred rainbow: the **k'uychi**.



That evening, the washed valley glowed greener and richer than before. Oliver understood something new.

The sky here wasn't an enemy to fight or a nuisance to escape. It was a friend to read, and to thank. **"Gracias al cielo,"** he said quietly — *thanks to the sky* — the way the valley had for a thousand years.

He learned to read the sky — and to thank the rain.

In the valley, every kind of weather is met with a poncho, a hat, and a grateful heart.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Hace sol · frío	It's sunny · cold	Inti
Viene la lluvia	The rain is coming	para · wayra
Mira el cielo	Look at the sky	yachay
el poncho	the poncho	—
La lluvia es bendición	Rain is a blessing	—
el agua · crece	water · it grows	unu
un arcoíris	a rainbow	k'uychi
las dos estaciones	the two seasons	paray killa · aymura
¿Qué tiempo hace?	What's the weather?	—
Gracias al cielo	Thanks to the sky	—

*One grey sky, read like a friend's face.
One silver rain, met not with a groan but with thanks.
La lluvia es bendición, Oliver.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 8 — companion to "El Clima" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



My Friend from Far Away

Mi amigo de muy lejos

Oliver and Illa learn, play, and help — and a real friendship is born

In the valley, you don't win alone — you rise together

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 9

For the friend who first made a new place feel like home

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



At the little valley school, the morning bell rang. Children streamed in from every lane, laughing and calling to each other.

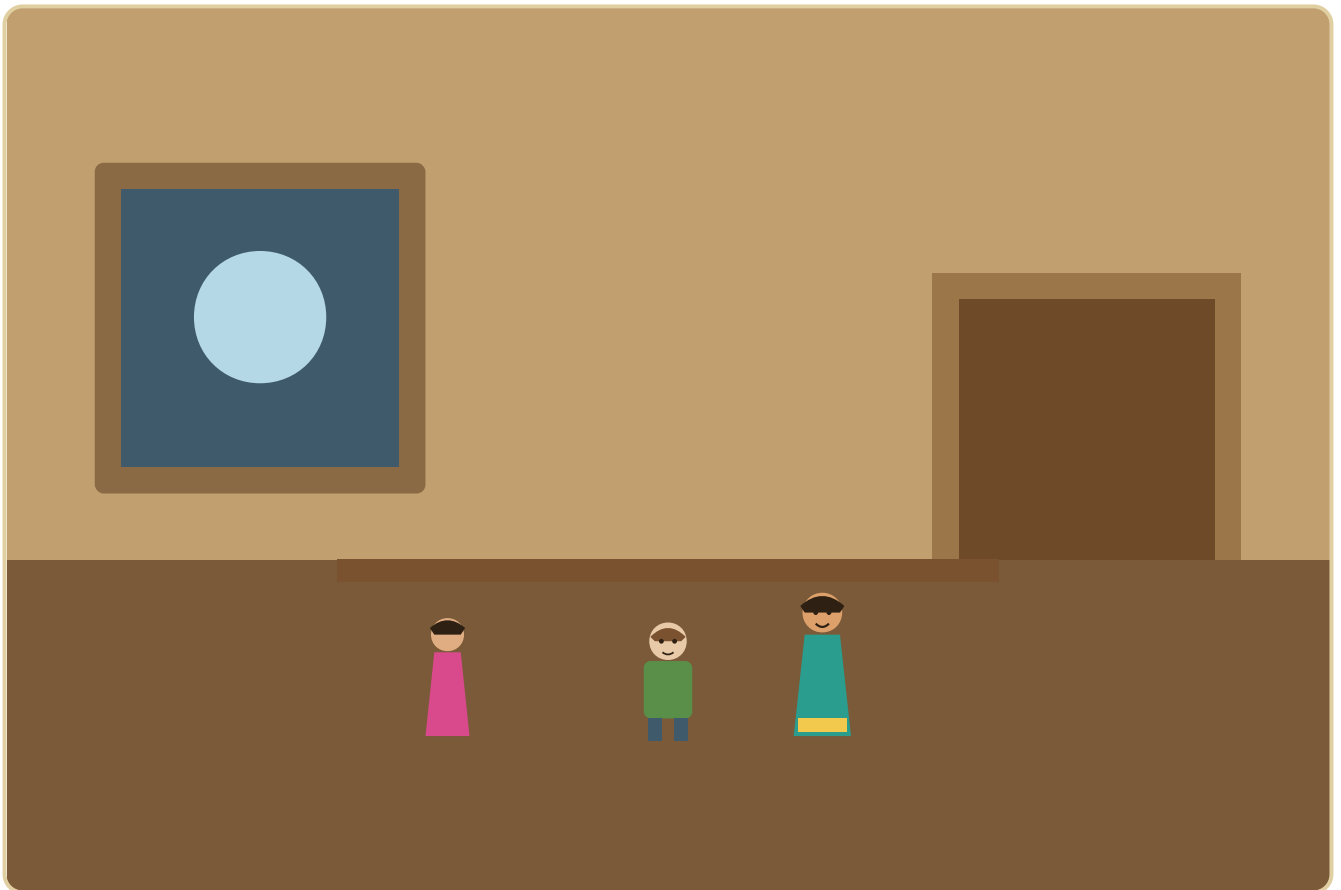
Oliver walked in beside Illa. Not long ago, this had all felt strange and far away. Now, with a few words and one good friend, it was beginning to feel like his.

la escuela (lah ehs-KWEH-lah)

the school

the house of learning: the **Yachay Wasi**.

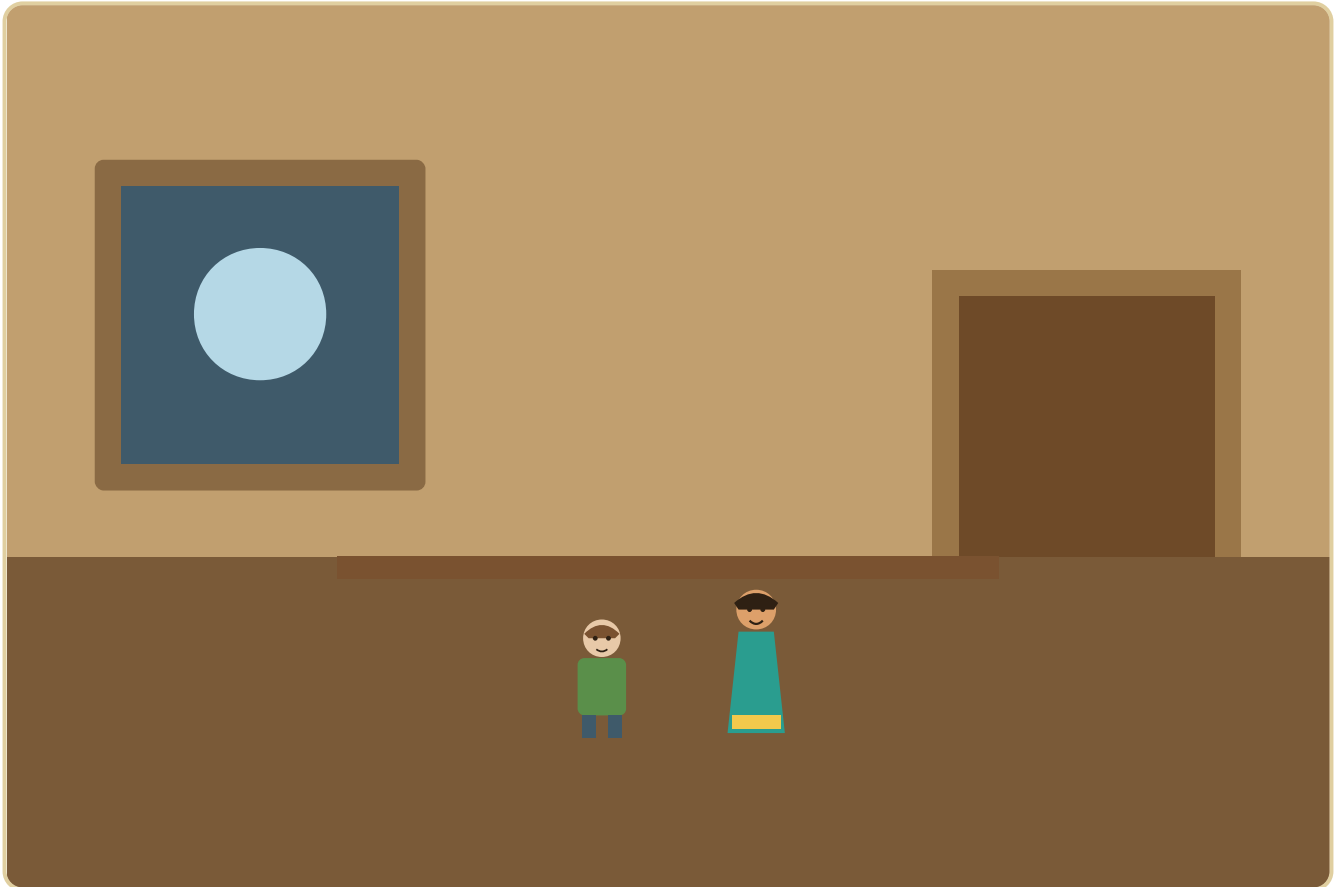
• 1 •



In class, the teacher wrote something on the board that Oliver couldn't follow. His stomach sank. Everyone else seemed to understand.

"No entiendo esto," he whispered, worried — *I don't understand this.* He felt, for a moment, very far from home.

No entiendo esto. *(noh ehn-TYEHN-doh EHS-toh)*
I don't understand this.



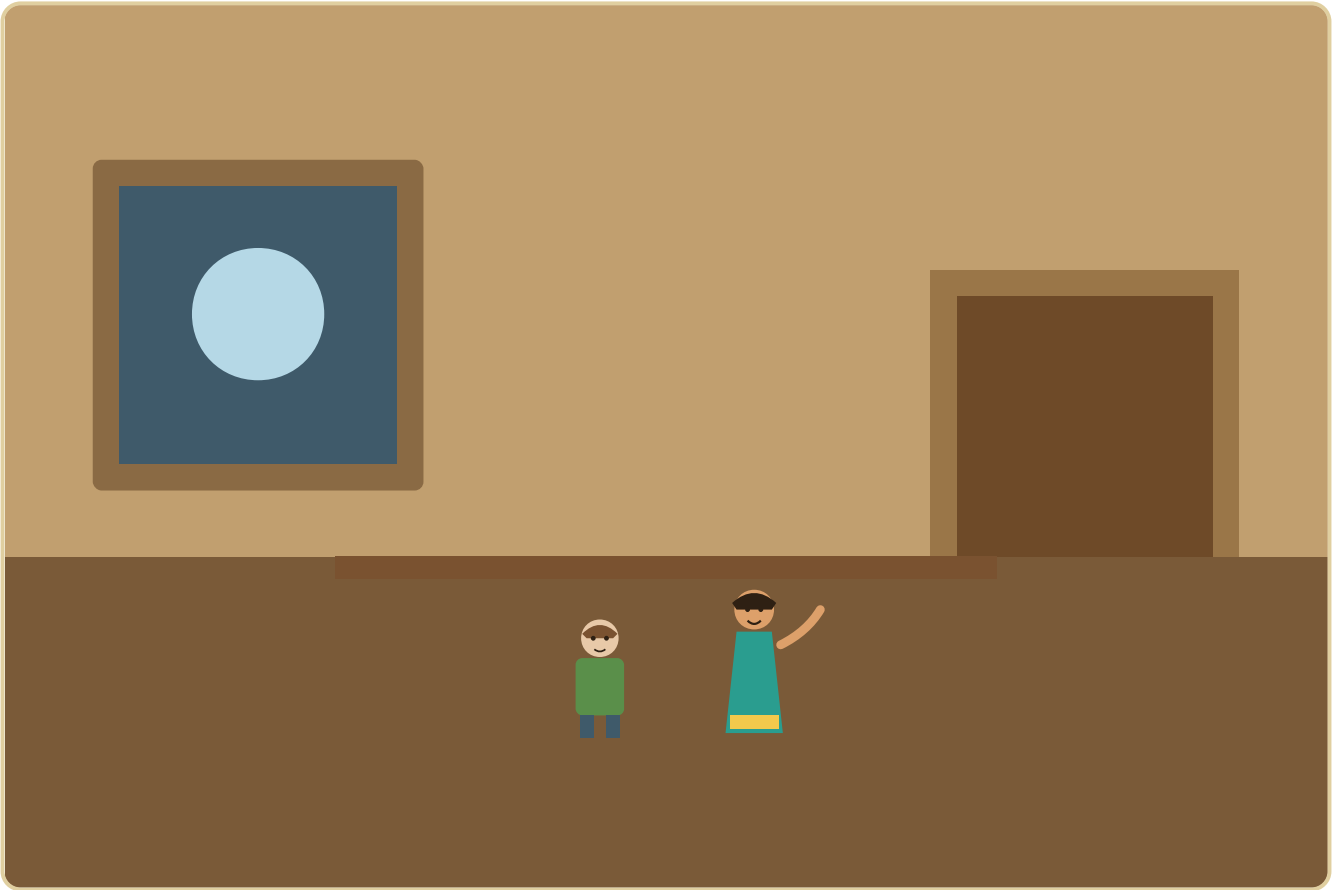
Illa leaned over from the next desk. She didn't laugh, or leave him behind. She just started, quietly, to explain.

"Yo te ayudo," she said — *I'll help you.* **"Aprendemos juntos."** *We learn together.* Step by step, it began to make sense.

Yo te ayudo. Aprendemos juntos. *(yoh teh ah-YOO-doh)*

I'll help you. We learn together.

help given and returned: **ayni.**



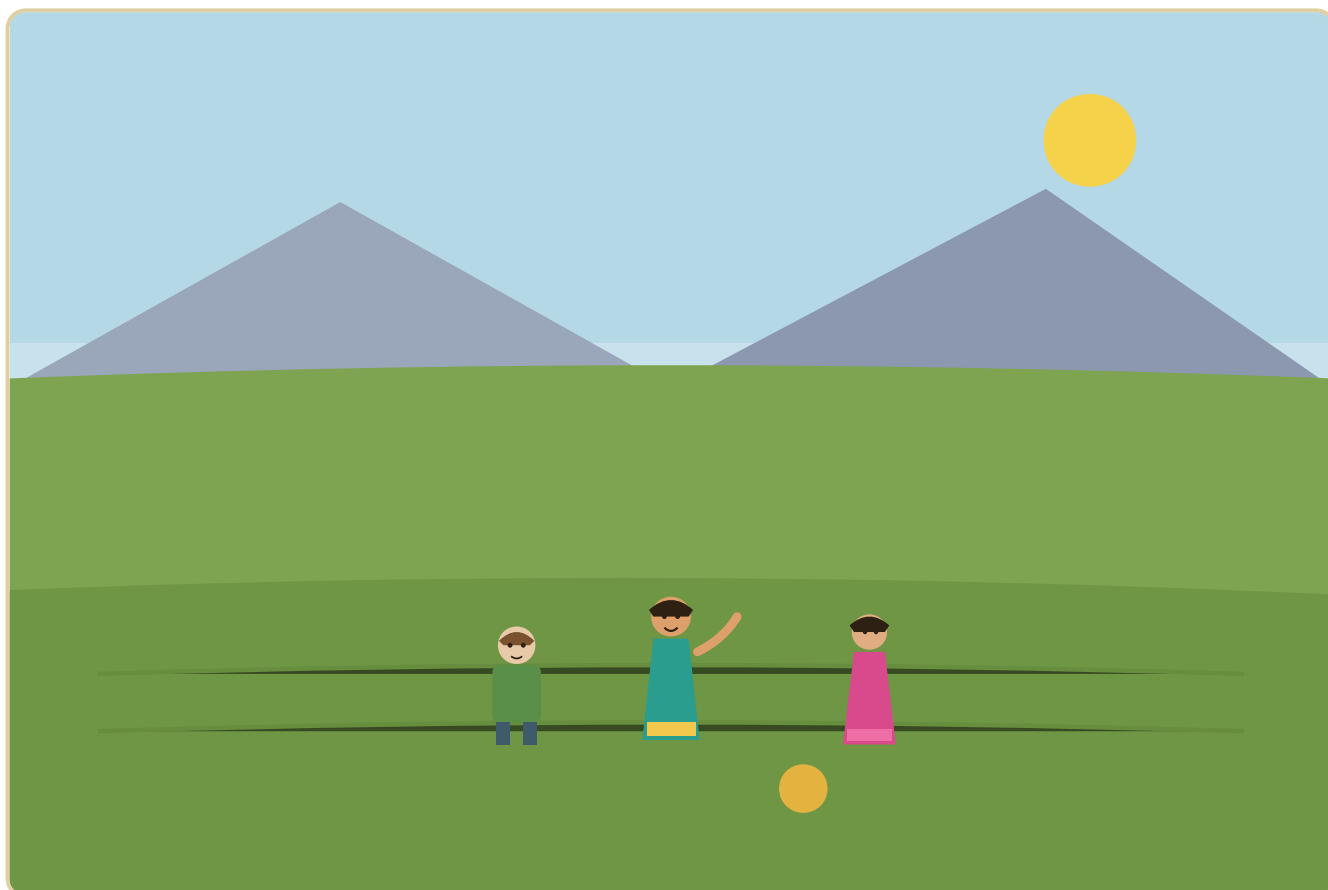
And then — he understood. The letters made words, the words made sense. Oliver's whole face lit up.

"¡Ahora entiendo! ¡Gracias, amiga!" he said — *now I understand! Thank you, friend!* Helping, in the valley, was not losing. It was the best kind of winning.



At recess, everyone spilled into the yard for a game with a worn old **pelota**. Oliver was picked without a second thought — he was one of them now. It was hard, and fast, and he wasn't very good yet. But it didn't matter. "**Juntos podemos**," Illa called — *together we can*.

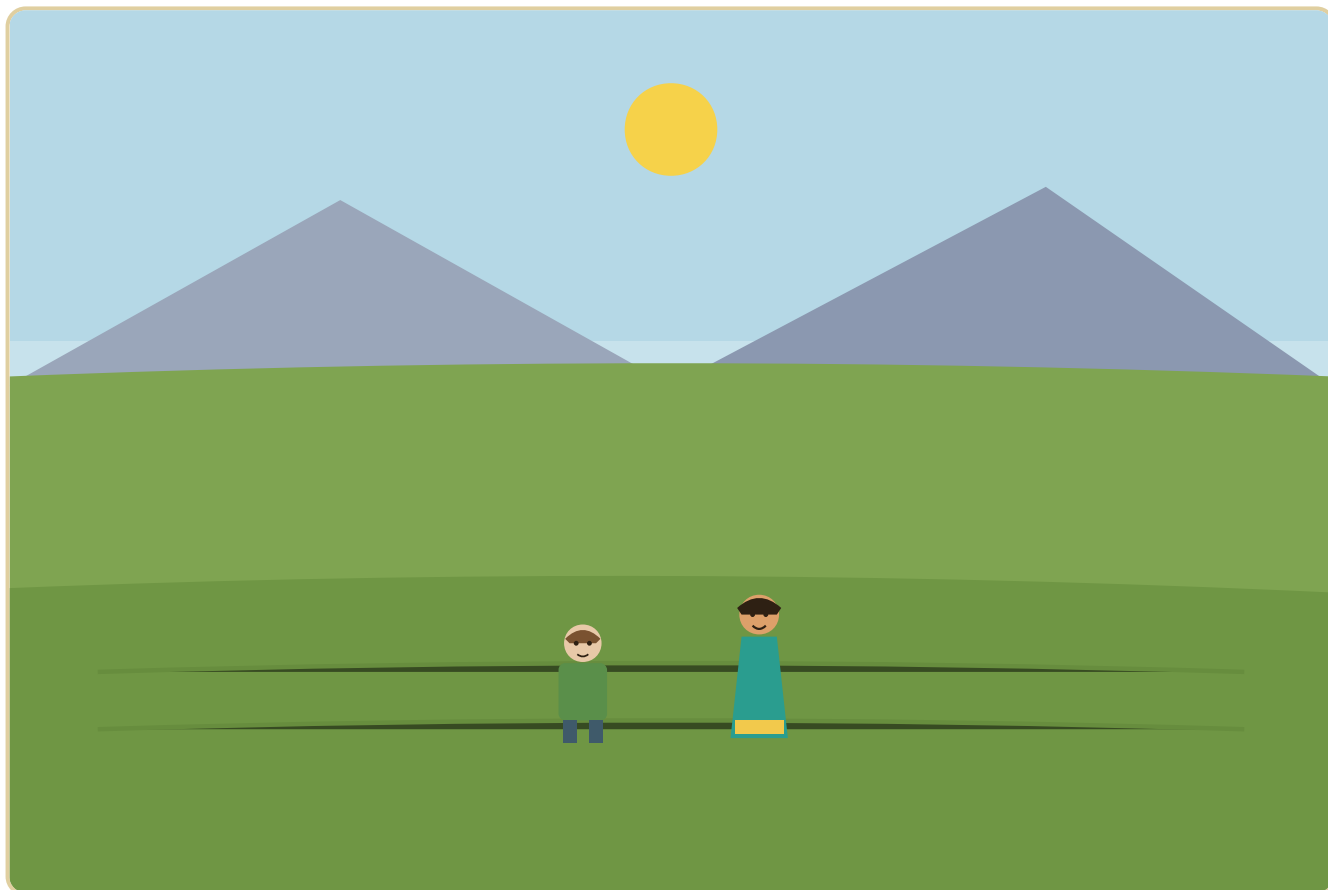
Juntos podemos. (HOON-tohs poh-DEH-mohs)
Together we can.



Illa's team scored, and she cheered. "**¡Gané!**" she laughed — *I won!* — "**pero fue un buen juego.**"

Oliver's team had lost, but he was grinning ear to ear. "**¡No importa!**" he shouted — *it doesn't matter!* "**¡Otra vez!**" In the valley, you played to be together, not to win.

¡No importa! ¡Otra vez! (noh eem-POR-tah · OH-trah vehs)
It doesn't matter! Again!



Walking the paths after school, the two of them talked and laughed the whole way, half in Spanish, half in gestures, wholly understood.

Oliver had come to this valley from very far away, knowing no one. And here, beside him, was proof that a stranger could become a **masi** — a true friend of the heart.



At the fork in the path, they stopped to say goodbye. Oliver looked at his friend and said the truest thing he had ever said in Spanish.

"Somos amigos," he said — *we're friends*. **"¡Claro que sí!"** Illa beamed — *of course we are!* **"Nos vemos mañana, amigo."**

A boy from far away, and a friend of the valley — somos amigos.

The fastest way to learn a language, and to belong, is to make a friend.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
la escuela	the school	Yachay Wasi
No entiendo	I don't understand	—
Yo te ayudo	I'll help you	ayni
Aprendemos juntos	We learn together	yachay
Juntos podemos	Together we can	—
la pelota · el juego	the ball · game	pukllay
¡No importa! ¡Otra vez!	It doesn't matter! Again!	—
mi amigo · amiga	my friend	masi
Somos amigos	We're friends	—
Nos vemos mañana	See you tomorrow	paqarinkama

One helping hand, freely given and freely returned.

One stranger from far away, now a friend of the heart.

Somos amigos, Oliver. Para siempre.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 9 — companion to "La Escuela y los Amigos" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Everyone Is Welcome Here

Aquí todos son bienvenidos

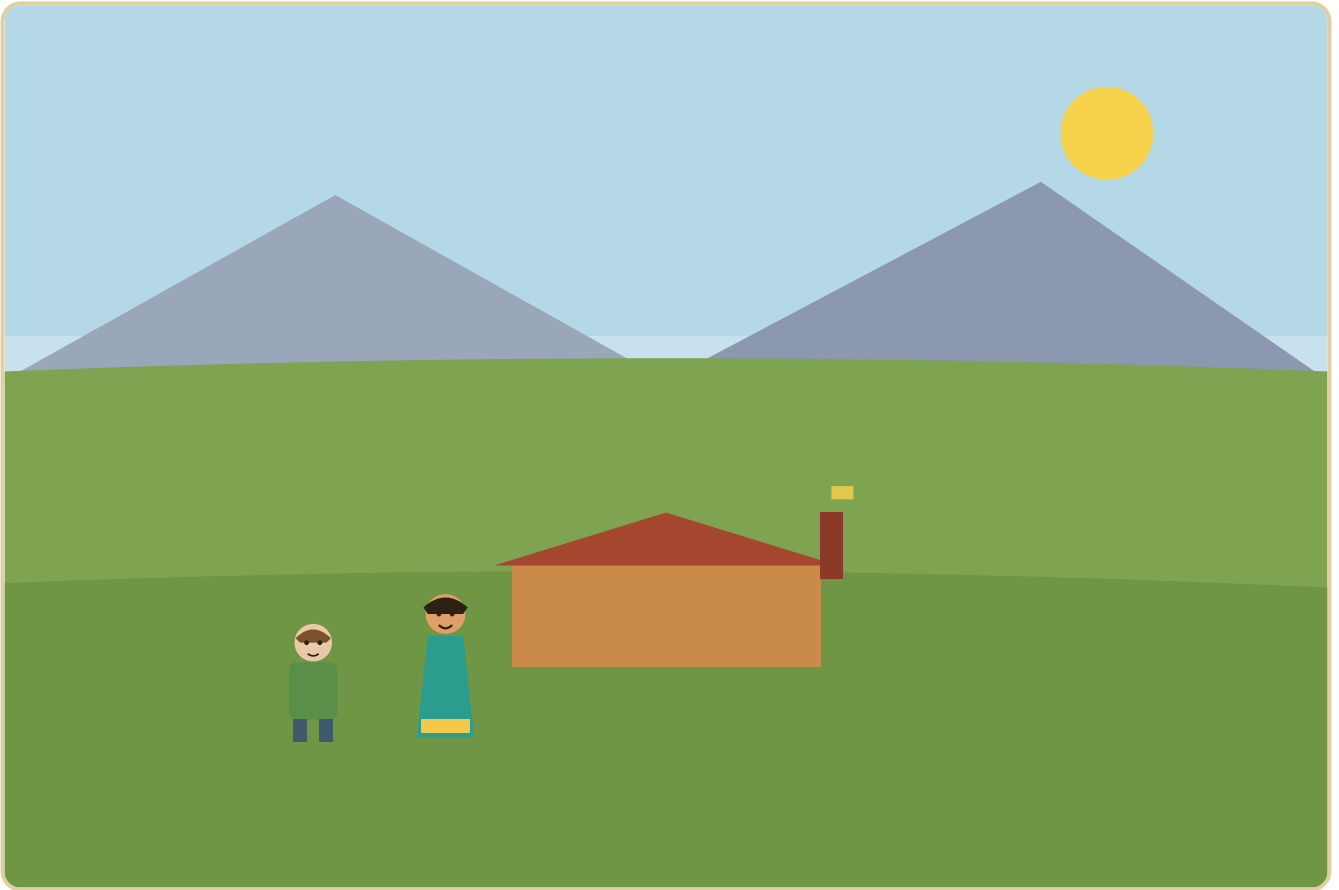
Oliver walks his village one last time — and finds he is no longer new

The end of arriving. The beginning of belonging.

**COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 1 · MODULE 10 ·
FINALE**

For every child who arrived a stranger and stayed as one of the ayllu

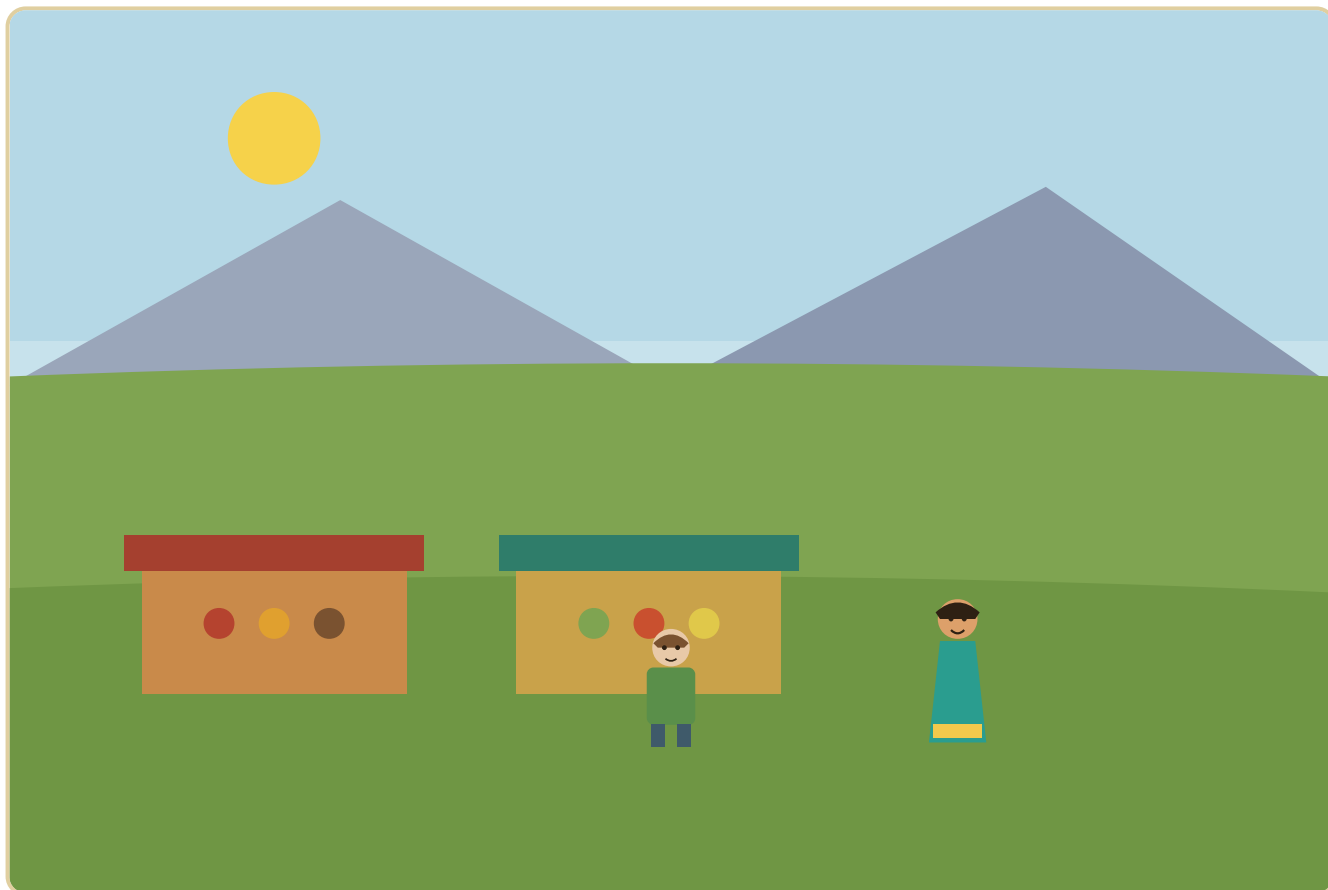
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



It was a bright morning, and Illa had a question. "**¿Conoces todo el pueblo ahora?**" she asked — *do you know the whole village now?*

Oliver looked around the plaza — the **iglesia**, the winding **calles**, the little shops. He smiled. He did. He really did.

mi pueblo · la plaza (mee PWEH-bloh · lah PLAH-sah)
my village · the plaza
the village is the **llaqta**; the great square, the **hatun kancha**.



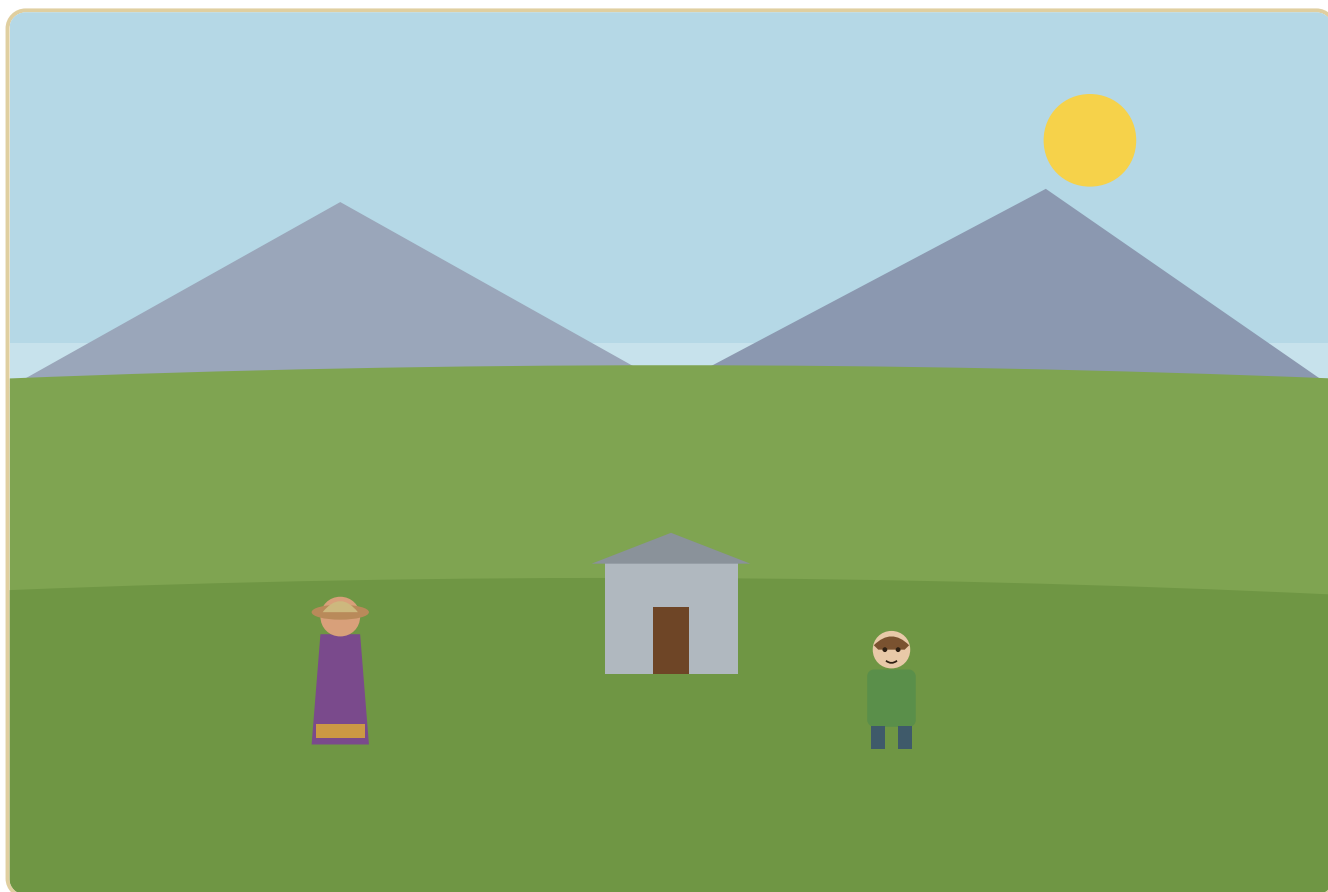
They walked together through the streets Oliver now knew by heart. Past the **tienda**, where the shopkeeper waved. Past the **mercado**, where the bread lady called out, "**¡Hola, vecino!**"

Every place had a name he could say. Every corner held a face he knew. "**Conozco todo el pueblo,**" he said proudly — *I know the whole village.*

Conozco todo el pueblo. (koh-NOHS-koh TOH-doh ehl PWEH-bloh)

I know the whole village.

the market: the **qhatu**.



Near the plaza, a traveler stood turning a map in circles, lost and unsure — just as Oliver himself had once been.

"Perdón, ¿dónde está el mercado?" the traveler asked — *excuse me, where is the market?* And Oliver — who once knew no words at all — knew exactly what to say.

¿Dónde está el mercado? (DOHN-deh ehs-TAH ehl mehr-KAH-doh)
Where is the market?



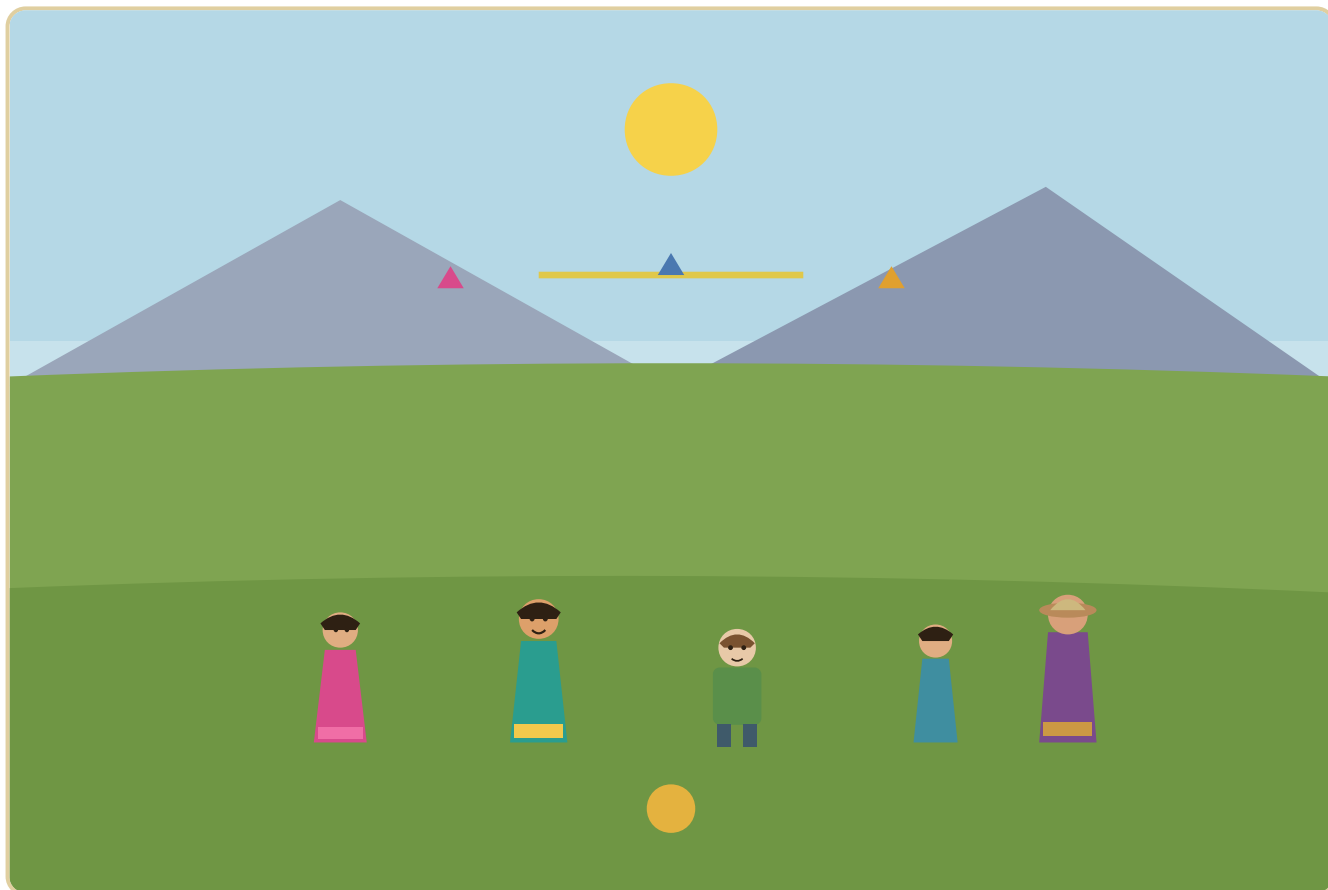
"Está cerca," Oliver said warmly — *it's close*. **"Sígueme, te muestro."**
Follow me, I'll show you.

He walked the traveler to the market, pointing the way with easy pride.
Once, he had been the lost one. Now he was the one who belonged — the
one who could welcome.

Sígueme, te muestro. (SEE-geh-meh, teh MWEHS-troh)

Follow me, I'll show you.

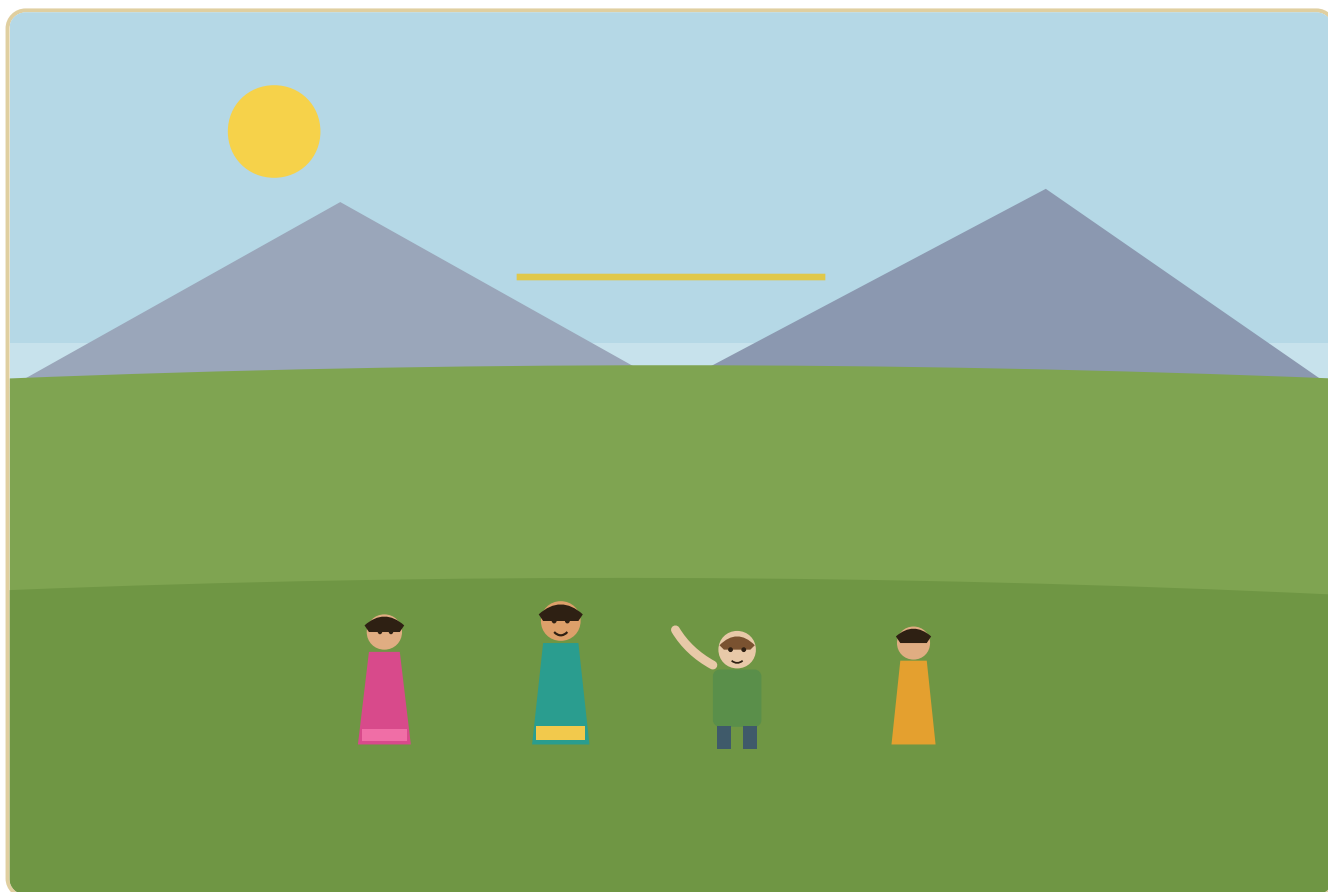
or simply, the valley's **Haku!** — come along.



Back at the plaza, the whole village had gathered — music, color, bunting strung across the square. It was a **fiesta**.

"¡Todos están aquí!" laughed Illa — *everyone's here!* The families who had fed him, the sellers who knew him, his friends, his teacher. The whole **comunidad**, all in one place.

todos juntos · la fiesta (TOH-dohs HOON-tohs)
everyone together · the celebration
the whole community: the **ayllu**.



And here was the wonder of it: no one looked at Oliver as a stranger. Someone handed him bread. Someone pulled him into the dance. Children called his name.

He wasn't watching the valley's life from the edge anymore. He was *in* it — arms linked, feet moving, laughing in a language that was becoming his own. "**Y yo también,**" he thought — *and me too*.



As the sun set gold behind the Apu, Illa turned to him. "**¿Este es tu pueblo ahora?**" she asked softly — *is this your village now?*

Oliver looked out at the plaza — the people, the mountains, the whole valley glowing. He thought of the shy boy who had once watched from the wall, knowing no words at all. "**Sí,**" he said. "**Aquí vivo. Aquí tengo familia y amigos. Aquí pertenezco.**"

He arrived a stranger. He belongs now.

This was never a place he was visiting. It was always home — he just needed the words to live in it.



That night, the stars spilled across the sky like a river — the **Mayu** — over a village that was no longer new to him.

He had crossed the whole first road: **Llegar**, to arrive. From a single trembling **hola** to **aquí pertenezco** — I belong here. And this, he knew, was only the beginning. "**Buenas noches, mi valle,**" he whispered. *Hasta mañana.*

The end of arriving — and the beginning of belonging.

¡Felicidades! You've reached the end of Level 1 — and stepped fully into the valley.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story — and the whole of Level 1

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
mi pueblo · la plaza	my village · plaza	llaqta · hatun kancha
la tienda · el mercado	the shop · market	qhatu
¿Dónde está?	Where is it?	—
cerca · lejos	near · far	—
Sígueme · ¡Ven!	Follow me · Come!	Haku!
todos juntos · la fiesta	all together · celebration	ayllu
bienvenido	welcome	—
la comunidad	the community	ayllu
Aquí vivo · es mi hogar	I live here · it's my home	—
Aquí pertenezco	I belong here	—

One village, walked from stranger to neighbor to home.

One shy hola, grown into 'aquí pertenezco.'

Ya llegaste, Oliver. Bienvenido a casa. Welcome home.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 1 · Module 10 — companion to "Mi Pueblo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Story the Abuelo Told

La historia que contó el abuelo

By the fire, Oliver learns that in the valley, the past is never really gone

A story only lives if someone remembers to tell it

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 1

For every child who sat still and listened to an elder

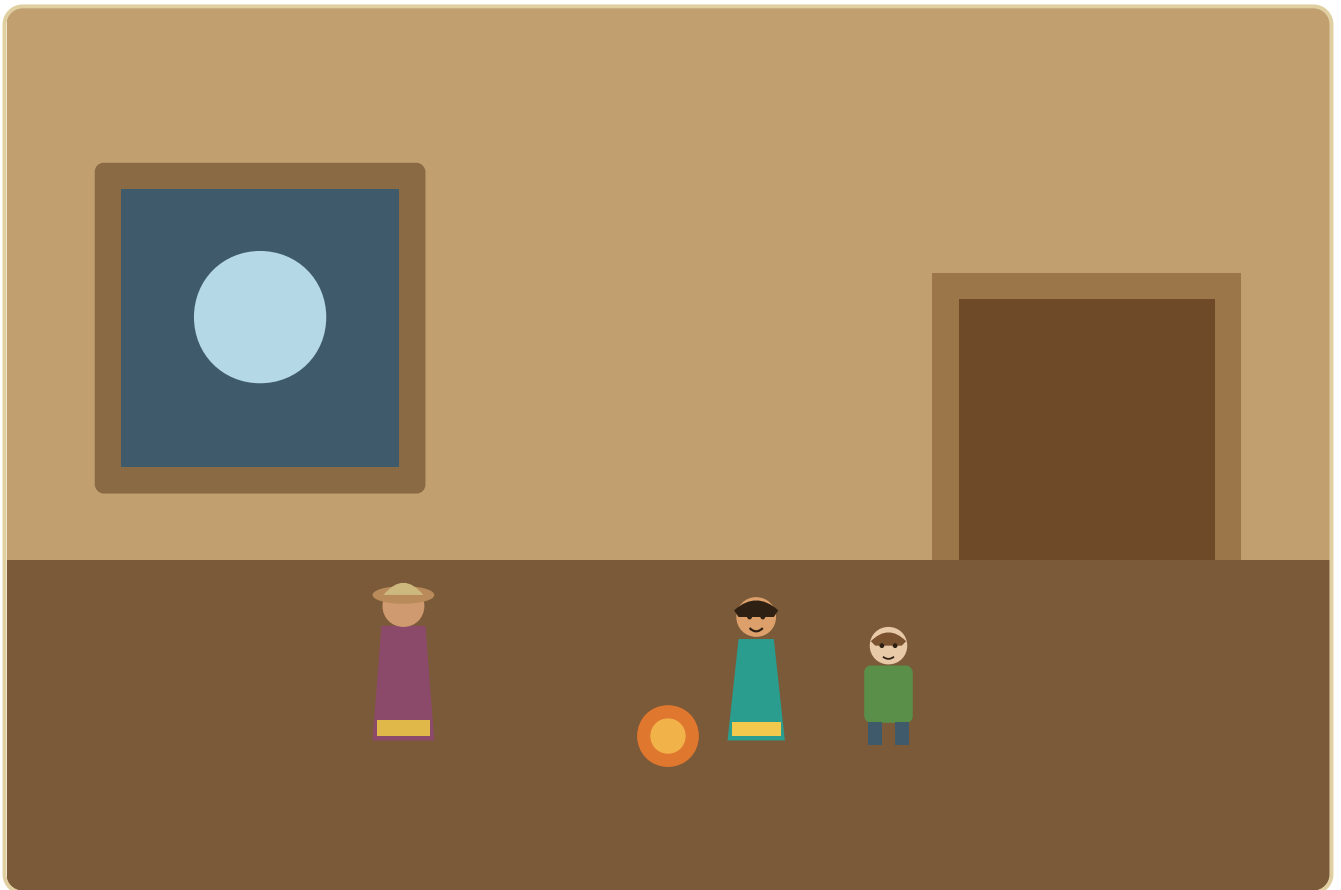
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The sun had set, and the evening was cold. Inside the abuelo's house, a fire glowed, and the old man sat wrapped in a blanket, his eyes deep and kind. Illa pulled Oliver down onto a bench. "Sit," she whispered. "He is going to tell a story." In the valley, there was no greater treasure than this.

la historia (lah ees-TOH-ryah)
the story / the history
the art of telling it aloud: **willakuy**.

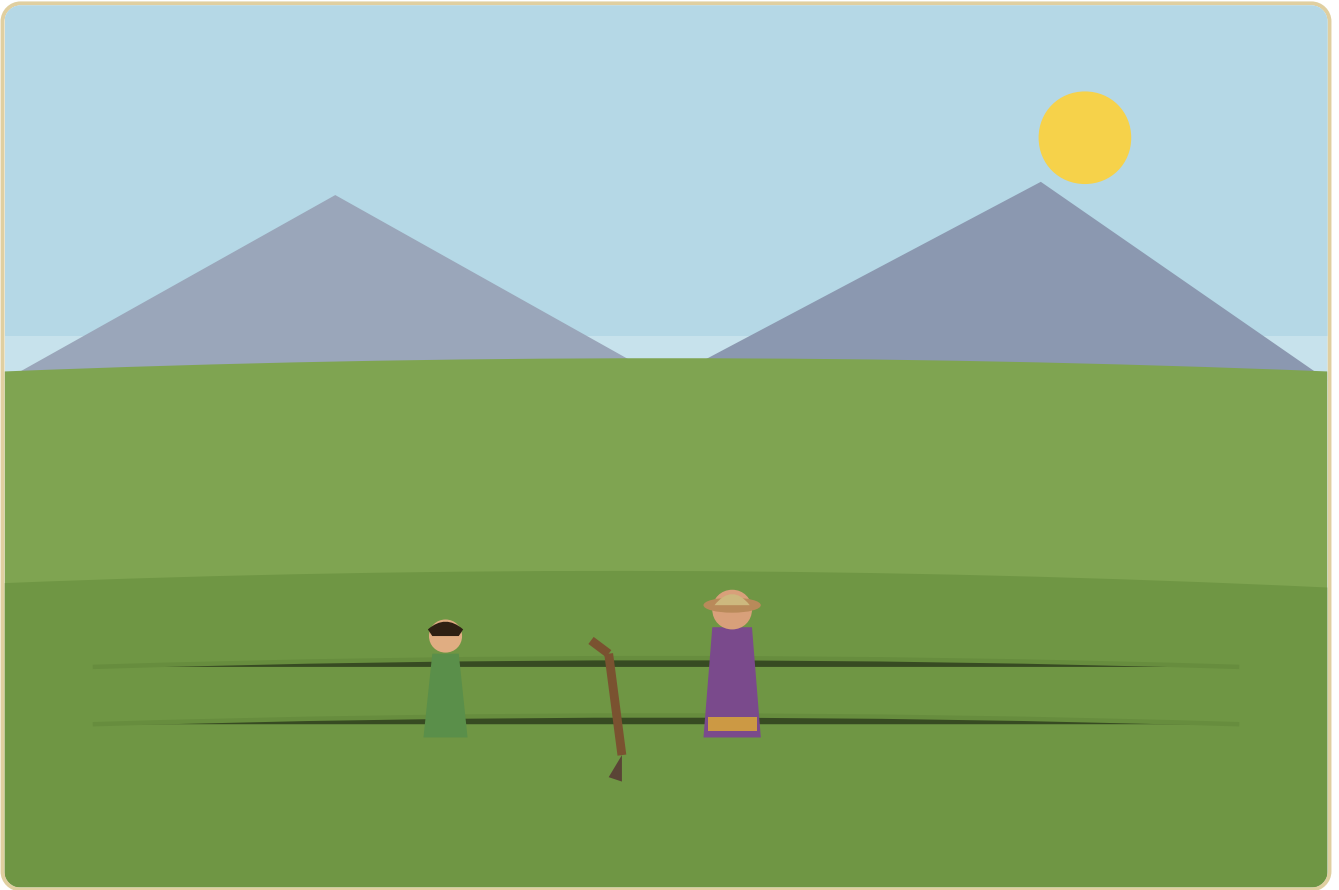
• 1 •



The abuelo looked into the fire and began, in the way all valley stories begin. "**Hace mucho tiempo,**" he said — *long ago* — "**yo fui un niño en este valle.**" *I was a boy in this valley.*

Oliver leaned in. He knew these words now — the past, **el pasado.** "**Escucho, abuelo,**" he said softly — *I'm listening.*

Hace mucho tiempo... (AH-seh MOO-choh TYEHM-poh)
Long ago...

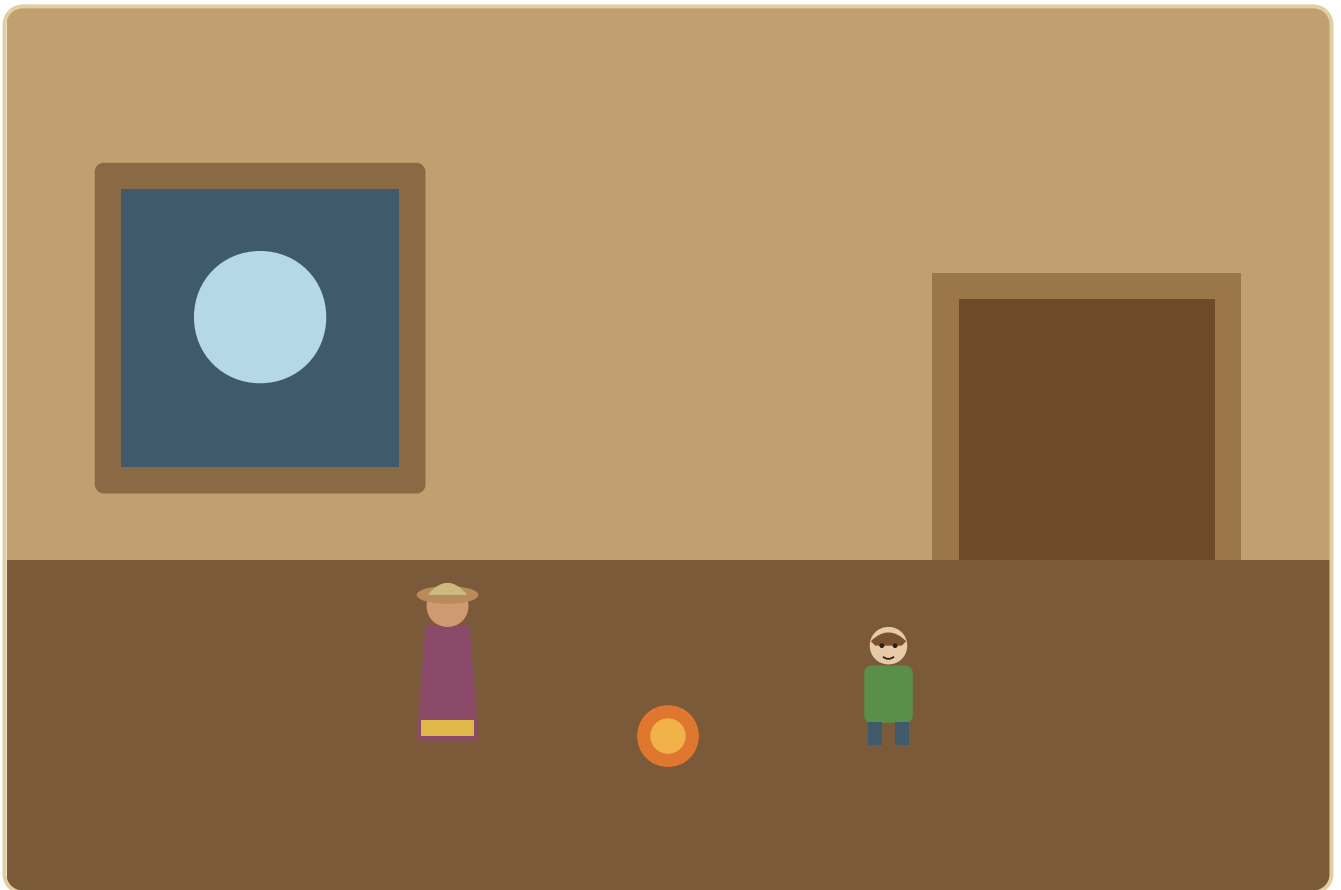


The old man told of his boyhood. "**Trabajé en la chacra,**" he said — *I worked in the field* — beside his own grandfather, planting potatoes in the cold dawn.

"**Caminé**" to the high pastures — *I walked* — and "**ayudé**" with the llamas — *I helped*. The valley he described was the same one outside the door, and yet a world away.

Trabajé. Caminé. Ayudé. (*trah-bah-HEH · kah-mee-NEH ...*)

I worked. I walked. I helped.
the work shared hand to hand: **ayni**.



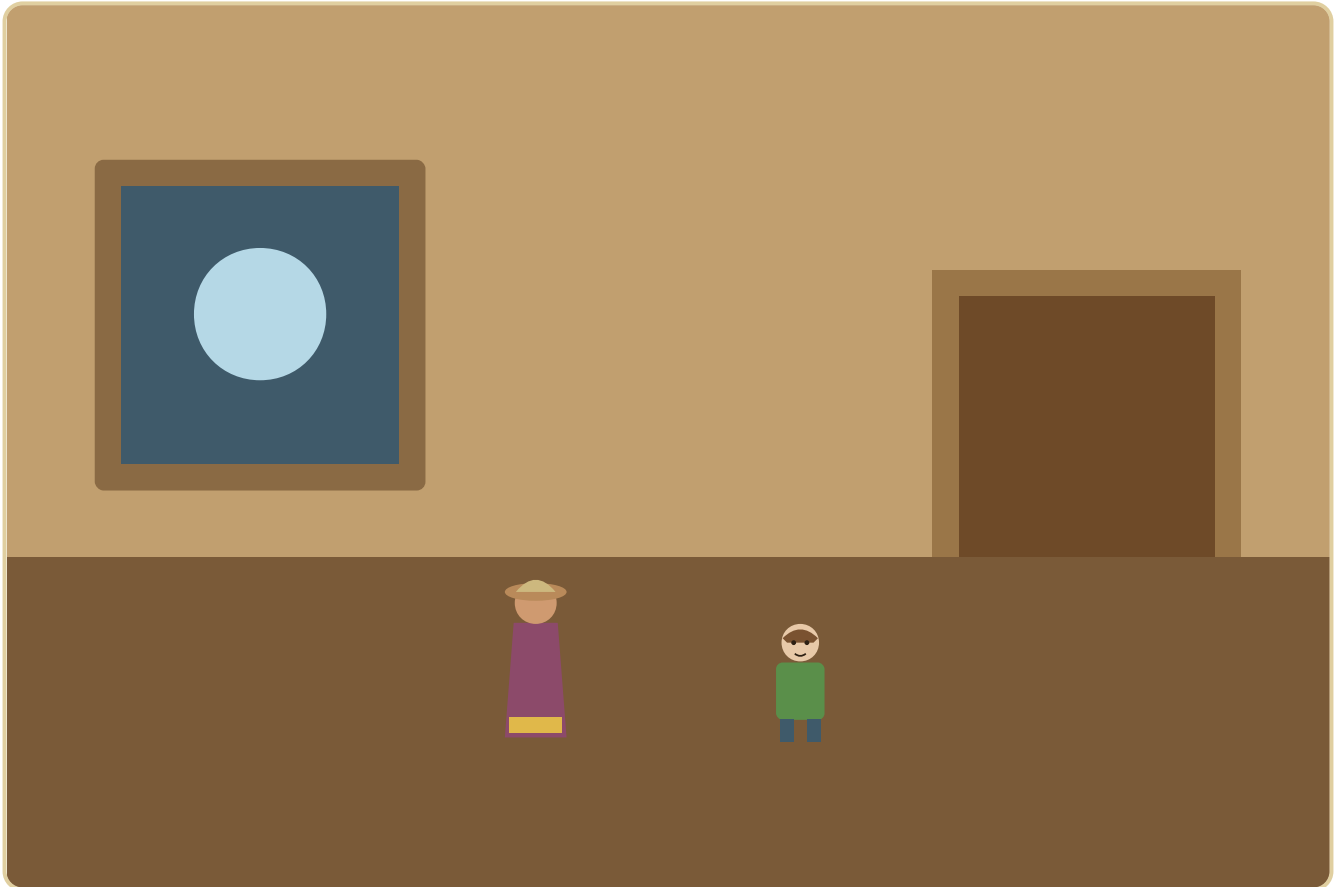
"Y en las noches," the abuelo went on, *and at night*, "**escuché las historias de mi abuelo.**" — *I listened to my grandfather's stories.*

"He told me of the Apu, of the first potato, of the fox who climbed to the sky. **Aprendí** everything from his voice." — *I learned.*

Escuché. Aprendí. (ehs-koo-CHEH · ah-prehn-DEE)

I listened. I learned.

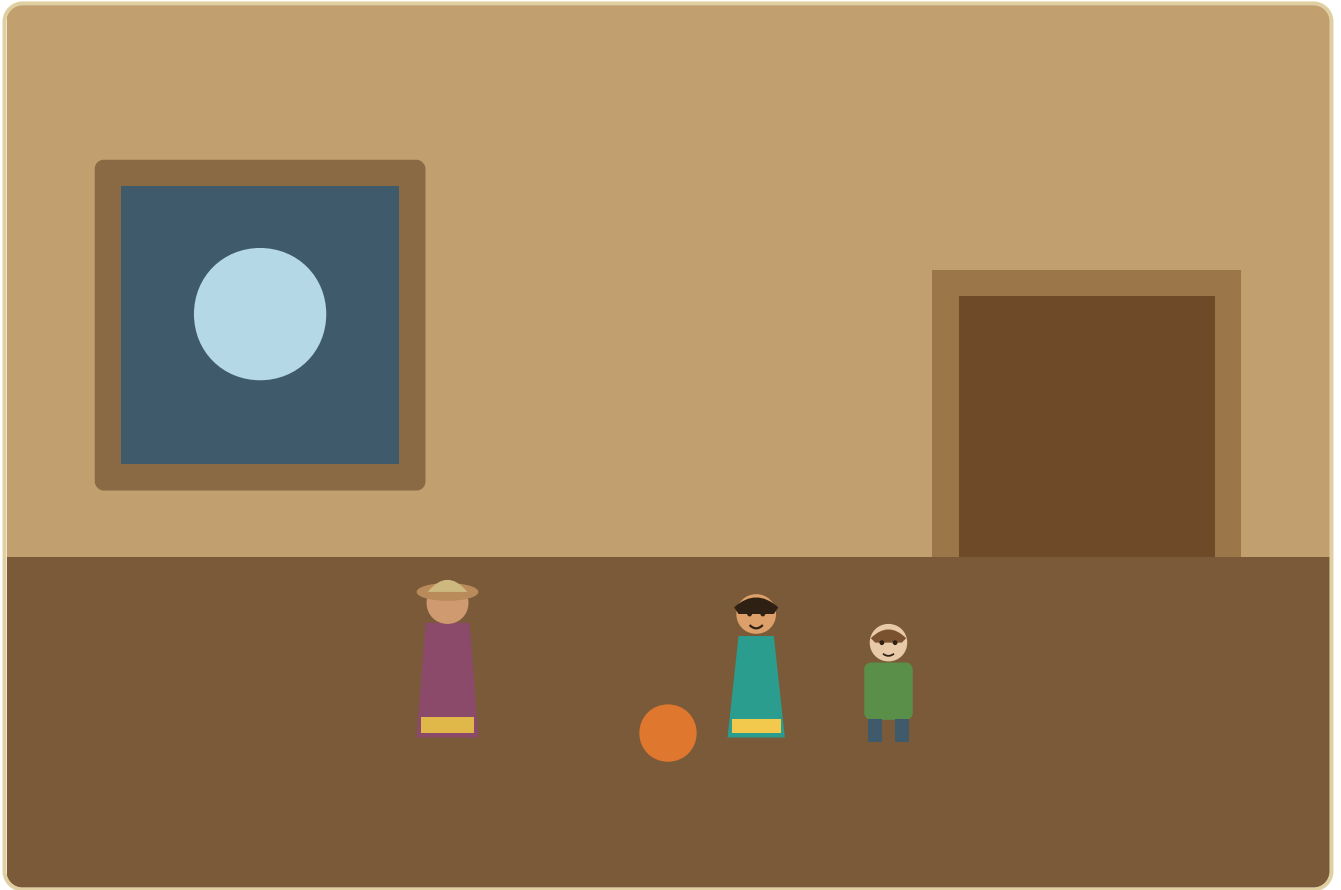
deep knowing, passed down: **yachay.**



Oliver's eyes were wide. "But abuelo," he asked, "that was so long ago. **¿Y las recuerdas todavía?**" — *and you still remember them?*

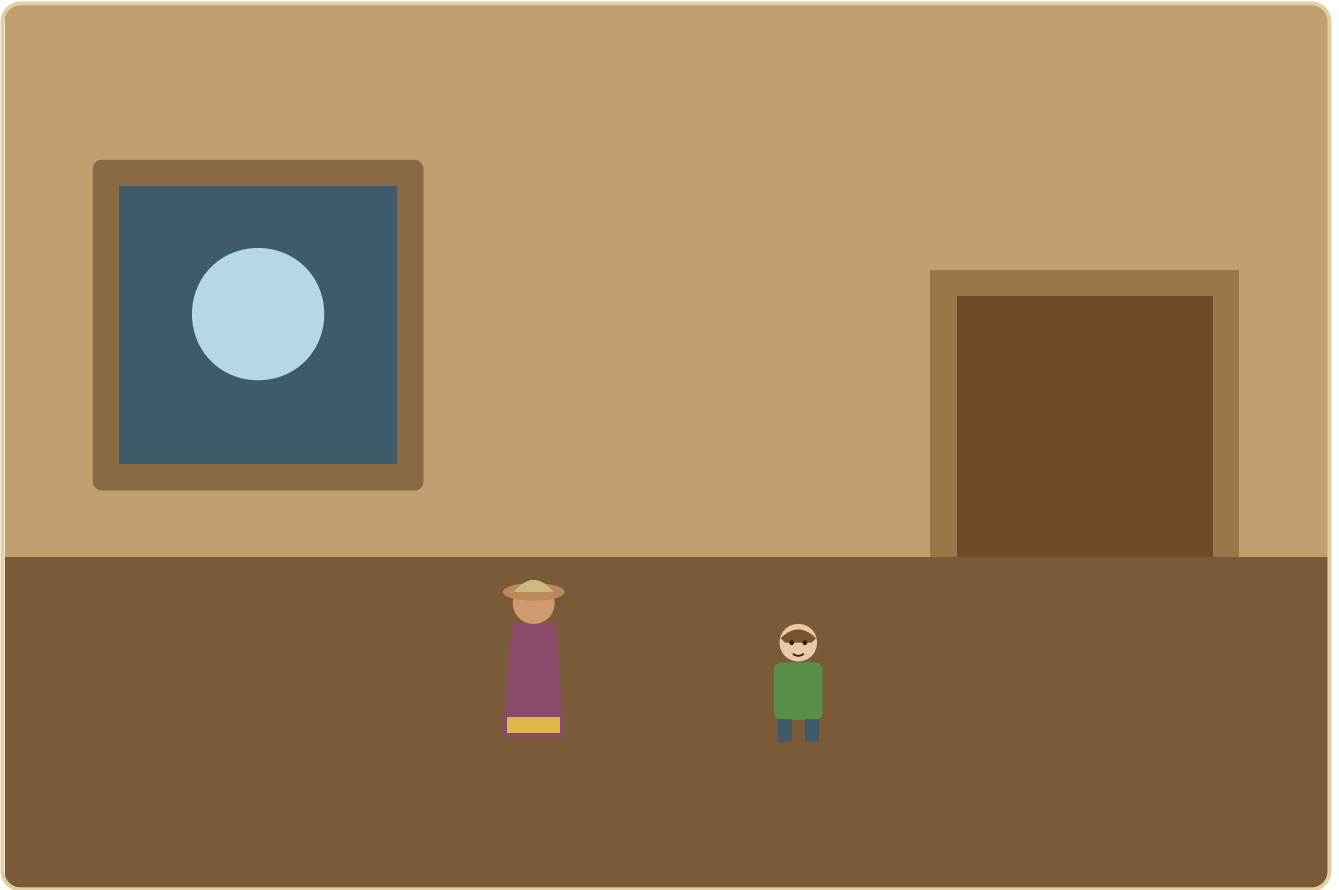
The old man smiled. "**Sí,**" he said. "**Por eso te las cuento.**" — *That's why I tell them to you.* "**Así el pasado no se pierde.**" — *So the past isn't lost.*

Así el pasado no se pierde. (ah-SEE ehl pah-SAH-doh noh seh PYEHR-deh)
So the past isn't lost.
the past that walks ahead of us: **ñawpa.**



Oliver understood something he would never forget. The story wasn't just about the past. It was the past — kept alive, handed from voice to voice, grandfather to grandchild, for a thousand years.

The memory of the whole valley lived this way: not in books, but in the telling. In **willakuy**. And tonight, a boy from far away was part of the chain.



When the story ended, the abuelo looked at Oliver with a twinkle. **"Un día,"** he said, *one day*, **"tú contarás esta historia."** — *you will tell this story.* Oliver felt the weight and the honor of it. **"La contaré,"** he promised — *I will tell it.* **"Lo prometo."**

La contaré. Lo prometo. *(lah kohn-tah-REH · loh proh-MEH-toh)*
I will tell it. I promise.



Walking home under the great river of stars, Oliver turned the story over and over, so he would keep it forever.

Yesterday, he had only known the valley's *today*. Tonight, he carried a piece of its **ayer** — its yesterday — inside him. And one day, he would pass it on. That was how you truly belonged: you became one of the ones who remembered.

He came to listen — and left as a keeper of the story.

In the valley, the past isn't behind you. It walks ahead, carried in every telling.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Hace mucho tiempo	Long ago	ñawpa
la historia · contar	the story · to tell	willakuy
Trabajé · Caminé · Ayudé	I worked · walked · helped	ayni
Escuché · Aprendí	I listened · learned	yachay
Fui · Vi · Hice	I was/went · saw · did	—
recordar	to remember	—
el pasado	the past	—
Así no se pierde	So it isn't lost	—
La contaré	I will tell it	—
el abuelo	the grandfather	machula

One fire, one old voice, one story handed down.

One boy who listened — and became a keeper of the past.

La contaré, abuelo. Lo prometo.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 1 — companion to "Ayer" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



What We Are Building

Lo que estamos construyendo

On the hillside at dusk, Oliver and Illa dream the valley's tomorrow

Every future begins as a seed in someone's hand

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 2

For every child who planted a tree they would never sit beneath

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



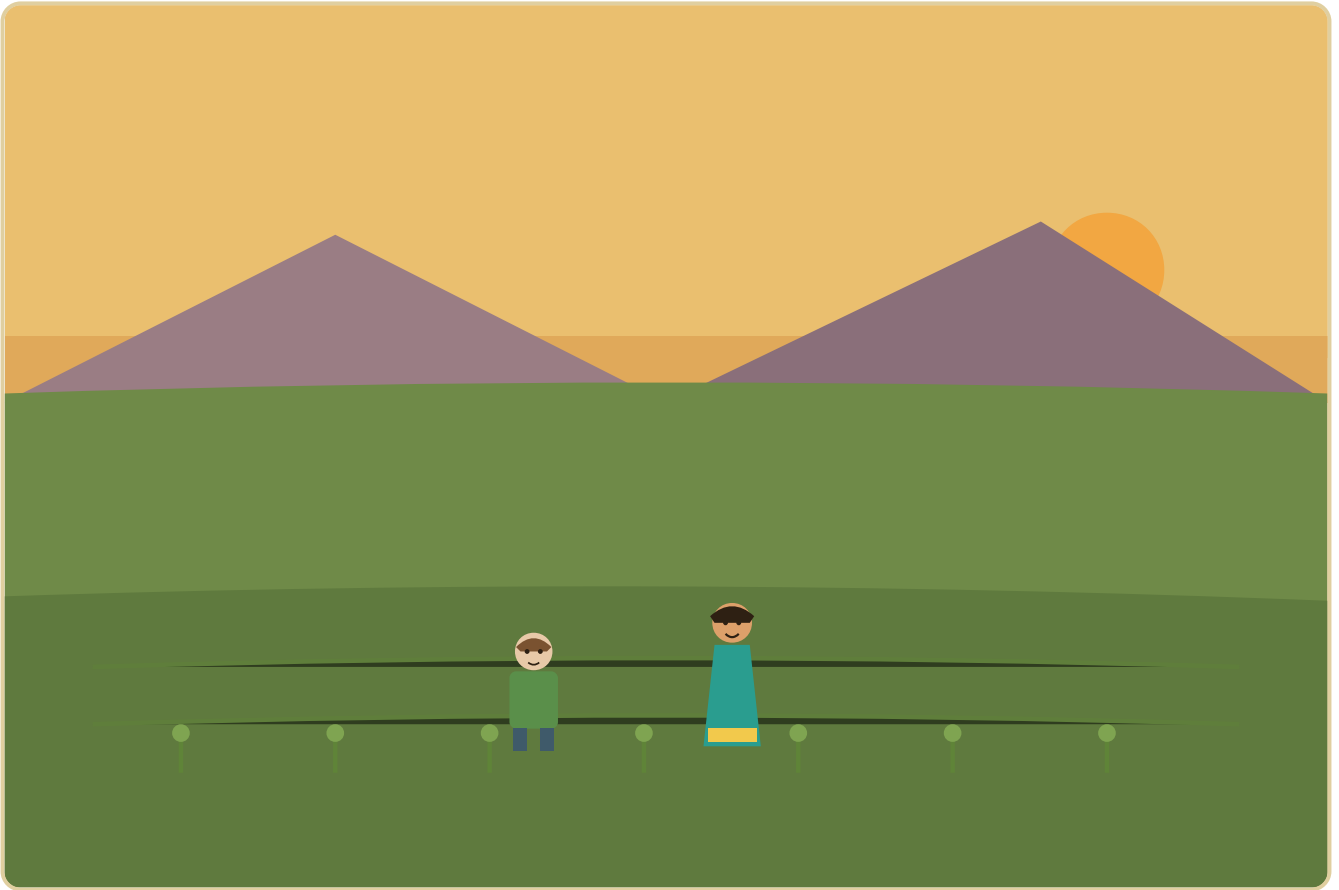
One evening, Illa led Oliver up to a favorite spot on the hillside, where the whole valley lay spread below in the golden light.

They sat quietly for a while. Then Illa asked a question that surprised him.

"¿Cómo será el valle mañana?" — *what will the valley be like tomorrow?*

¿Cómo será el valle mañana? (KOH-moh seh-RAH ehl VAH-yeh)

What will the valley be like tomorrow?



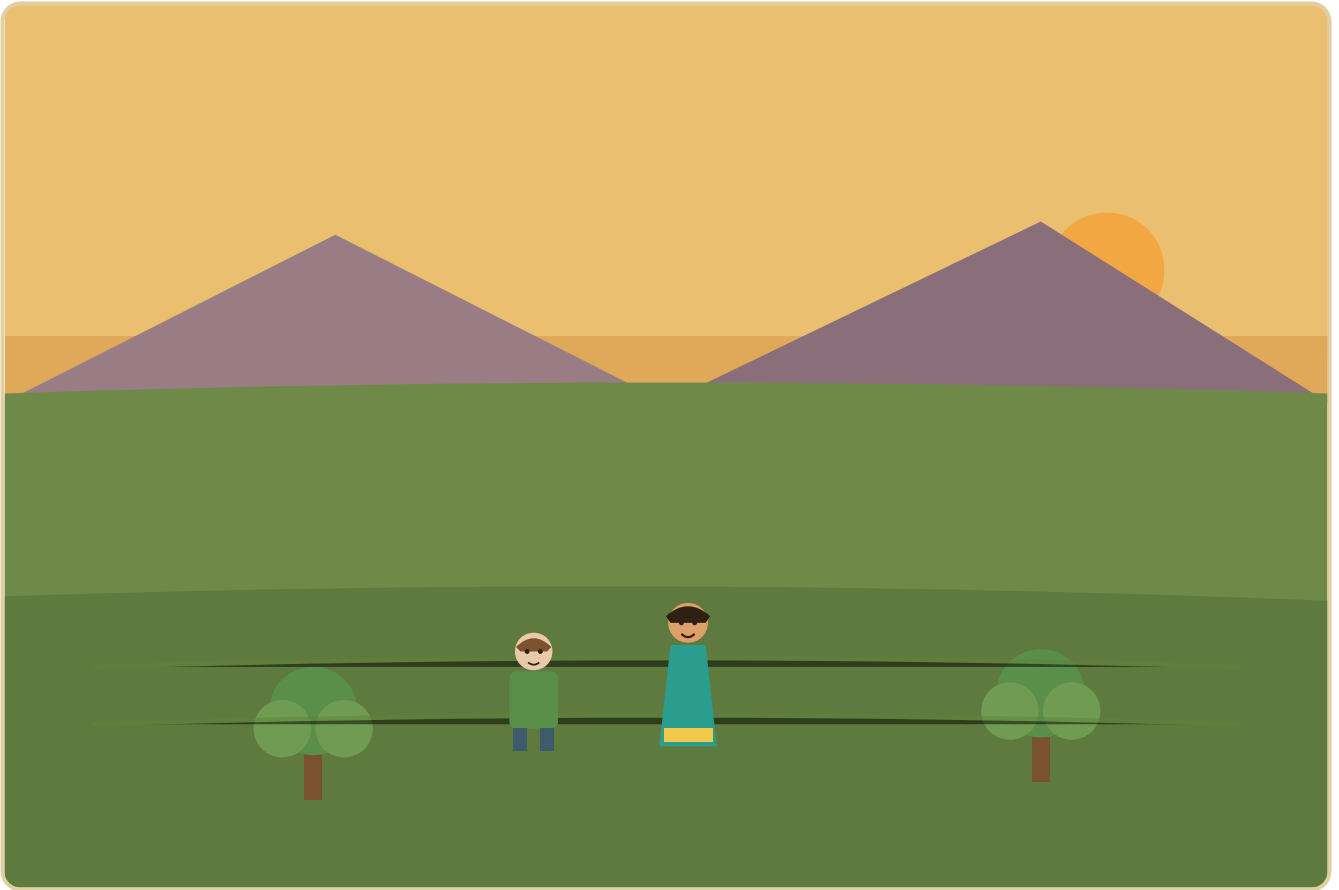
Oliver looked out at the terraces, the river, the little town. "**Va a ser hermoso,**" he said slowly — *it's going to be beautiful.*

"**Vamos a cuidarlo,**" Illa added — *we're going to take care of it.* Not just leave it as it was. Make it well, keep it well, together.

Va a ser hermoso. Vamos a cuidarlo. *(vah ah sehr ehr-MOH-soh)*

It's going to be beautiful. We're going to care for it.

to care for and protect: part of **Allin Kawsay**.



Illa's eyes shone as she spoke of it. "**Vamos a sembrar árboles,**" she said — *we're going to plant trees* — "**y limpiar el río.**" *And clean the river.*

"The trees hold the water," she explained. "The water feeds the chacra. The chacra feeds us all." A whole living circle, cared for on purpose.

Vamos a sembrar árboles. (VAH-mohs ah sehm-BRAR AR-boh-lehs)

We're going to plant trees.

a seed is **muhu**; to plant, **tarpuy**.



Oliver picked up a tiny seed from the ground and turned it in his fingers, imagining.

"Y algún día," he said, wonder in his voice, *and someday*, **"las semillas van a ser un bosque."** — *the seeds are going to be a forest*. A forest planted by children, for children not yet born.

algún día · van a crecer (ahl-GOON DEE-ah)
someday · they're going to grow



"There's a name for it," Illa said. "For all of it — the trees, the water, the caring, the living-well-together."

"Ese es el Allin Kawsay," she said — *that's Allin Kawsay* — **"el buen vivir, para todos."** *The good life, for everyone.* Not a dream for one person. A dream for the whole valley.

el Allin Kawsay · el buen vivir *(ah-yeen kow-SIGH)*
Allin Kawsay · the good life



The stars came out, one by one, then all at once. Oliver felt something settle in his chest — a wish, clear and strong.

"Mi sueño es ayudar a construirlo," he said quietly — *my dream is to help build it*. He had come to this valley as a guest. Now he wanted to help make its tomorrow.

Mi sueño es ayudar a construirlo. *(mee SWEH-nyoh ehs)*

My dream is to help build it.

a dream is **mosqoy** — the first seed of what the hands will build.



Illa smiled at him in the starlight. "You worry you're from far away," she said. "But listen —"

"Entonces ya eres parte del valle." — *then you're already part of the valley.* To love it, to dream for it, to add your hands to it — that was all it took. Roots weren't only born; they could be grown.

Ya eres parte del valle. (yah EH-rehs PAR-teh dehl VAH-yeh)
You're already part of the valley.



They planted the little seed together, right there, pressing it into the cool dark earth under the stars — one small brick in a future neither could yet see.

"Lo construiremos con amor, poco a poco," Oliver said — *we'll build it with love, little by little*. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. That was the good life. That was what they were building.

Two children, one seed, and a whole valley's tomorrow.

In the valley, the future isn't waited for. It's planted — with love, by hands that may never see the shade.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
¿Cómo será?	What will it be like?	—
Va a ser · Vamos a...	It's going to be · We're going to...	—
sembrar árboles	to plant trees	muhu · tarpuy
algún día	someday	—
el Allin Kawsay	the good life	Allin Kawsay
cuidar el valle	to care for the valley	—
Mi sueño es...	My dream is...	mosqoy
construir juntos	to build together	mink'a
Ya eres parte	You're already part	ayllu
con amor, poco a poco	with love, little by little	—

*One seed, planted by children for children unborn.
One boy who chose to help build a valley's tomorrow.
Ya eres parte del valle, Oliver.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 2 — companion to "Mañana" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Working Side by Side

Trabajando lado a lado

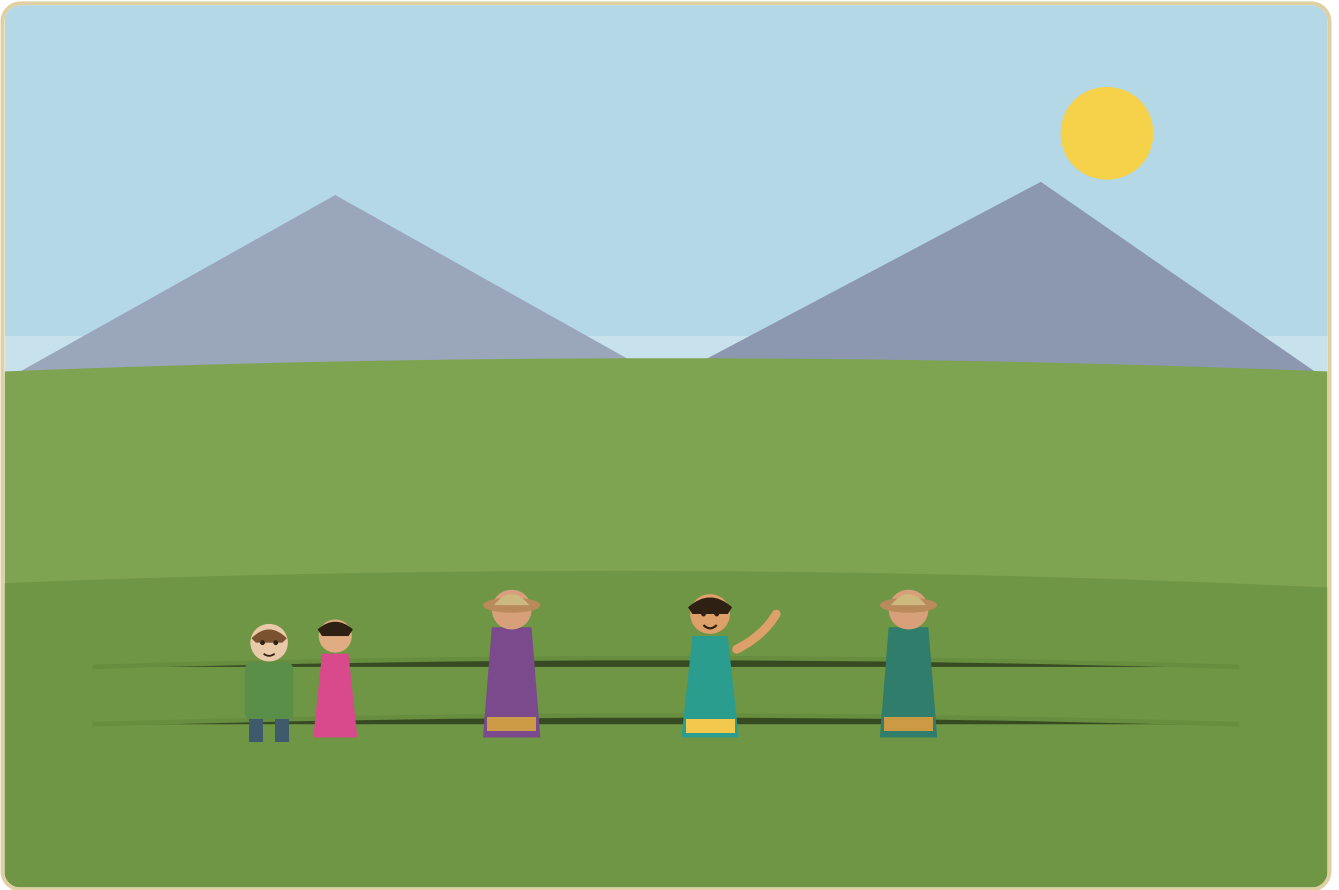
Oliver joins his first mink'a — and stops watching the valley at last

What one hand can't lift, twenty lift laughing

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 3

For every child who picked up a tool and simply joined in

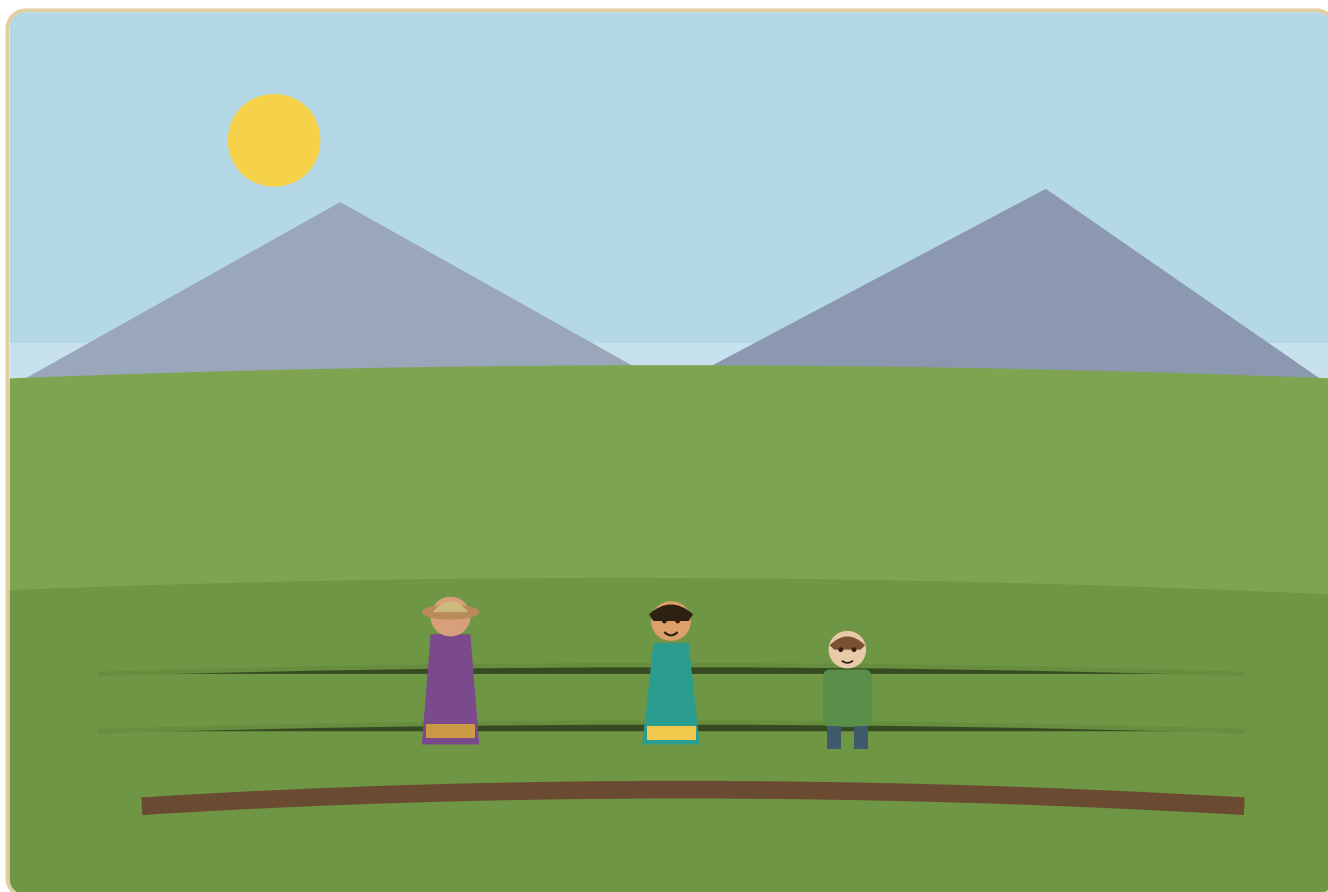
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



One morning, the whole community had gathered on the hillside — grandparents, parents, children, all of them, with tools and baskets and rope.

"Today," Illa told Oliver, eyes bright, "we fix the old canal, all together. It's a **mink'a**." Oliver had watched a mink'a before, from the edge. Not today.

la mink'a (lah MEEN-kah)
the communal work party
the whole community, one task: the **mink'a**.



For a moment, Oliver hung back, unsure where to fit. Then he remembered what Illa had taught him: in a mink'a, no one watches.

So he grabbed a tool, knelt by the canal, and got to work. **"Estoy cavando,"** he said, half to himself — *I'm digging*. And just like that, he was in it.

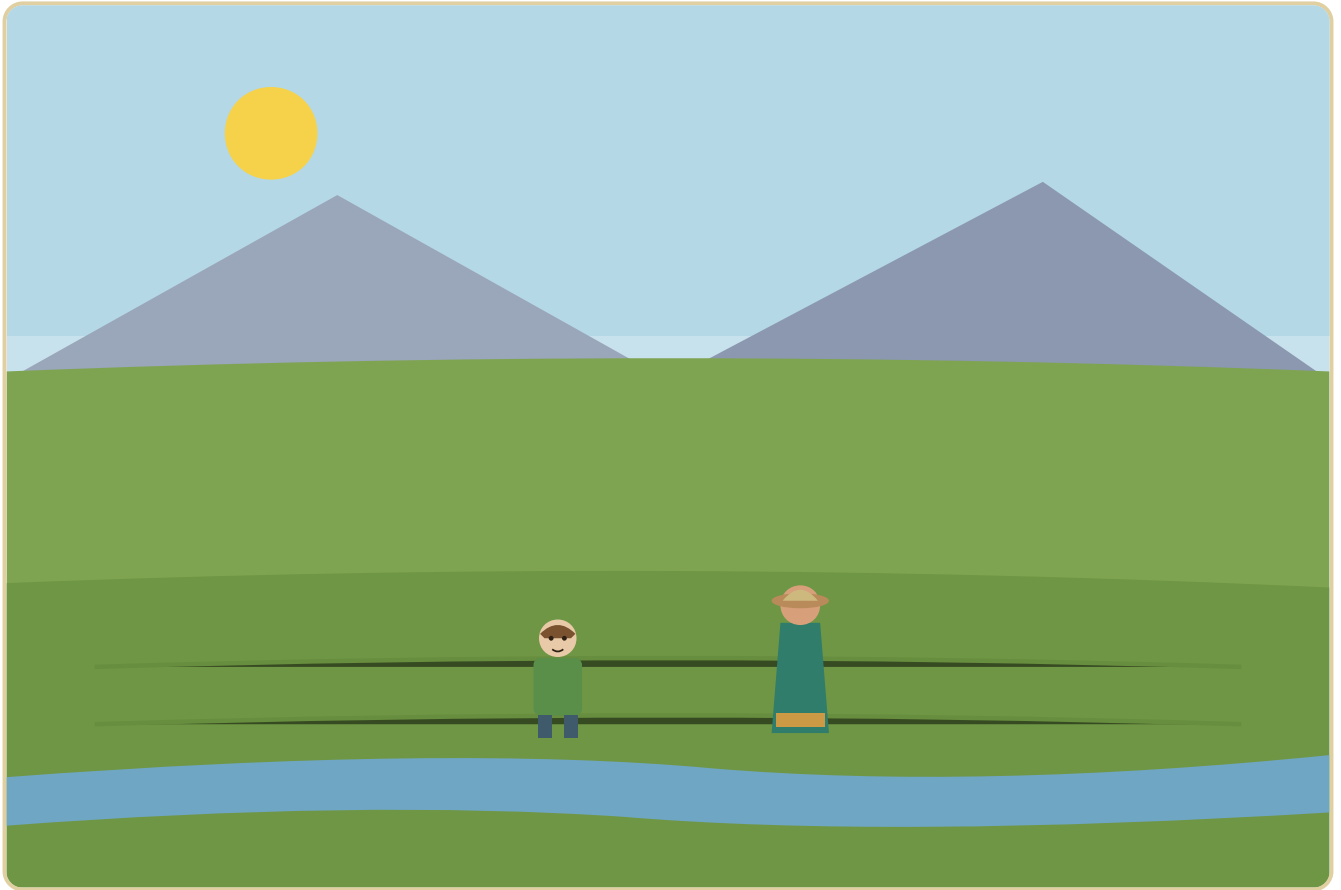
Estoy cavando. (ehs-TOY kah-VAHN-doh)
I'm digging.



Beside him, Illa hoisted a heavy stone. "**Estoy cargando piedras,**" she grinned — *I'm carrying stones* — and staggered off to place it in the wall. All around them, the work flowed: one digging, one carrying, one packing mud, one passing water. "**¡Todos estamos trabajando!**" Oliver laughed — *we're all working!*

Estoy cargando. Estamos trabajando. (ehs-TOY kar-GAHN-doh)

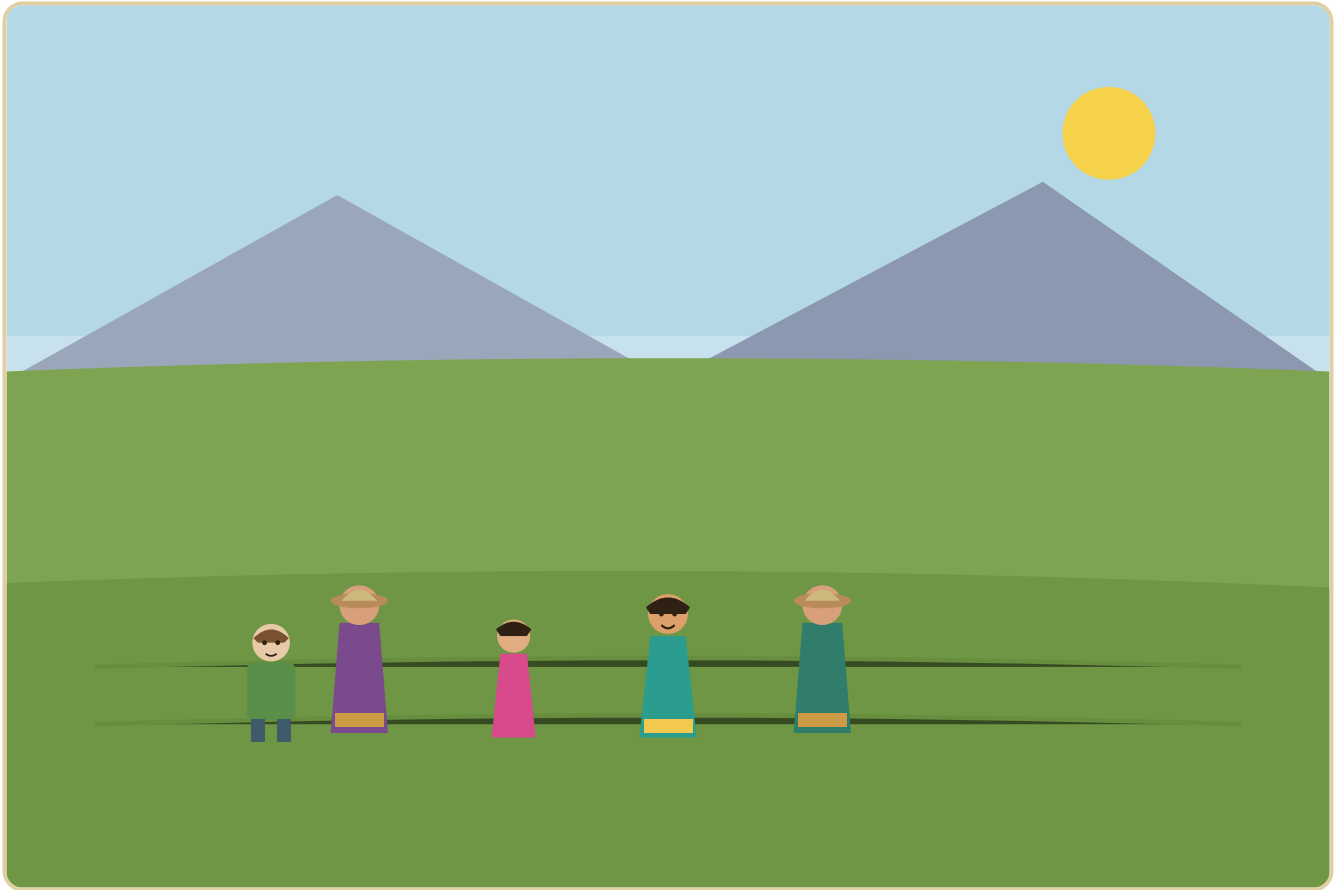
I'm carrying. We're working.
strength pooled and shared: **ayni**.



As the canal took shape, clear water began to run along it, sparkling in the sun. It seemed to hum as it went.

"¡Mira!" Oliver called. **"¡El río está cantando!"** — *the river is singing!* The whole valley felt alive and in motion, working right alongside them.

El río está cantando. (ehl REE-oh ehs-TAH kahn-TAHN-doh)
The river is singing.



A big stone had slipped into the ditch, too heavy for anyone alone. Oliver started to strain at it, red-faced.

Then four more pairs of hands appeared beside his. **"Juntos,"** said Illa — *together* — and on three, the stone rose as if it were light. **"Juntos somos fuertes,"** she laughed.

Juntos somos fuertes. (HOON-tohs SOH-mohs FWEHR-tehs)

Together we are strong.
many hands, one strength: **mink'a.**



By afternoon, the canal was whole again, and the water ran strong and clear from top to bottom of the terraces.

"¡Terminamos!" someone shouted — *we finished!* — and a cheer went up.

"Muchas manos," Illa said, wiping her brow, **"trabajo ligero."** Many hands, light work.

¡Terminamos! Muchas manos. (tehr-mee-NAH-mohs)

We finished! Many hands.

work as a valley law: **llank'ay**.



When the work was done, everyone sat together and shared a great meal, laughing, aching, happy. Oliver ate with the appetite of someone who had truly earned it.

"Estoy aprendiendo mucho," he told Illa — *I'm learning so much*. Not just words. How to belong. How the valley took care of its own — hand to hand, back to back, all in **ayni**.



Walking home tired and glowing, Oliver realized something had changed. He wasn't watching the valley from the wall anymore.

"Ya no miro el valle," he thought — *I don't watch the valley anymore.*

"Ahora lo construyo." — *Now I build it.* With his own two hands, side by side with everyone else. That was taking part. That was the mink'a.

He stopped watching the valley — and started building it.

In the valley, no one stands at the edge. There is always a stone to lift, and always hands to lift it with you.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
la mink'a	the communal work	mink'a
Estoy cavando · cargando	I'm digging · carrying	—
Todos estamos trabajando	We're all working	ayni
El río está cantando	The river is singing	—
Estoy aprendiendo	I'm learning	yachay
Juntos somos fuertes	Together we are strong	kuska
¡Terminamos!	We finished!	llank'ay
muchas manos	many hands	—
la comunidad	the community	ayllu
Ahora lo construyo	Now I build it	—

One canal, mended by a whole village in a day.
One boy who put down his watching and picked up a tool.
Ahora lo construyes, Oliver. Bienvenido a la mink'a.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 3 — companion to "Ahora Mismo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay
Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



A Tale for Our Guest

Un cuento para nuestro invitado

By the fire, the valley gives Oliver its oldest story — the finest gift of all

To be told a tale is to be trusted with a memory

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 4

For every child handed a story, and asked to carry it on

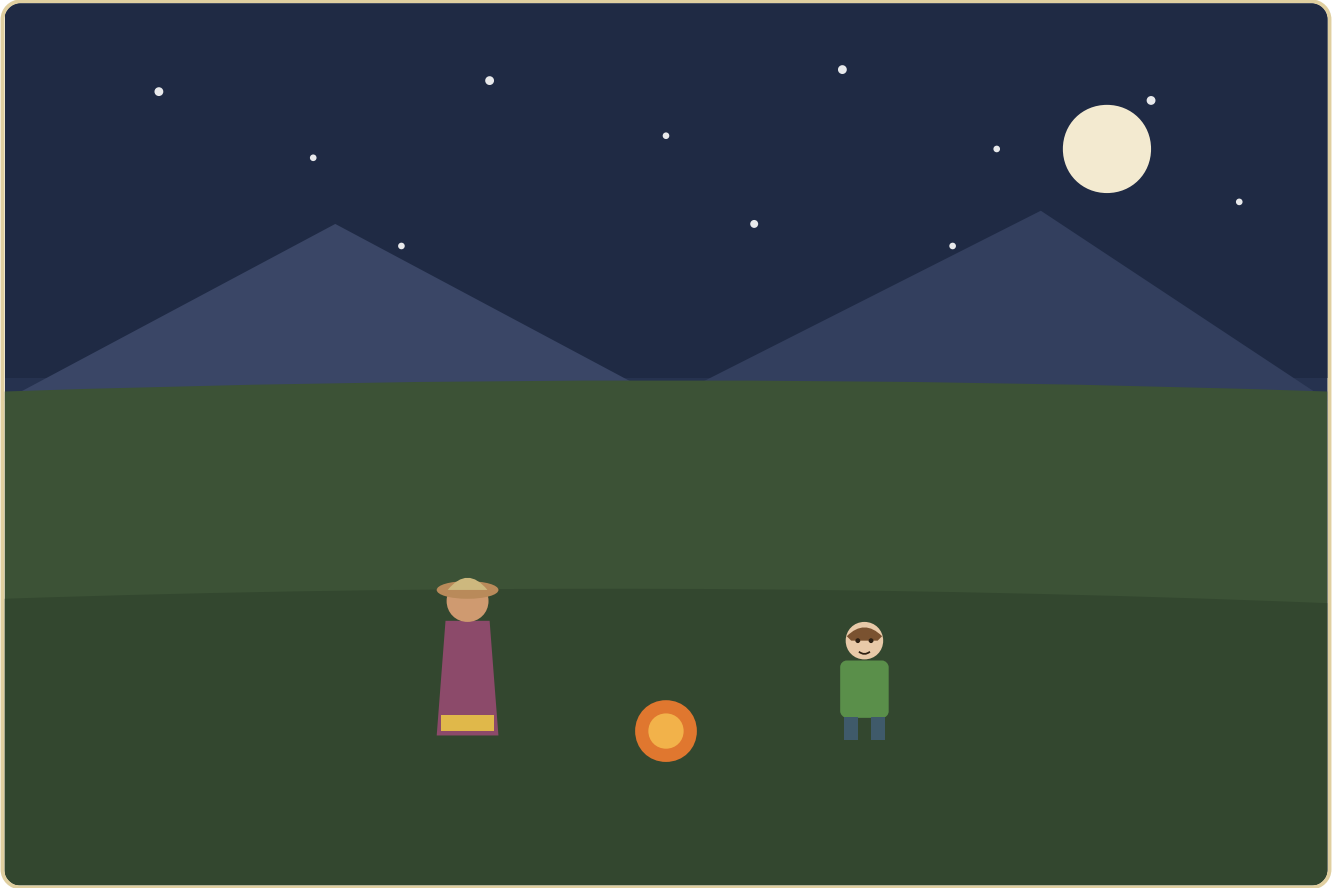
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



It was a cold, clear night, and the family had gathered around the fire. The abuelo looked at Oliver — the guest from far away — and his eyes crinkled. "For our guest," he said, "a story. There is no better gift." In the valley, Oliver was learning, a tale was a treasure. And he was about to be given one.

un cuento (oon KWEHN-toh)
a story / a tale
the art of the telling: **willakuy**.

• 1 •



The abuelo lowered his voice, and the whole room leaned in. "**Érase una vez,**" he began — *once upon a time* — "**hace mucho tiempo, había un zorro.**" — *long ago, there was a fox.*

Oliver knew that clever fox by name now. "**El Atoq,**" he whispered. The abuelo nodded, pleased, and went on.

Érase una vez... había un zorro. (EH-rah-seh OO-nah vehs)

Once upon a time... there was a fox.

the fox: the **Atoq**.



"One day," the abuelo told, "the fox saw the great condor — the **Kuntur** — flying up to a grand feast in the sky."

"El zorro quiso ir también," he said — *the fox wanted to go too*. So he begged a ride, and the condor, kind and mighty, carried him up on his broad black wings.

quiso • subió (KEE-soh • soo-BYOH)

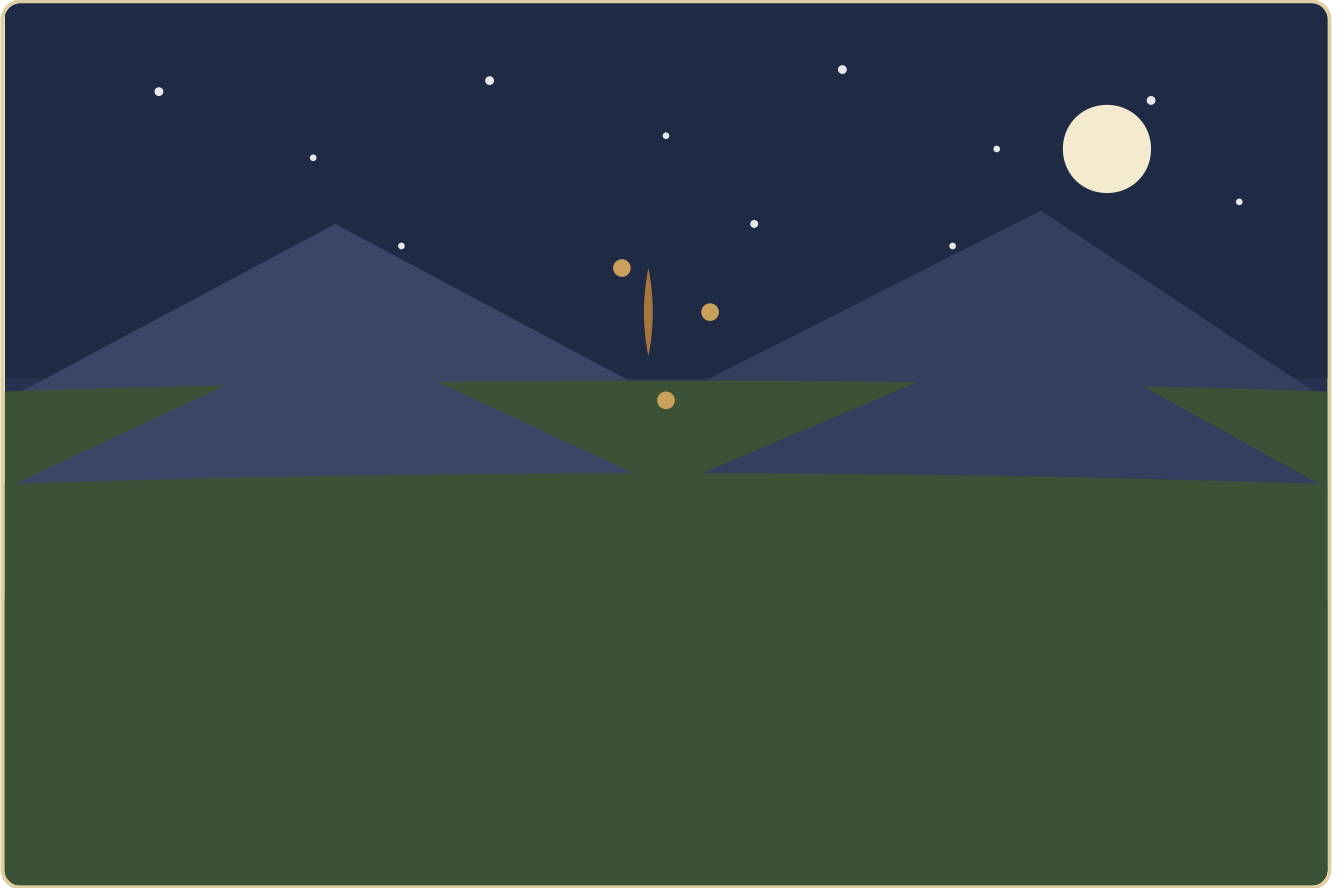
he wanted • he climbed

the condor: the **Kuntur**.



"At the feast, the fox ate and ate," the abuelo said, patting his belly. "But he was greedy. He wanted *more*. He filled his arms, his mouth, his pockets." The abuelo's voice dropped to a hush. Oliver held his breath. "**Y de repente...**" — *and suddenly...*

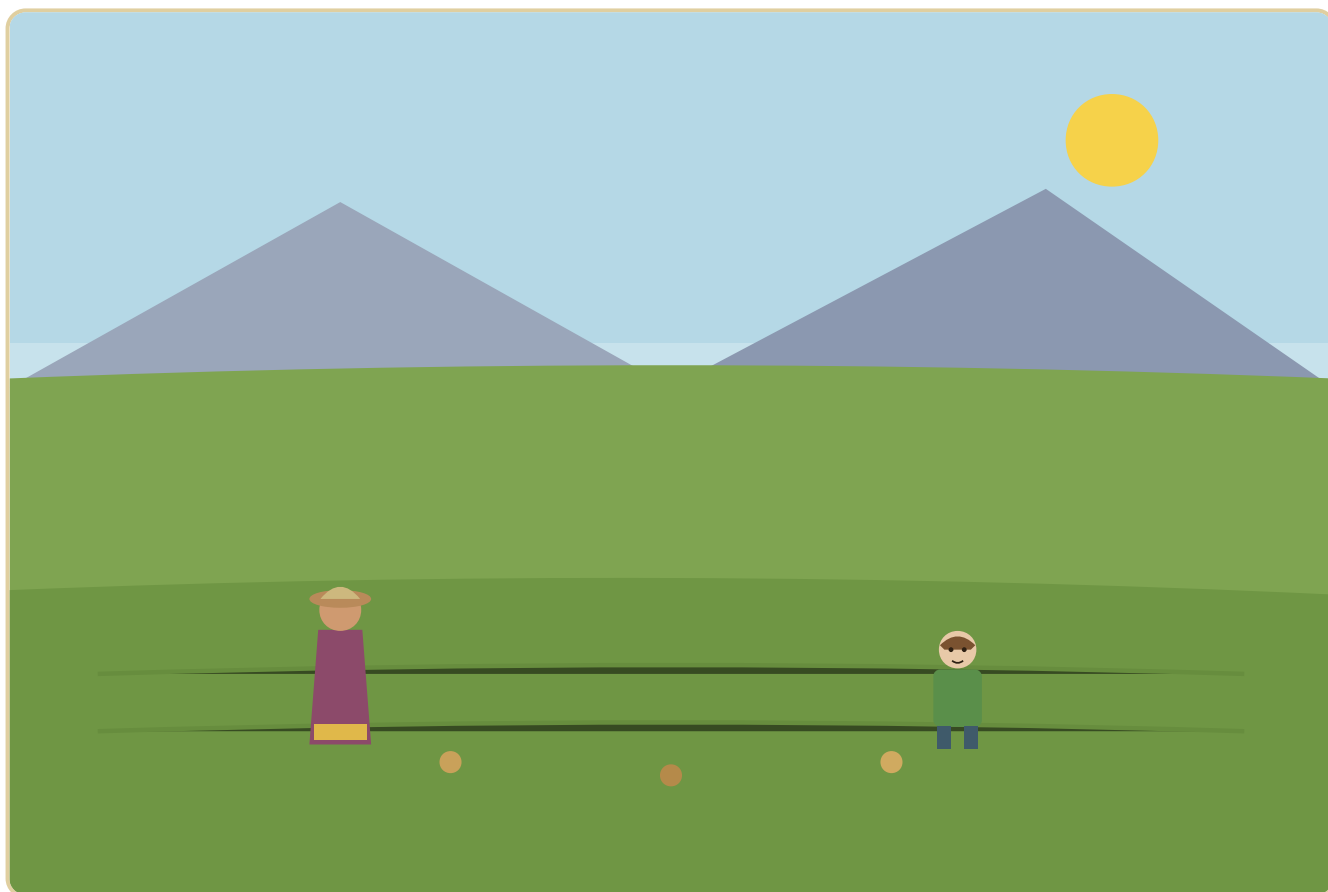
De repente... (deh rreh-PEHN-teh)
Suddenly...



"—the fox slipped, and **se cayó del cielo!**" — *he fell from the sky!* Down, down, tumbling through the clouds, all his stolen food spilling out behind him.

Oliver gasped, then laughed. The abuelo held up a finger. "But listen. Where the food fell, it scattered across the valley..."

se cayó del cielo *(seh kah-YOH dehl SYEH-loh)*
he fell from the sky



"—and from those spilled seeds," the abuelo finished, spreading his hands wide, "grew the first potatoes of the valley."

"Y así," he said — *and that's how* — **"nacieron las papas."** Oliver's mouth fell open. **"¡Por eso hay papas en el valle!"** — *that's why there are potatoes in the valley!*

Y así nacieron las papas. (ee ah-SEE nah-SYEH-rohn)

And that's how the potatoes were born.

potato: **papa.**



"Colorín colorado," the abuelo finished with a wink, **"este cuento se ha acabado."** — *and that's the end.*

"¡Qué historia!" Oliver breathed — *what a story!* He had never heard why the valley had potatoes. Now he knew — and he would never forget.

¡Qué historia! Colorín colorado. *(keh ees-TOH-ryah)*
What a story! The end.



The abuelo leaned close and pressed the story into Oliver like a gift wrapped in firelight. **"Ahora el cuento es tuyo,"** he said — *now the story is yours.* **"Cuéntalo tú algún día."**

"Gracias por el cuento," Oliver said, full to the brim — *thank you for the story.* **"Lo contaré."** — *I'll tell it.* He had been given a piece of the valley's memory. He would carry it, and pass it on.

He came a guest, and left carrying the valley's oldest story.

A tale given to a guest is the valley's way of saying: you are trusted now with what we remember.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
un cuento	a story	willakuy
Érase una vez	Once upon a time	ñawpa pachapi
había un zorro	there was a fox	Atoq
el cóndor	the condor	Kuntur
quiso · subió · cayó	wanted · climbed · fell	—
De repente	Suddenly	—
Y así nacieron las papas	And that's how the potatoes were born	papa
¡Qué historia!	What a story!	—
Gracias por el cuento	Thanks for the story	—
Lo contaré	I'll tell it	—

One fire, one old voice, one tale of a greedy fox.
One guest, trusted at last with the valley's memory.
Ahora el cuento es tuyo, Oliver. Cuéntalo.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 4 — companion to "Contar un Cuento" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay
Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Dance With Us

Baila con nosotros

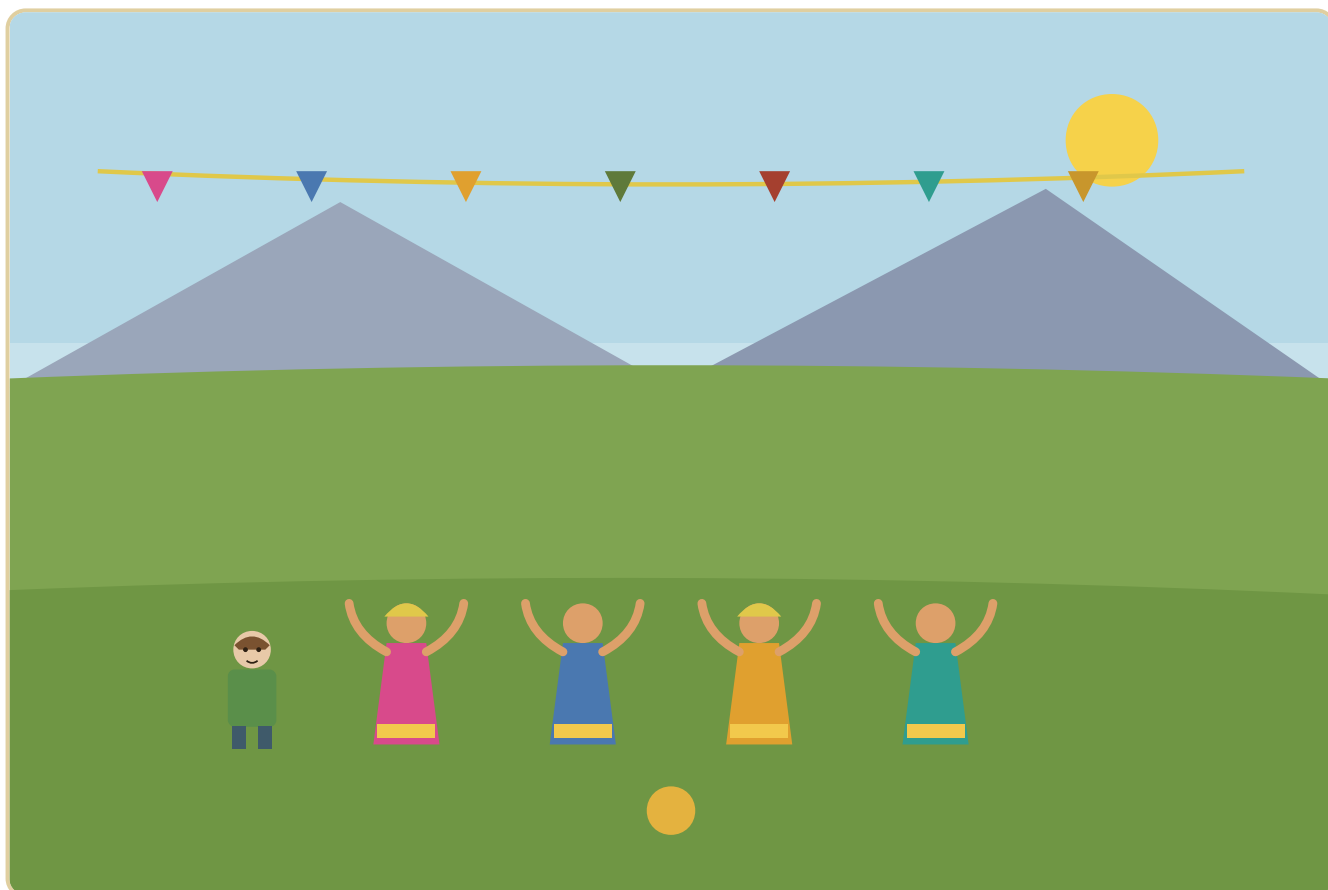
At the festival, Oliver learns the difference between watching and belonging

There is no photograph as good as being inside the circle

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 5

For every child who put the camera down and took the hand instead

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The plaza had burst into color. Drums pounded, flutes soared, and the whole village spun in a great circle of bright costumes — a **fiesta**.

It was **Inti Raymi**, Illa told him — the Festival of the Sun. Oliver stood at the edge, watching, amazed. His hand drifted toward his pocket, to take a picture.

la fiesta · el Inti Raymi (lah FYEHS-tah)

the festival · the Sun Festival

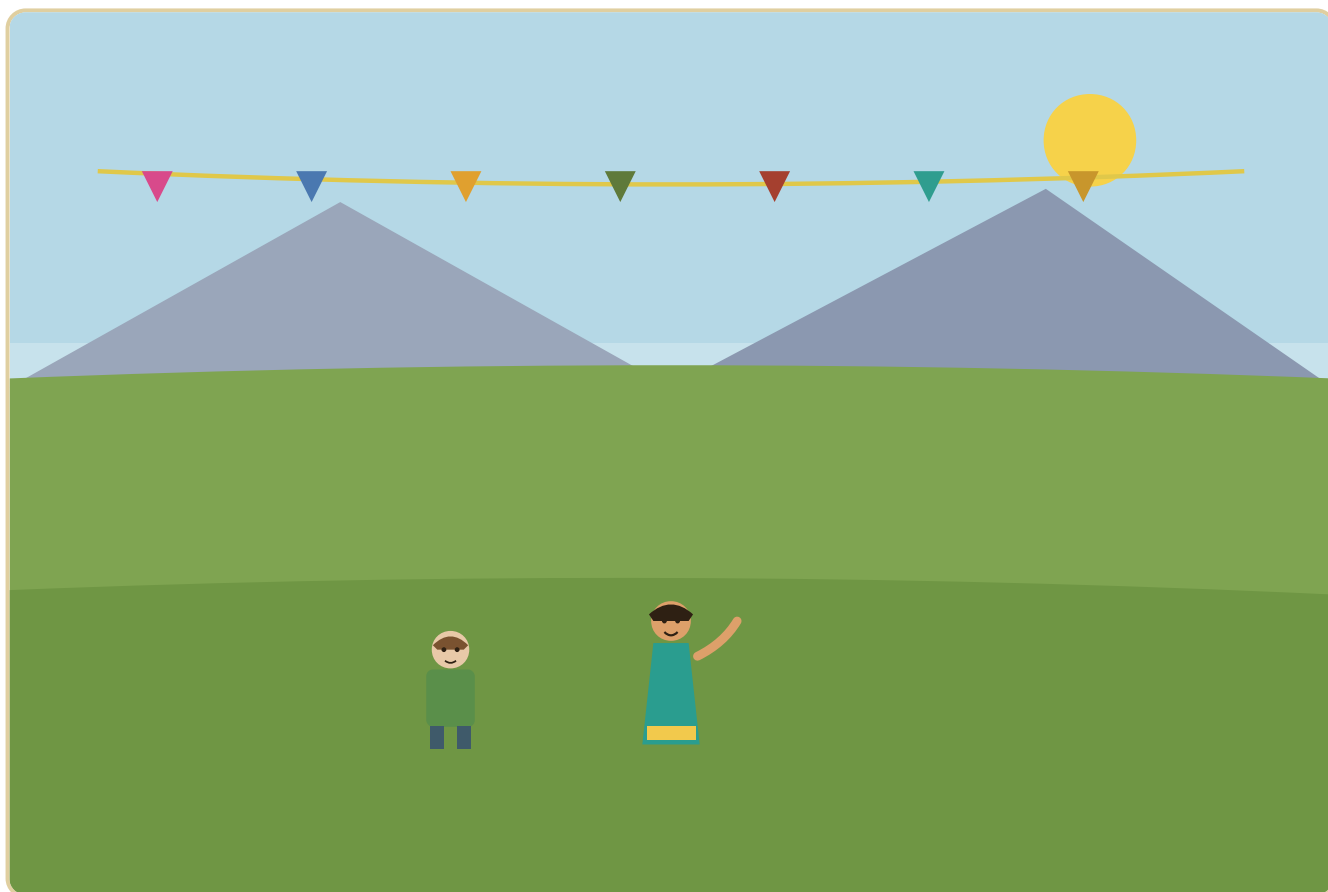
a festival is a **Raymi**; the sun, **Inti**.



The music was like nothing he'd ever heard — **tambores** and **flautas**, drums and flutes, echoing off the mountains.

"¡Todos están bailando!" Oliver said — *everyone's dancing!* Old people, small children, whole families, spinning together. Not one of them was watching. They were all *in* it.

Todos están bailando y cantando. (TOH-dohs ehs-TAHN bye-LAHN-doh)
Everyone's dancing and singing.
to dance, **tusuy**; to sing, **takiy**.



Illa danced over to him, breathless and glowing. Oliver, still hanging back, asked the question in his heart. **"¿Por qué bailan tanto?"** — *why do you dance so much?*

Illa's face turned serious and warm. **"La fiesta es una oración,"** she said — *the festival is a prayer*. **"Damos gracias al sol y a la tierra."**

La fiesta es una oración. (lah FYEHS-tah ehs oh-rah-SYOHN)

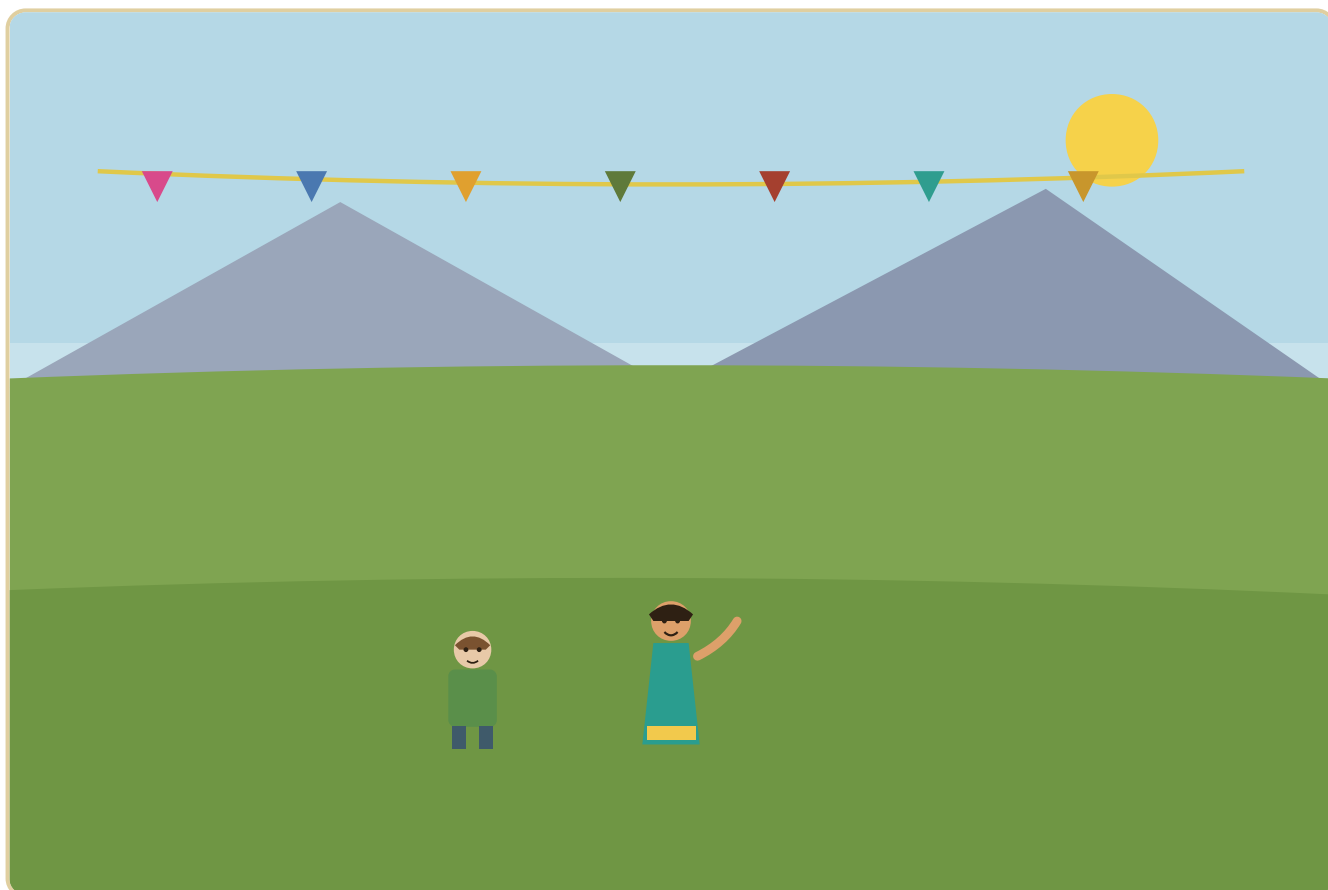
The festival is a prayer.
an offering of joy: **haywarikuy**.



"We don't dance for a crowd," Illa explained. "There's no stage. We dance to thank **Inti**, the sun, and **Pachamama**, the earth. It is **sagrado** — sacred. Joy from the **corazón**."

Oliver looked at the spinning circle with new eyes. It wasn't a show at all. It was the whole valley, praying with its feet.

sagrado · el corazón (sah-GRah-doh)
sacred · the heart



Then Illa held out her hand. "**¡Ven a bailar!**" she said — *come dance!*
"**Únete. Dentro del círculo.**" — *join in. Inside the circle.*

Oliver froze. His camera was still in his pocket. "**¿Yo?**" he said — *me?* "**¿De verdad puedo?**" — *can I really?*

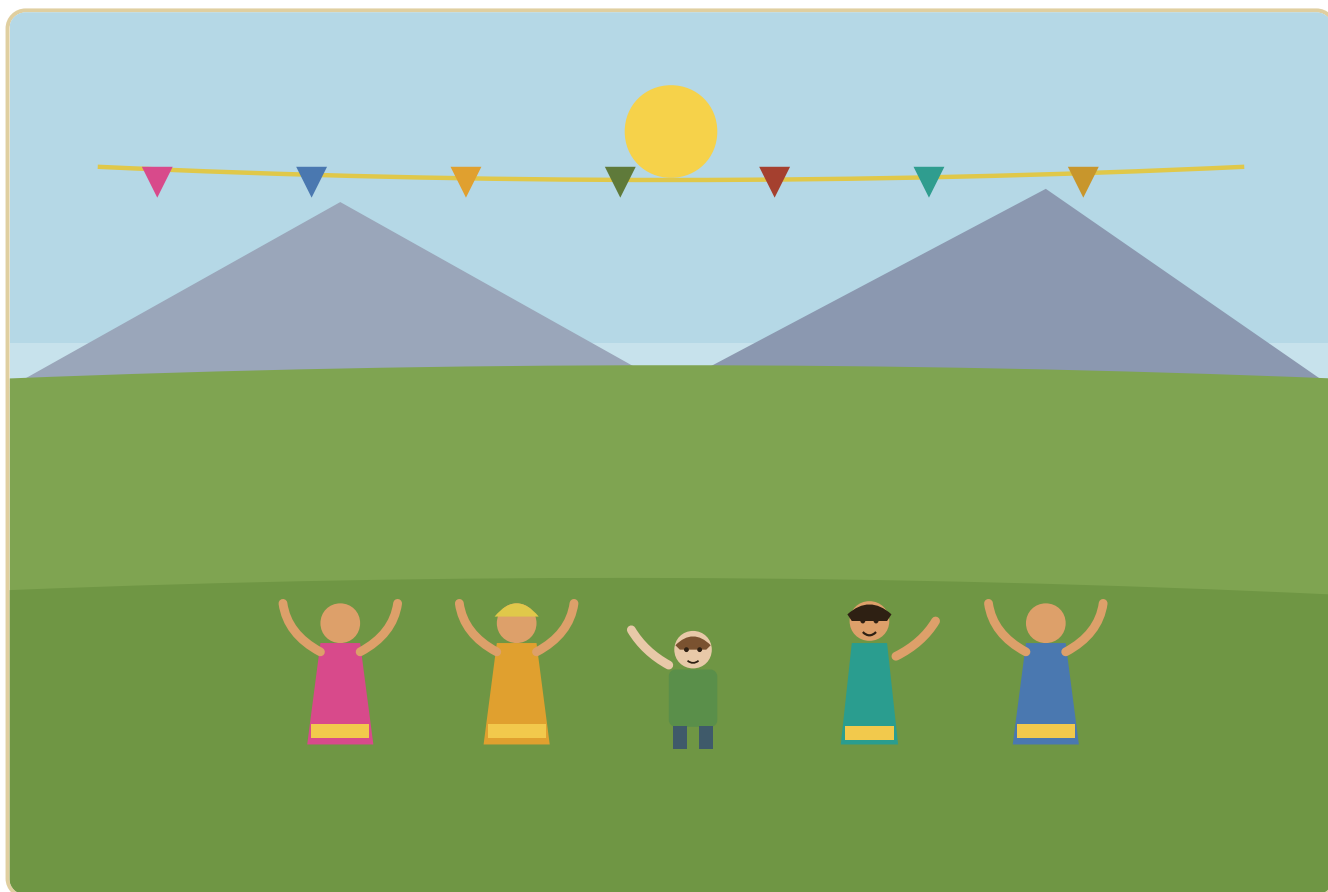
¡Ven a bailar! Únete. (vehn ah bye-LAR · OO-neh-teh)
Come dance! Join in.



Illa laughed and pulled him gently by the hand. **"¡Claro!"** — *of course!*
"Aquí no se mira," she said — *here you don't watch* — **"se baila."** — *you dance.*

Oliver took a breath, left the camera in his pocket, and stepped over the invisible line — out of watching, and into the circle.

Aquí no se mira; se baila. (ah-KEE noh seh MEE-rah)
Here you don't watch; you dance.



And then he was dancing. Clumsily at first, then laughing, then truly — spinning with Illa and Kusi and a dozen others, the drums in his chest, the whole valley turning around him.

"¡Bailamos! ¡Cantamos! ¡Celebremos!" — *we dance! we sing! we celebrate!* He wasn't a visitor at the edge anymore. He was a dancer in the circle. He was family.

¡Bailamos, cantamos, celebremos! *(bye-LAH-mohs ...)*
We dance, sing, celebrate!



The festival danced on into the golden evening, and Oliver danced with it, tired and glowing and utterly happy.

He had almost watched this from behind a camera. Instead, he had been pulled into the circle — and there was no picture in the world as good as this. "**¡Qué fiesta!**" he shouted to the sky — *what a festival!* — and gave thanks, with his feet, like everyone else.

He almost photographed it. Instead, he was pulled inside it.

At a valley festival, the honor isn't to capture the dance — it's to be one of the dancers.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
la fiesta · el Inti Raymi	the festival · Sun Festival	Raymi · Inti
la música · el baile	music · dance	—
Todos están bailando	Everyone's dancing	tusuy · takiy
La fiesta es oración	The festival is a prayer	haywarikuy
dar gracias · sagrado	give thanks · sacred	Pachamama
¡Ven a bailar! Únete	Come dance! Join in	—
dentro del círculo	inside the circle	—
Aquí no se mira; se baila	Here you don't watch; you dance	—
¡Bailamos! ¡Celebremos!	We dance! We celebrate!	—
¡Qué fiesta!	What a party!	—

One circle, spinning like the sun.

One boy who put down the camera and took the hand.

Aquí no se mira; se baila, Oliver.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 5 — companion to "Nuestras Fiestas" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



From Seed to Harvest

De la semilla a la cosecha

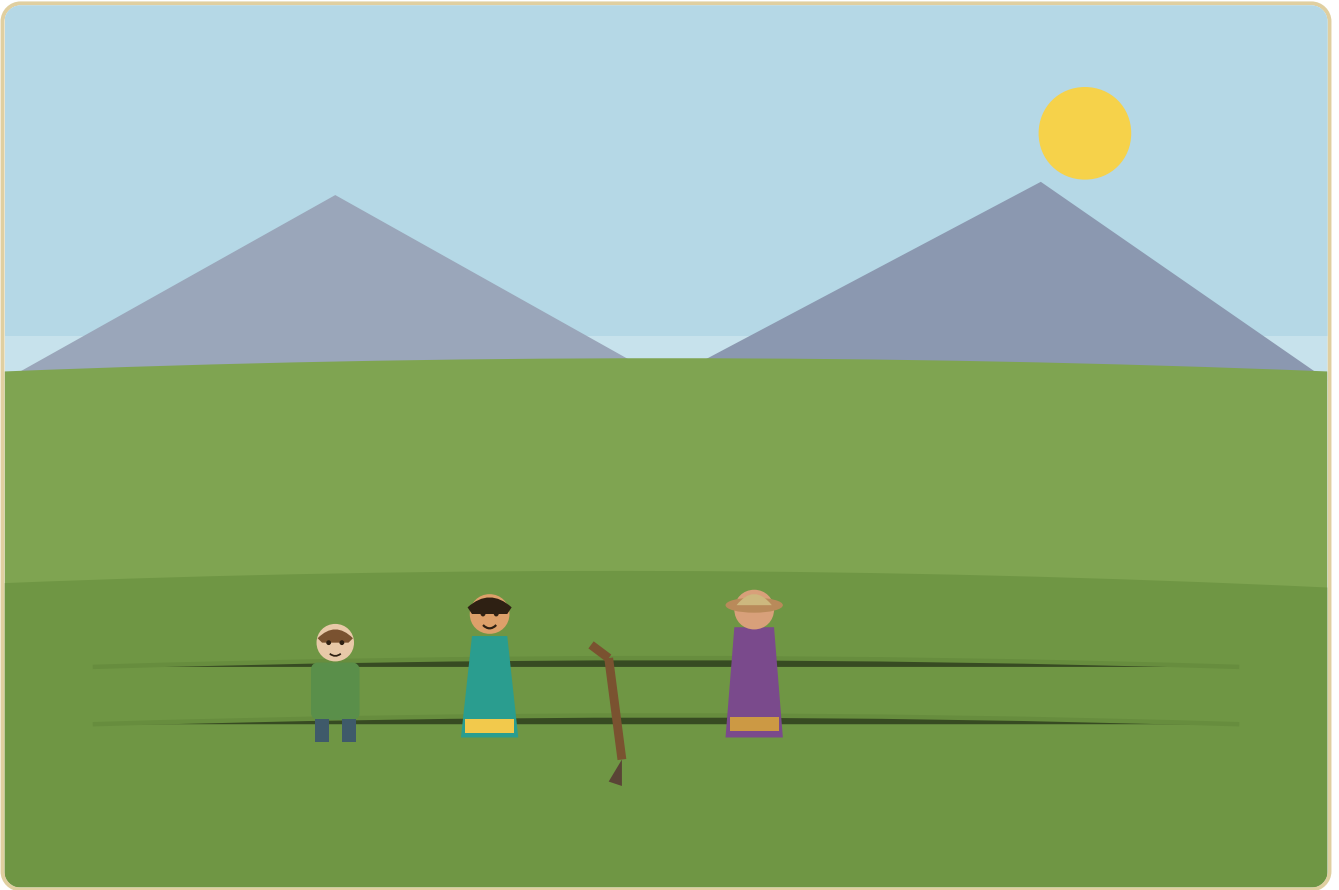
Oliver works a whole farming year — and learns to converse with the earth

You don't command the earth. You listen to it.

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 6

For every child who learned to ask the earth, and thank her

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



In the cold, bright dawn of the planting season, Oliver went with Illa's family up to the **chacra** — the terraced field on the mountainside.

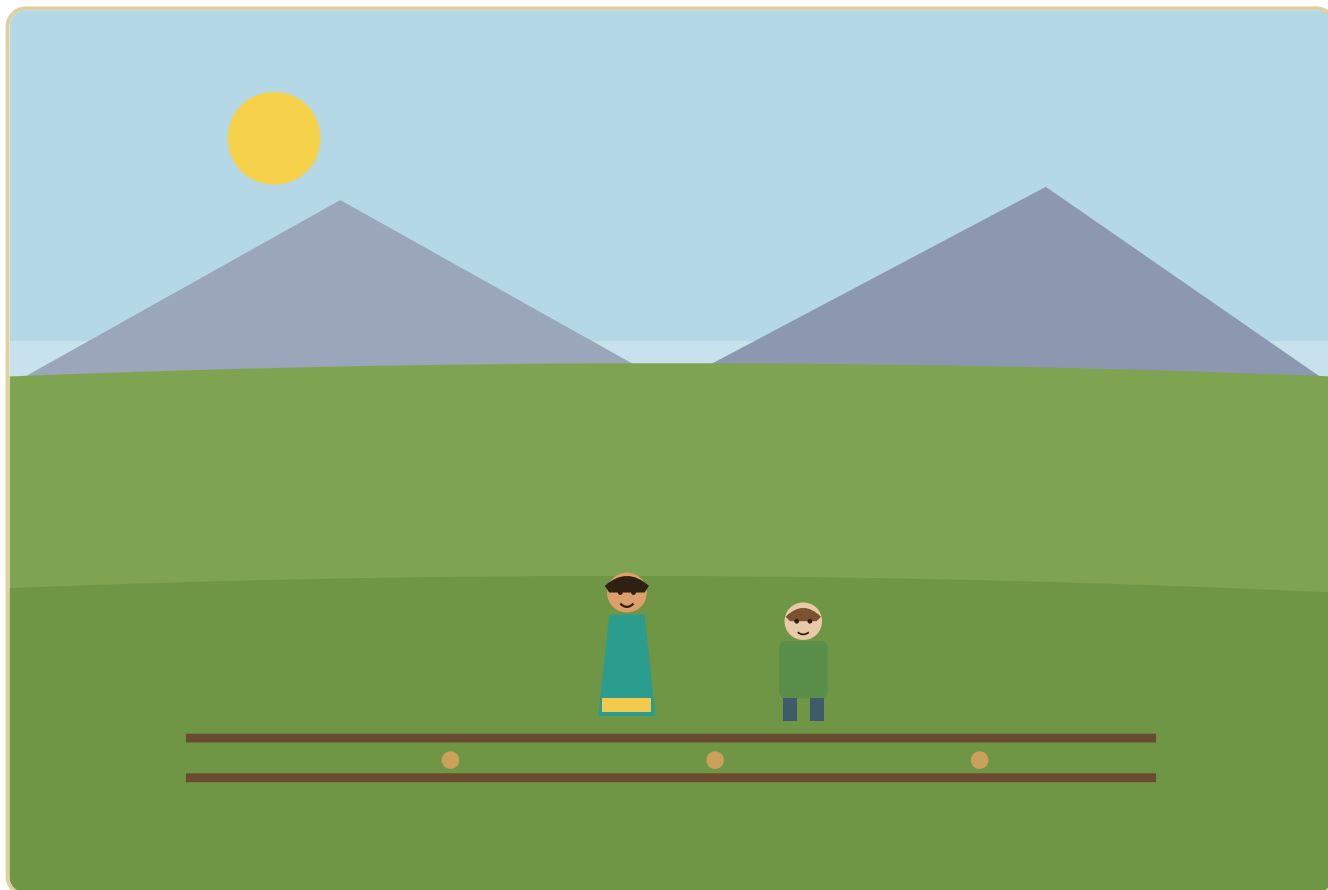
"Today," Illa said, "we begin the year. **Primero**," — *first* — "we open the earth." The grandfather stepped up with the foot-plow, and the work began.

la chacra · primero (lah CHAH-krah)

the field · first

the field is the **chakra**; the soil, **allpa**.

· 1 ·

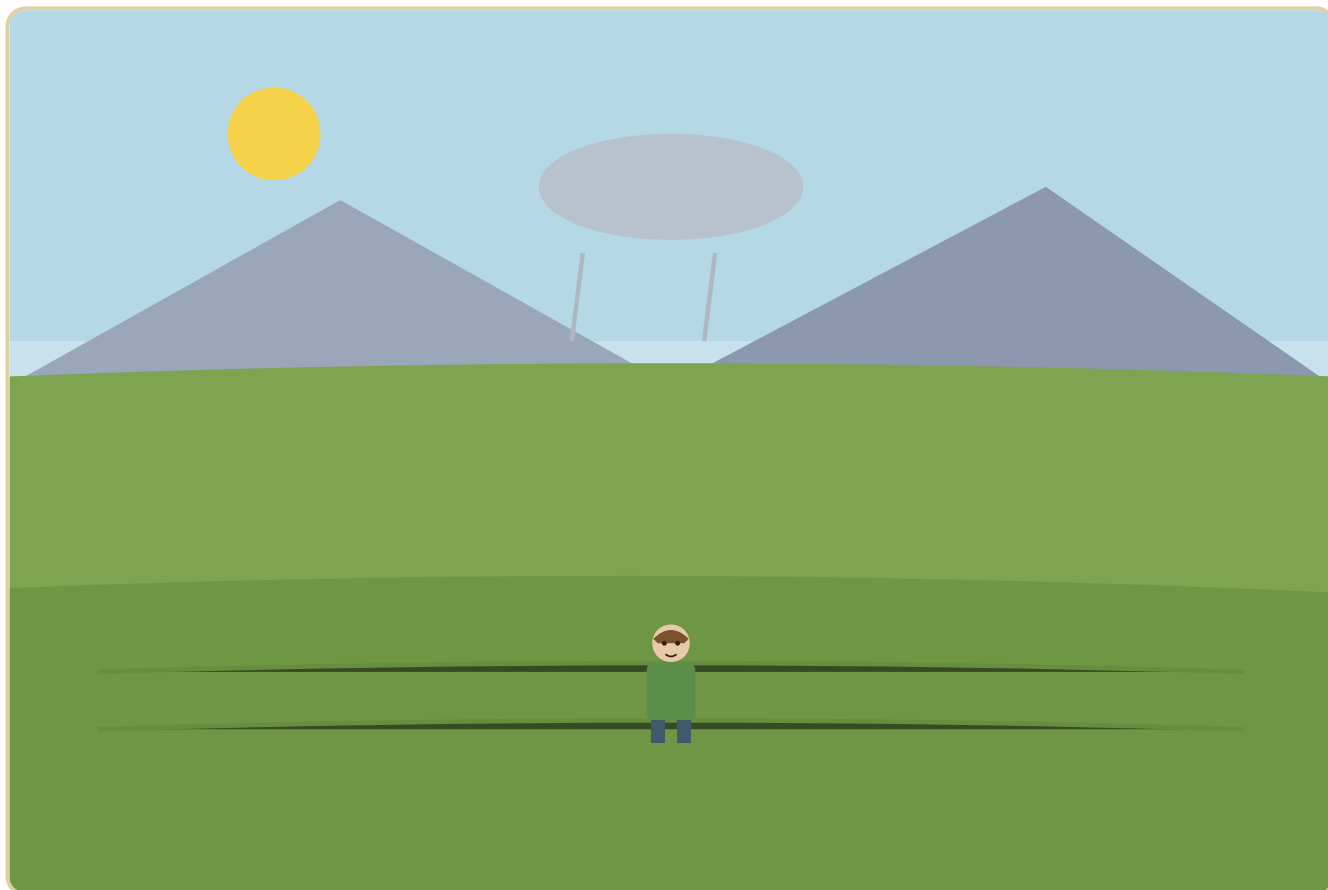


When the earth was open in dark, straight furrows, they knelt and pressed the seed potatoes in, one by one.

"Luego, sembramos," Illa said — *then, we plant*. Oliver tucked each **semilla** into the cool soil and covered it gently, like putting a child to bed.

Luego, sembramos la semilla. (LWEH-goh, sehm-BRAH-mohs)

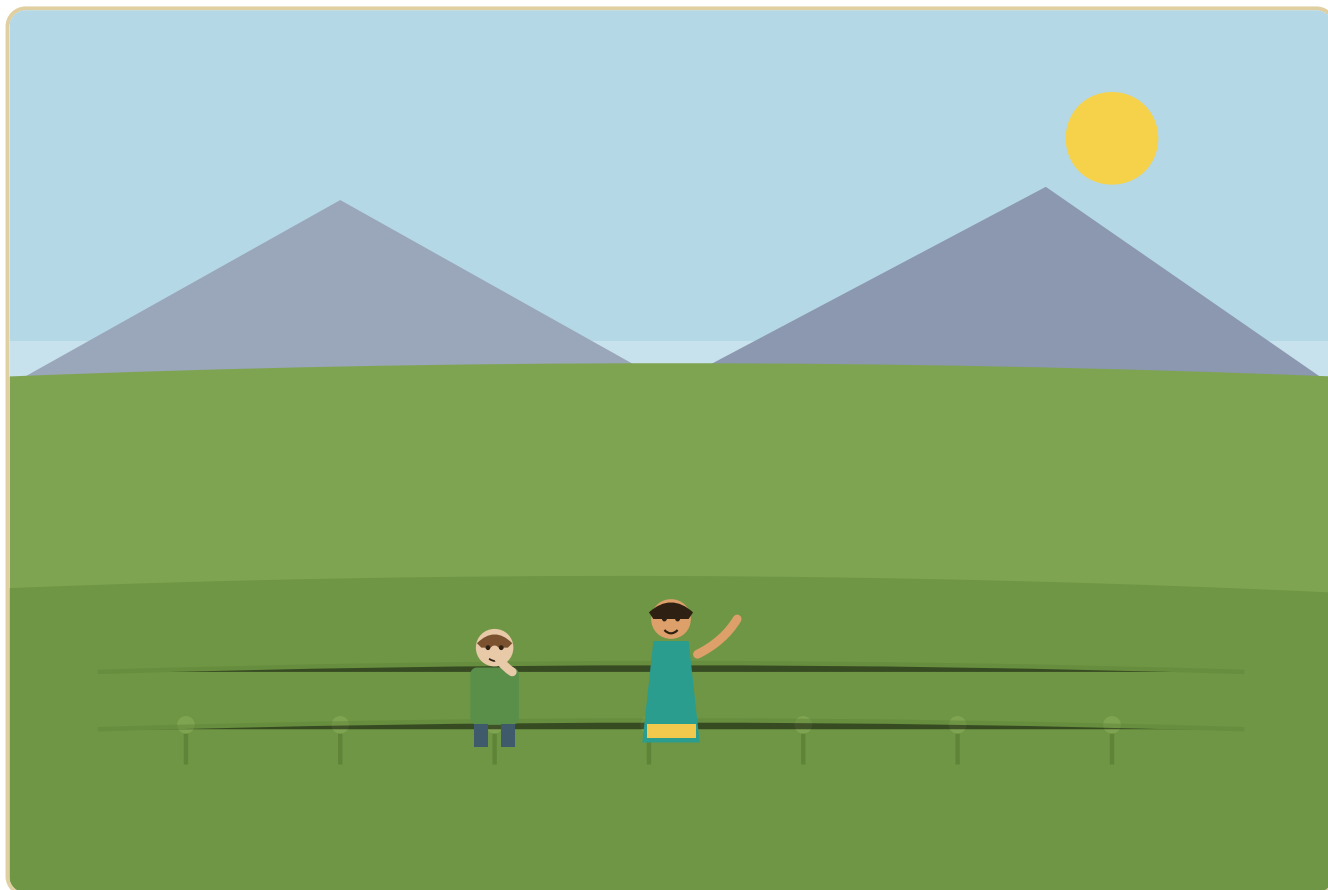
Then, we plant the seed.
to plant, **tarpuy**; a seed, **muhu**.



"And now?" Oliver asked. Illa smiled. **"Y después... esperamos."** — *and after... we wait.*

The rains came, soft and steady. Waiting, Oliver learned, was the hardest work of all. You could not rush a seed. It grew in its own time, in the dark, unseen.

Y después, esperamos. (ee dehs-PWEHS, ehs-peh-RAH-mohs)
And after, we wait.



Weeks passed. Then one morning, Oliver ran to the chacra and stopped, amazed. Tiny green shoots had pushed up through the soil, standing in neat green rows.

"¡Está creciendo!" he shouted — *it's growing!* **"La semilla crece,"** Illa nodded — *the seed grows*. The earth had begun to answer.

¡Está creciendo! (ehs-TAH kreh-SYEHN-doh)
It's growing!



Through the turning of the season, the plants grew tall and then began to **madurar** — to ripen — their leaves going gold.

"The whole year is a wheel," Illa told him, drawing a circle in the air. "**Una rueda.**" Rain for planting, sun for ripening, and soon — the harvest. Round and round, season after season, forever.

madurar · la rueda (mah-doo-RAR)

to ripen · the wheel

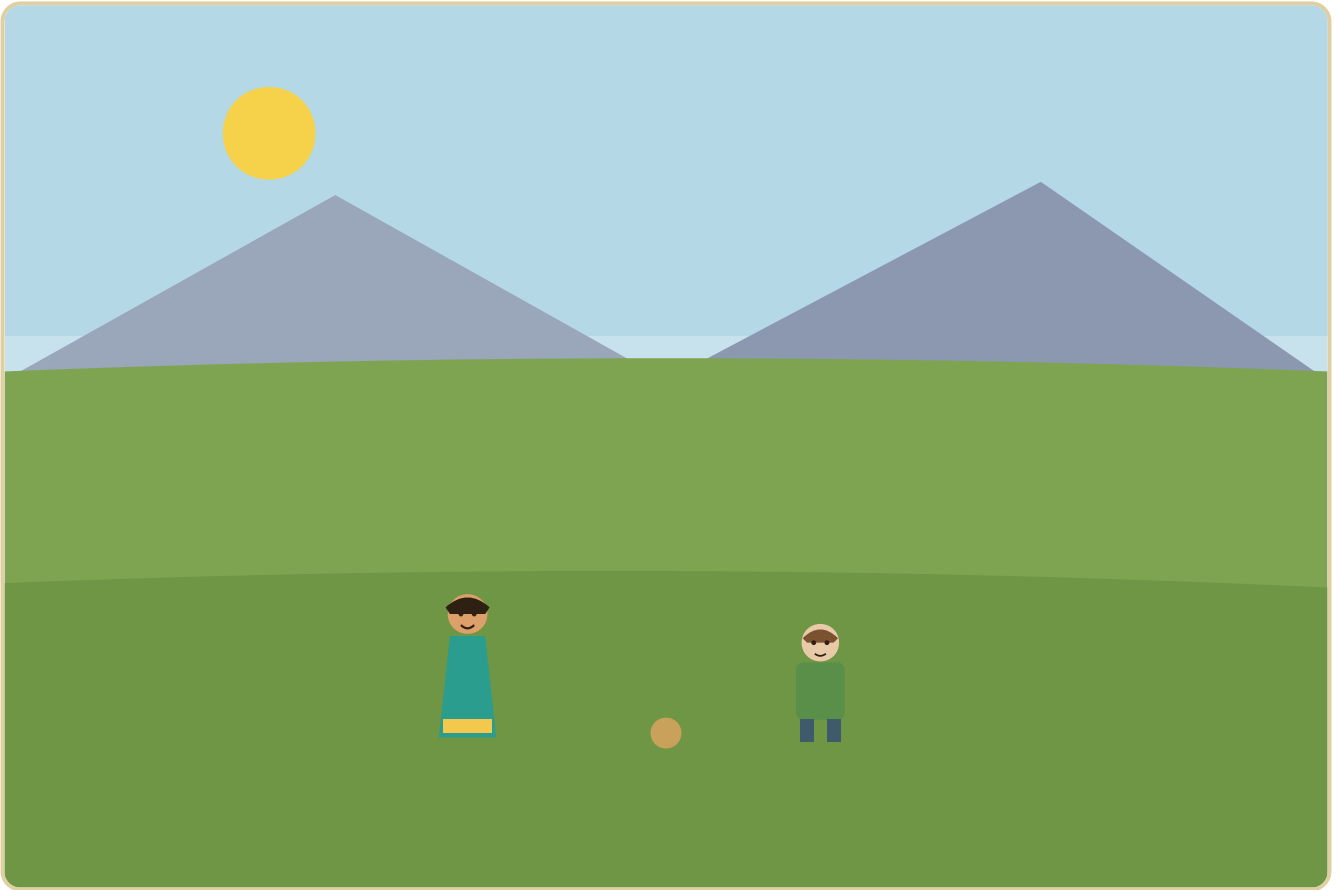
the turning year: **wata muyuq.**



At last, the great day came. The whole family knelt in the field and dug — and out of the dark earth tumbled potatoes, dozens, hundreds, like buried treasure.

"¡La cosecha!" Oliver cried — *the harvest!* After months of plowing, planting, and waiting, **por último** — at last — the earth was giving back.

por último, la cosecha *(por OOL-tee-moh)*
finally, the harvest
to harvest, **allay**.



Oliver reached to yank a big potato from the ground — but Illa stopped his hand, gently. **"No se arranca,"** she said — *you don't tear it away*.

She showed him: you loosen the earth, and you ask. Before the harvest, the grandfather had offered a **k'intu** to the **Pachamama**. The food wasn't taken. It was received, with thanks.

No se arranca; se pide. (noh seh ah-RRAHN-kah)

You don't tear it away; you ask.

an offering to the earth: **haywarikuy**.



That evening, the field was dotted with full sacks, and the family sat weary and happy among them. Oliver held a warm potato and thought of the whole long year inside it.

"Gracias, Pachamama, por la cosecha," he said softly — *thank you, Mother Earth, for the harvest.* He had not just grown food. He had learned to converse with the earth. And the wheel, he knew, would turn again.

He learned that the harvest isn't taken — it's received, with thanks.

In the valley, you don't command the earth. You care for her, wait with patience, and give thanks — and she feeds you all.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
la chacra	the field	chakra · allpa
primero · luego · después	first · then · after	—
sembrar la semilla	to plant the seed	tarpuay · muhu
esperar	to wait	—
crecer · madurar	to grow · ripen	—
la cosecha · cosechar	the harvest	allay
la rueda del año	the wheel of the year	wata muyuq
No se arranca	You don't tear it away	—
Gracias, Pachamama	Thank you, Mother Earth	haywarikuy · k'intu
la papa	the potato	papa

One turning year, from a seed to a hundred potatoes.

One boy who learned to ask the earth, and thank her.

Gracias, Pachamama, por la cosecha.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 6 — companion to "El Año de la Chacra" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Threads That Speak

Los hilos que hablan

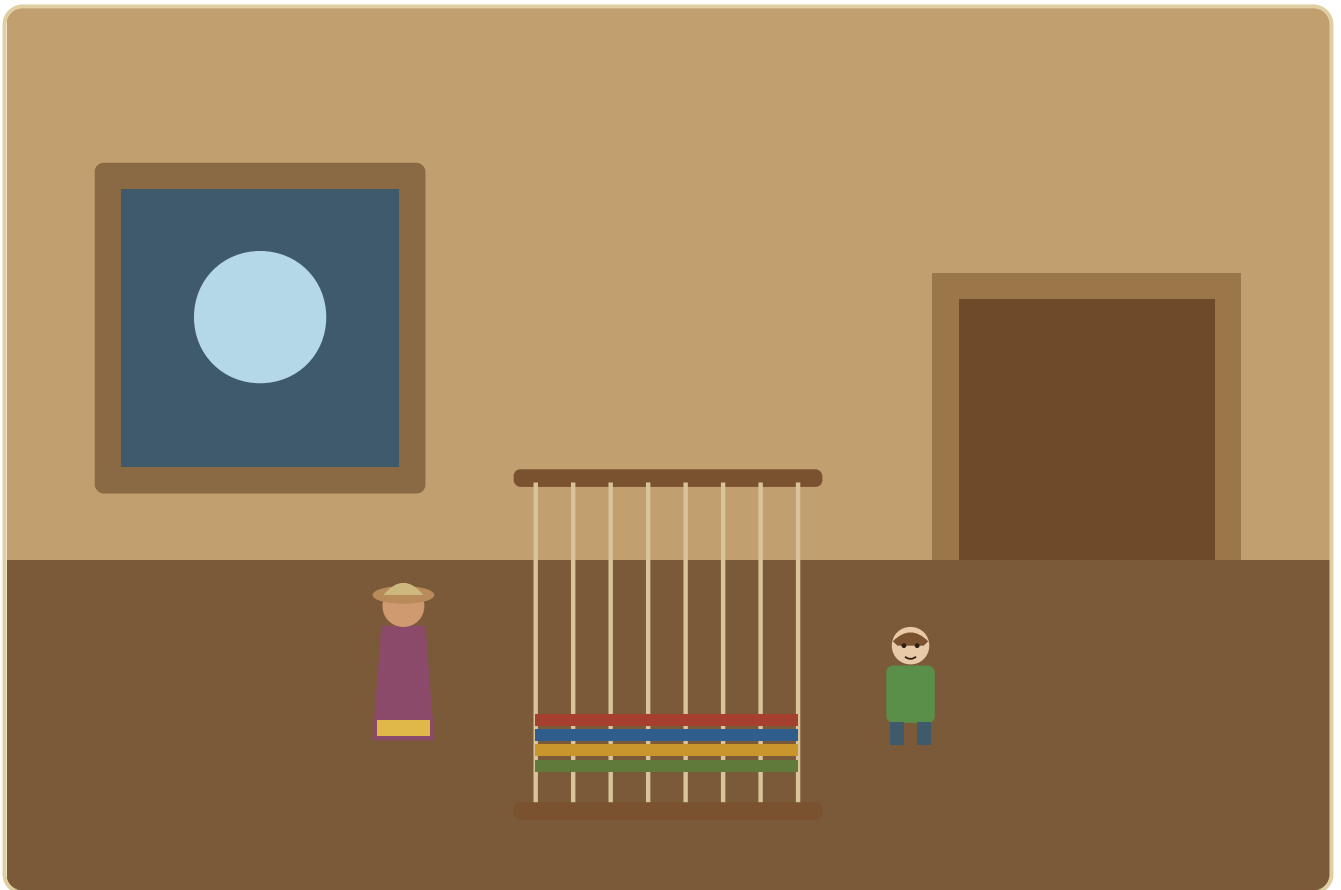
A master weaver teaches Oliver to read a cloth like a page of the valley

A weaving isn't decoration — it's a book without letters

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 7

For every child who learned that a manta is weeks of a life and love

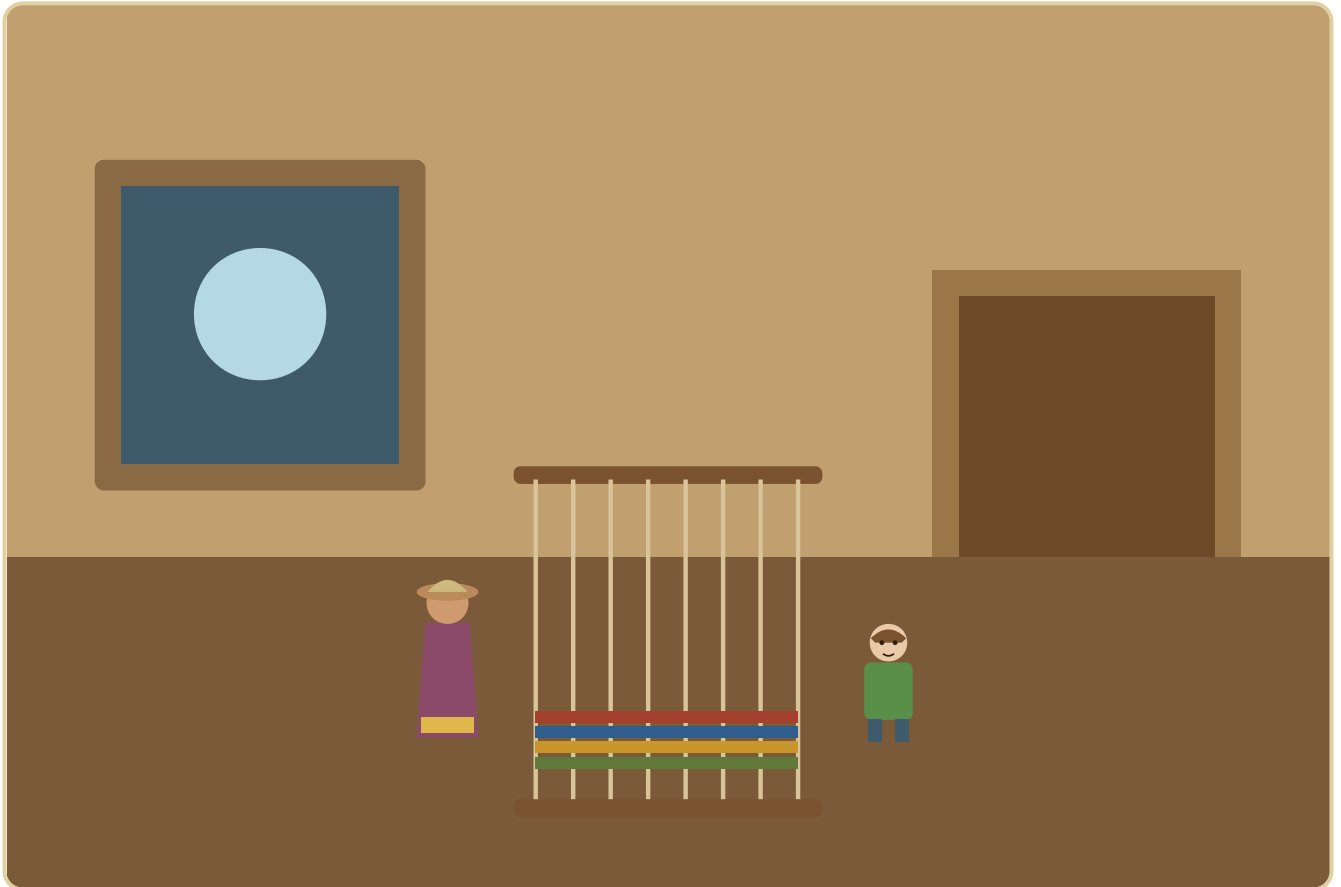
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



In a sunny corner of the house, Illa's grandmother sat at a loom staked into the ground, her fingers flying through a field of colored threads.

Oliver had passed a hundred weavings in the market and thought them merely pretty. But watching the old weaver — the **tejedora** — he sensed there was something here he had never understood.

tejer · la tejedora (teh-HEHR)
to weave · the weaver
to weave is **away**; a weaver, an **awaq**.



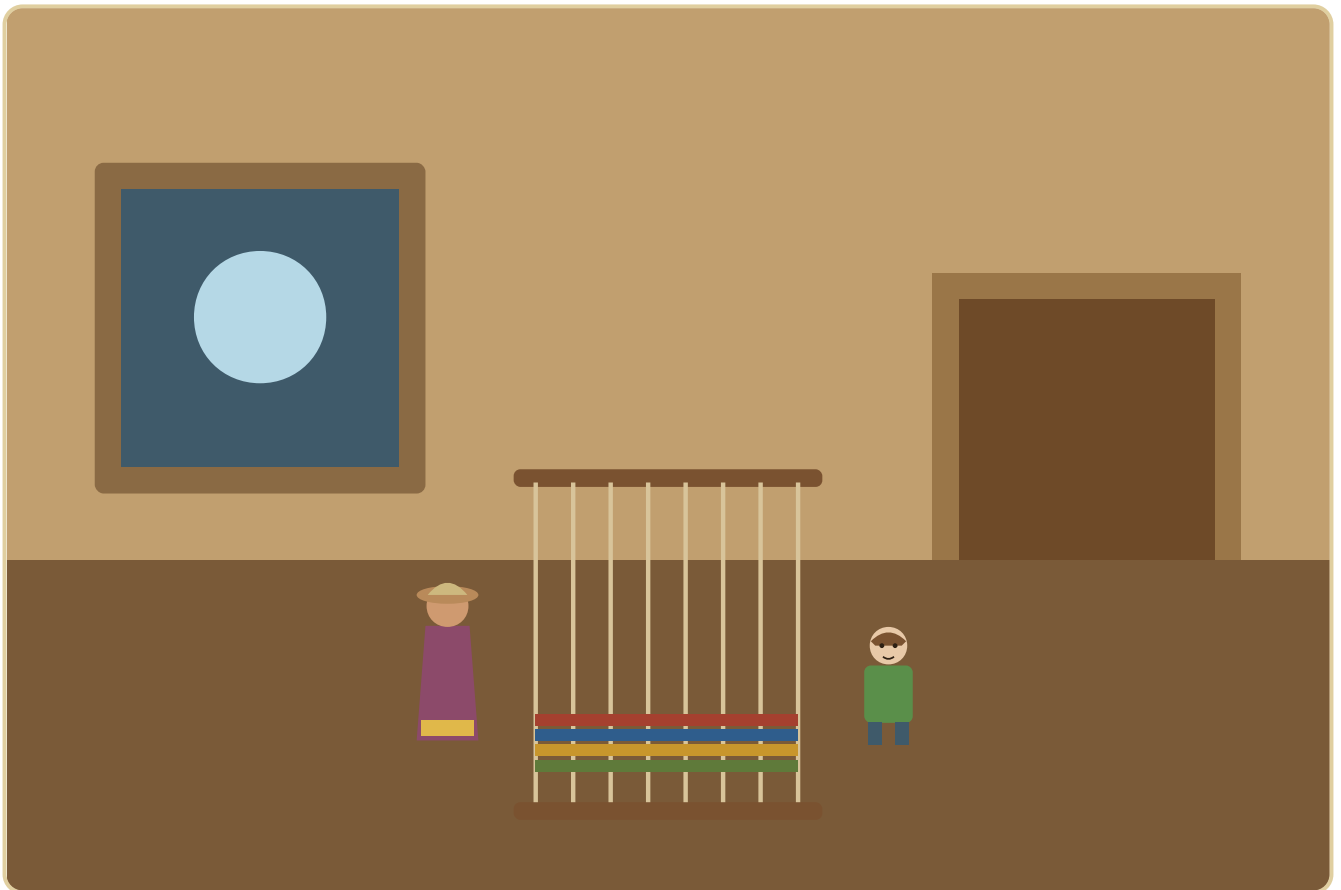
"Estoy tejiendo con lana de alpaca," the grandmother said — *I'm weaving with alpaca wool* — and held out a strand for him to touch. It was **suave** — soft as a cloud.

"Every color," she said, "comes from the earth." The red from a tiny insect, the yellow from a flower, the blue from a plant. All **natural**, all boiled from the living land.

Está hecho de lana. Es suave. (ehs-TAH EH-choh deh LAH-nah)

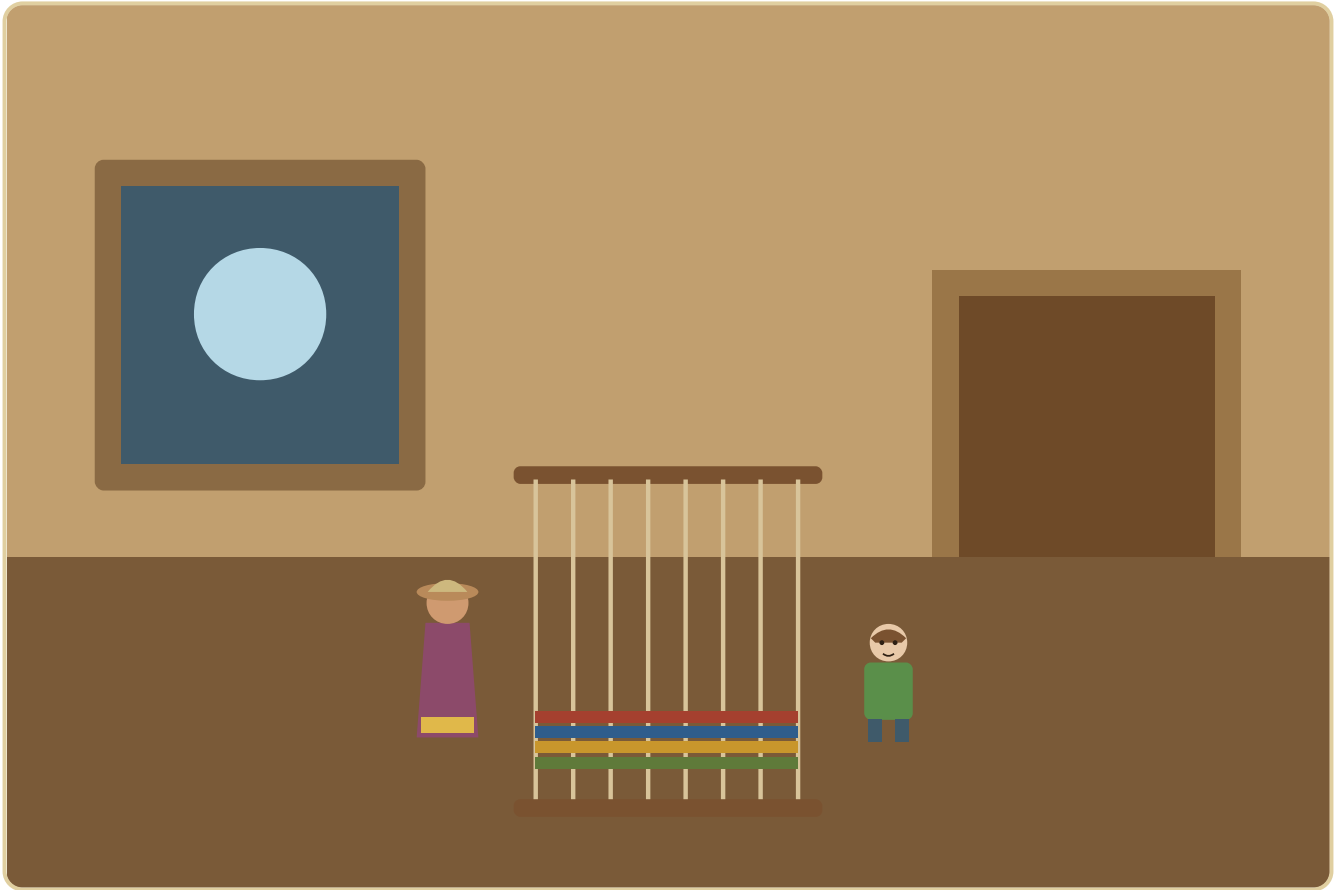
It's made of wool. It's soft.

the wool is **millma**.



Then the grandmother pointed to a small figure woven into the cloth — a zigzag of blue. "**¿Ves este pally?**" she asked — *do you see this design?* Oliver nodded, puzzled. It was just a pretty shape, he thought. But the old weaver smiled. "**Significa 'río',**" she said — *it means 'river.'*

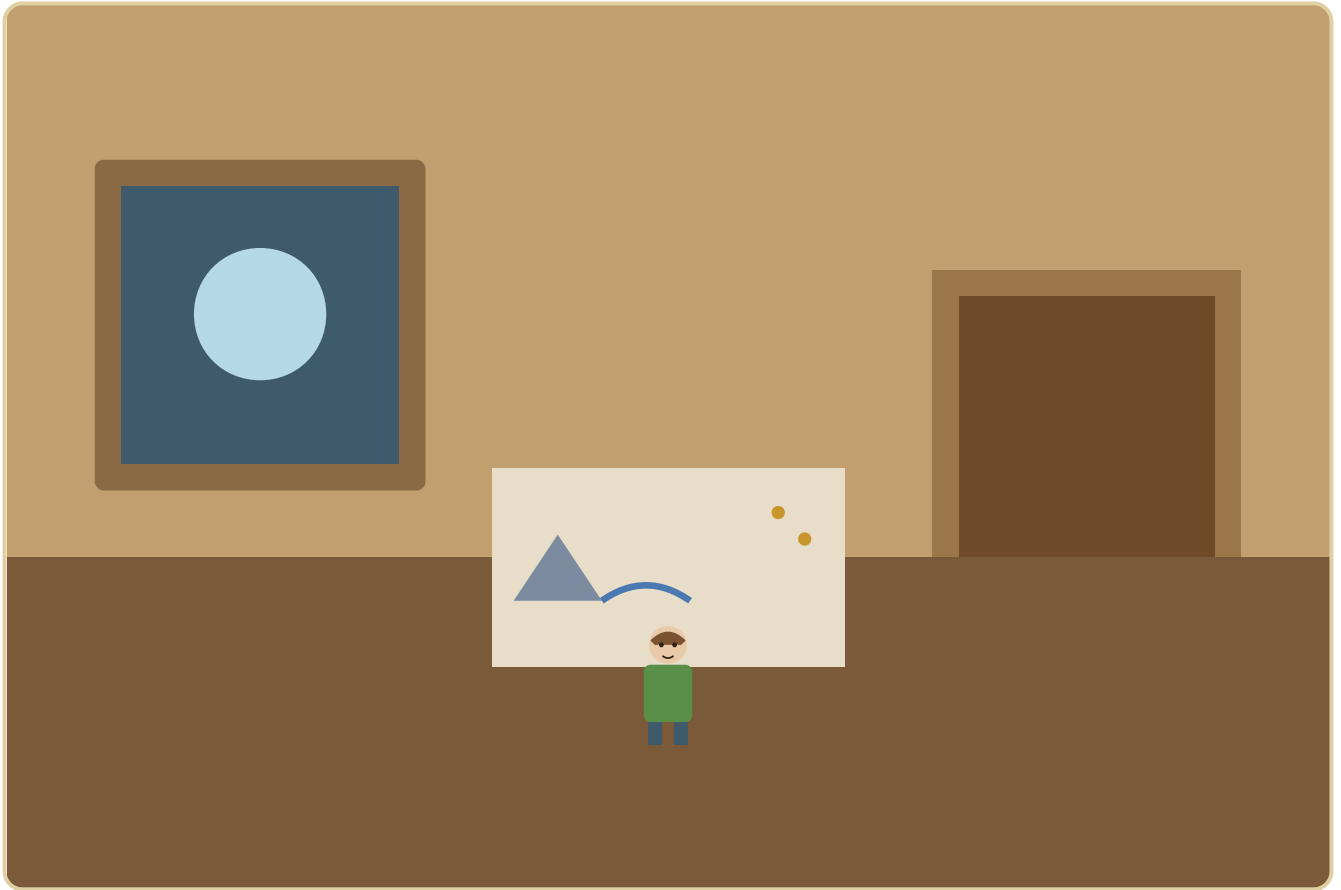
el pally · significa (ehl PAH-yeye)
the design · it means
the figured motifs: the **pally**.



Oliver's eyes went wide. The figures weren't just decoration. They were *words*.

The grandmother pointed to another. "**Este significa 'montaña'.**" — *this one means 'mountain.'* And another — the **Mayu**, the river of stars. Suddenly the whole cloth was speaking.

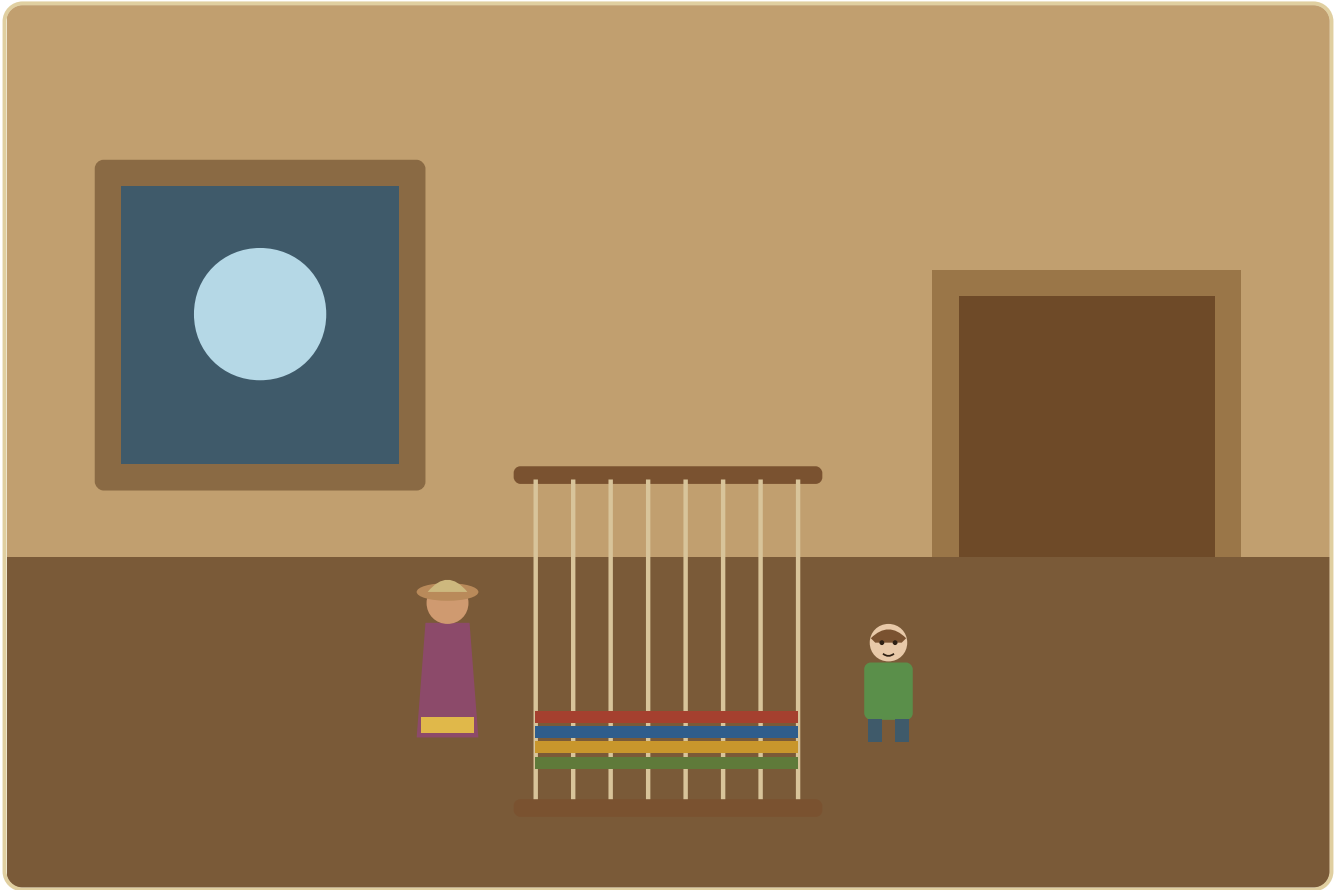
'montaña' · 'río' · las estrellas (mon-TAH-nyah)
'mountain' · 'river' · the stars



The grandmother laid the finished manta across Oliver's lap. "Read it," she said. And, haltingly, he did.

The mountain. The river running down. The stars above. **"¡Es un libro sin letras!"** Oliver breathed — *it's a book without letters!* The whole story of the valley, written in wool.

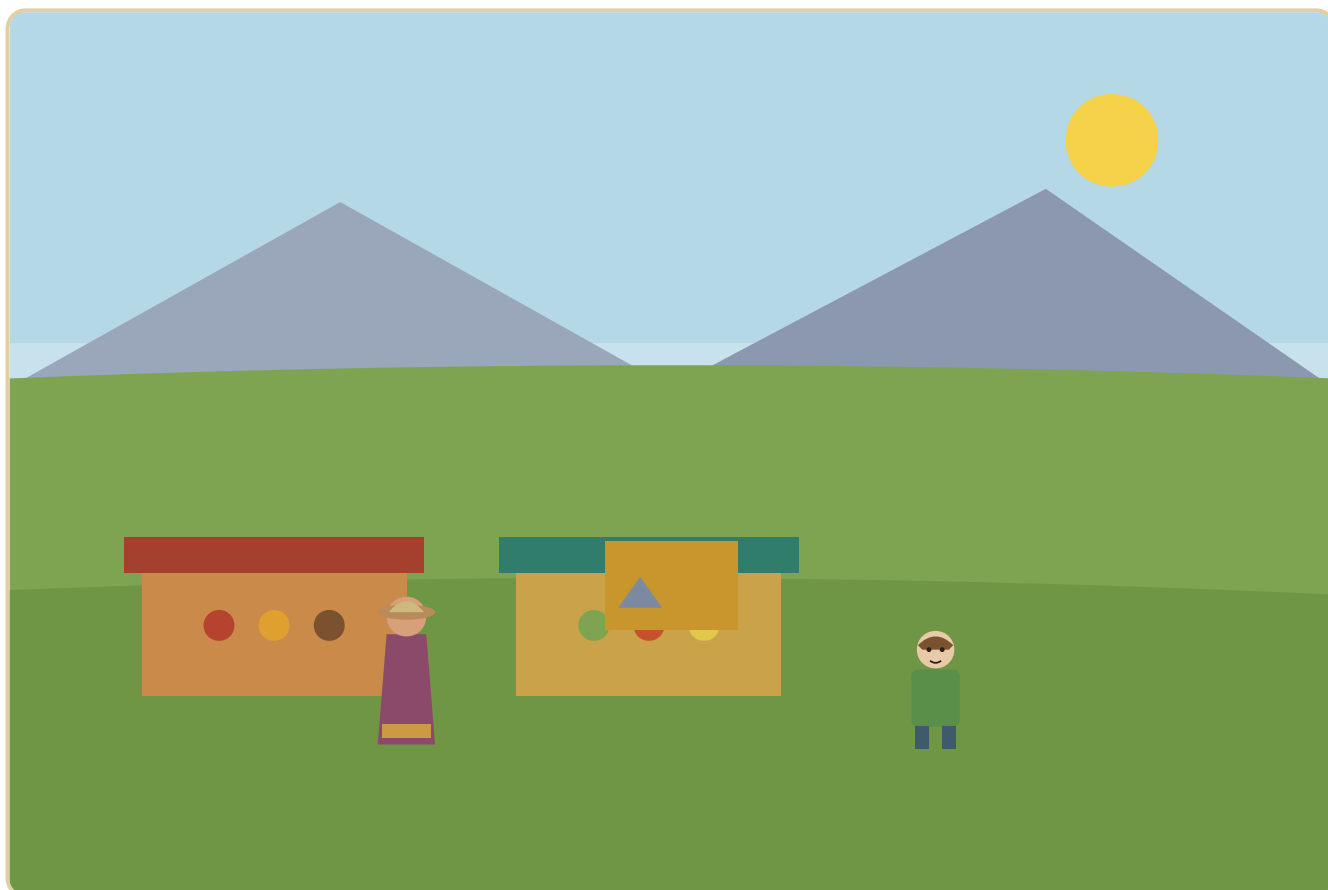
un libro sin letras (oon LEE-broh seen LEH-trahs)
a book without letters
a woven cross, the **chakana**.



"How long," Oliver asked, "to make one?" The grandmother's hands never stopped. "**Semanas,**" she said — *weeks*. Sometimes months.

Every thread spun by hand, dyed by hand, woven by hand. "**Hecho a mano,**" she said — *made by hand* — "**y hecho con amor.**" — *and made with love*.

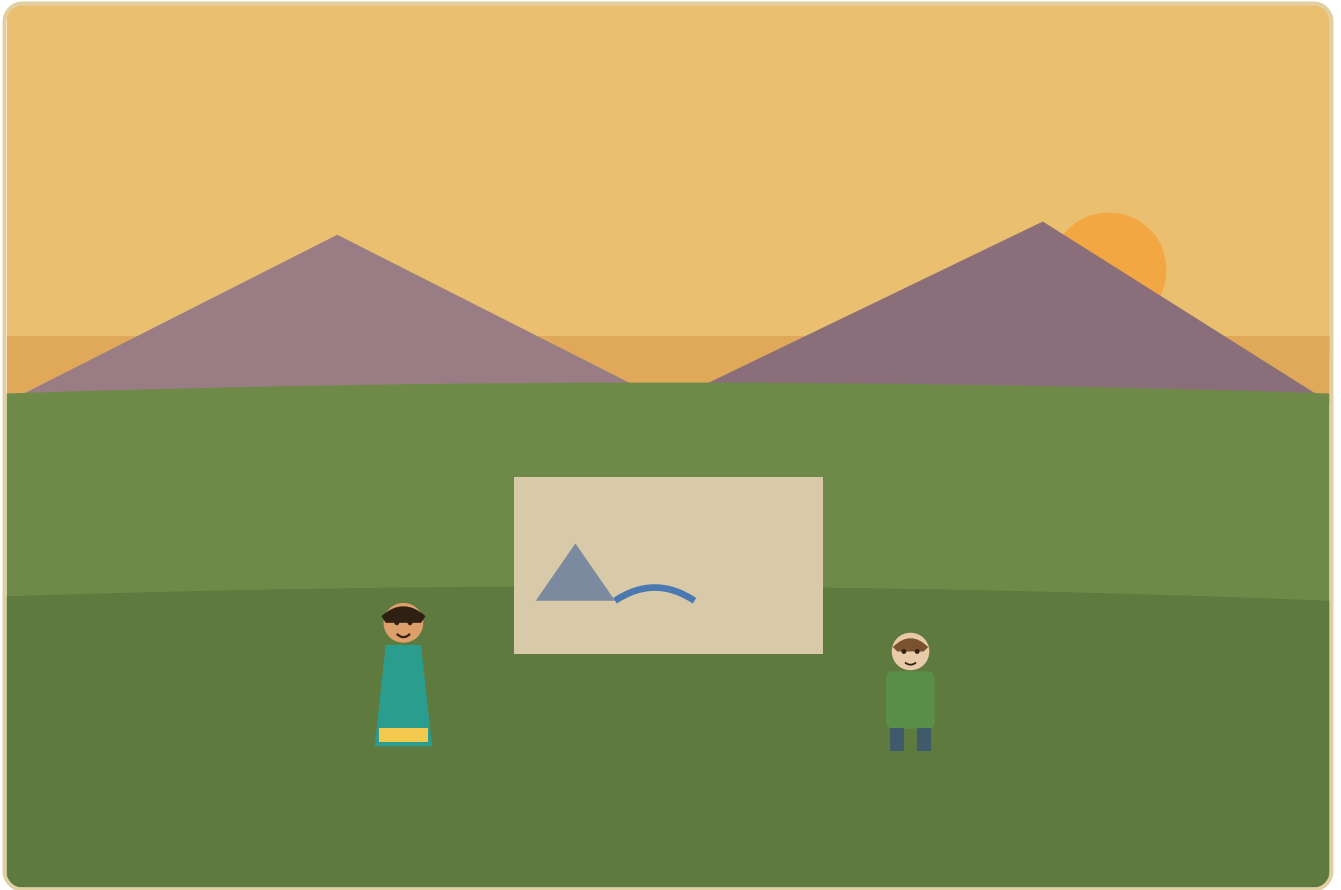
hecho a mano, con amor (EH-choh ah MAH-noh)
made by hand, with love



Later, in the market, Oliver passed the stalls of weavings he had walked by so many times. A traveler was haggling one down to almost nothing, calling it "just a souvenir."

Oliver felt something turn in his chest. He knew now what the traveler was holding: not a souvenir, but weeks of a woman's life and love, and a whole story he could read.

No es un souvenir. *(noh ehs oon soo-veh-NEER)*
It's not a souvenir.



That evening, Oliver held the grandmother's manta again, and this time he saw everything in it — the mountain, the river, the stars, the patient hands, the love.

"Es único," he said softly — *it's unique*. **"Es un tesoro."** — *it's a treasure*. The valley had been writing books all along, in thread. He had only just learned to read them.

He learned to read a weaving — and never saw one as 'just a souvenir' again.

A valley textile is a book without letters: read the threads, and you honor the hands and the heart that wove them.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
tejer · la tejedora	to weave · the weaver	away · awaq
la lana · suave	wool · soft	millma
Está hecho de...	It's made of...	—
teñir · natural	to dye · natural	—
el pallay · significa	the design · it means	pallay
la montaña · el río	mountain · river (symbols)	Mayu
un libro sin letras	a book without letters	chakana
hecho a mano, con amor	made by hand, with love	—
único	unique	—
un tesoro	a treasure	—

One cloth, woven with rivers, mountains, and stars.

One boy who learned to read what the threads were saying.

Es un tesoro, Oliver — no un souvenir.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 7 — companion to "Tejer Nuestro Mundo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Homesick

Nostalgia

On a hard evening, Oliver misses a far-away home — and learns he isn't alone with it

To miss a place is to have loved it. You're allowed two homes.

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 8

For every child whose heart lives in two places at once

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



It was a soft golden evening, and everyone else was laughing in the plaza. But Oliver sat alone on a low wall, a heaviness in his chest he couldn't shake.

He didn't have the words for it, even in English. Something between sad and far-away and small. He just knew he didn't feel like laughing tonight.

Me siento triste. (meh SYEHN-toh TREES-teh)

I feel sad.

the heart that feels: the **sonqo**.

• 1 •



Illa found him there and sat down quietly beside him. She didn't ask him to smile. She just asked, gently, "**¿Cómo te sientes?**" — *how do you feel?* Oliver looked at his hands. "**Me siento triste,**" he admitted — *I feel sad* — "**un poco.**" A little.

¿Cómo te sientes? (KOH-moh teh SYEHN-tehs)
How do you feel?



The first stars came out. Oliver looked up at them and finally found the words. **"Extraño mi casa,"** he said — *I miss my home* — **"y a mis abuelos. Están muy lejos."**

Across the sea, in another country, was a house and a family he loved and hadn't seen in a long time. **"Siento nostalgia,"** he whispered — *I feel homesick*.

Extraño mi casa. Siento nostalgia. (ehks-TRAH-nyoh mee KAH-sah)
I miss my home. I feel homesick.



He braced for Illa to tell him to cheer up. Instead, she nodded slowly, as if he'd said something true and important.

"Los extrañas porque los quieres," she said softly — *you miss them because you love them*. **"La nostalgia también es amor."** — *Homesickness is love, too*.

La nostalgia también es amor. *(lah nohs-TAHL-hyah)*

Homesickness is love, too.
sadness has a name too: **llaki**.



"Sometimes," Oliver said, the words coming easier now, "I feel like my heart is in two places at once. Here, and there."

Illa didn't try to fix it. She just listened, the way the valley listens. **"No guardes esa tristeza,"** she said — *don't keep that sadness in.* **"Compártela."** — *share it.*

No guardes la tristeza; compártela. (noh GWAH-dehs)
Don't keep the sadness in; share it.



So he did. He told her about the house across the sea, the grandmother he missed, the smells and sounds of the place he'd come from. Illa listened to all of it.

And as he spoke, something loosened in his chest. The sadness didn't vanish — but it stopped being so heavy. A heart spoken, the valley knew, is a heart made lighter.

Al hablar, me siento mejor. *(ahl ah-BLAR)*

By talking, I feel better.



When he was done, Illa took his hand. **"No estás solo,"** she said — *you're not alone*. **"Estoy aquí, y te entiendo."** — *I'm here, and I understand you*. Feelings, Oliver realized, crossed every border and every ocean. A boy from far away and a girl of the valley could understand each other's hearts completely. **sonqo** to **sonqo**.

No estás solo. Te entiendo. *(noh ehs-TAHS SOH-loh)*
You're not alone. I understand you.



They sat together under the great river of stars — the same stars, Illa reminded him, that shone over his far-away home tonight, too.

"Ahora tienes dos hogares," she said — *now you have two homes* — **"y dos familias."** Oliver felt the heaviness lift, just enough. **"Ya me siento mejor,"** he said — *I feel better now*. And he did.

He didn't lose his sadness — he just stopped carrying it alone.

In the valley, no heart aches by itself. You're allowed two homes — and you're never alone with either.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Me siento triste	<i>I feel sad</i>	sonqo
¿Cómo te sientes?	<i>How do you feel?</i>	—
Extraño mi casa	<i>I miss my home</i>	—
Siento nostalgia	<i>I feel homesick</i>	llaki
porque · cuando	<i>because · when</i>	—
La nostalgia es amor	<i>Homesickness is love</i>	—
compartir · hablar	<i>to share · to talk</i>	—
No estás solo	<i>You're not alone</i>	—
Te entiendo	<i>I understand you</i>	—
Me siento mejor	<i>I feel better</i>	kusi

*One heavy heart, spoken aloud and made lighter.
One boy who learned his heart could hold two homes.
No estás solo, Oliver. Nunca.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 8 — companion to "Cómo Me Siento" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Ayllu Way

La manera del ayllu

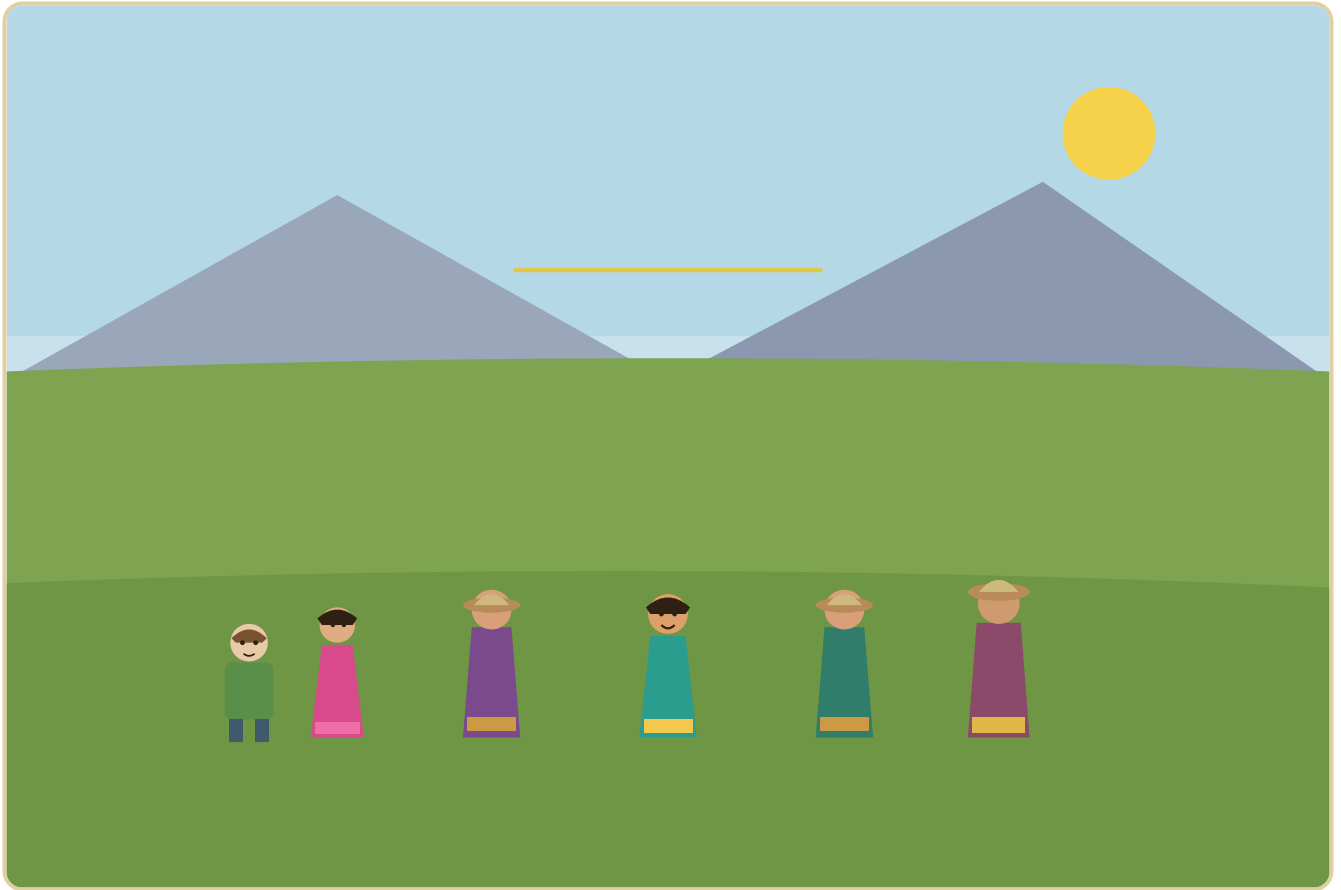
Oliver watches the whole community decide together — and learns his voice counts

No one wins, no one loses — the whole circle finds the path

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 9

For every child who learned that 'we' could include them

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



One afternoon, the whole village gathered in a great circle in the plaza — grandparents, parents, children, everyone. It was an **asamblea**, an assembly.

"There's a problem to solve," Illa told Oliver. "The road to the high fields is broken. Today, the whole ayllu decides what to do."

la asamblea (lah ah-sahm-BLEH-ah)
the assembly
the community-family: the **ayllu**.

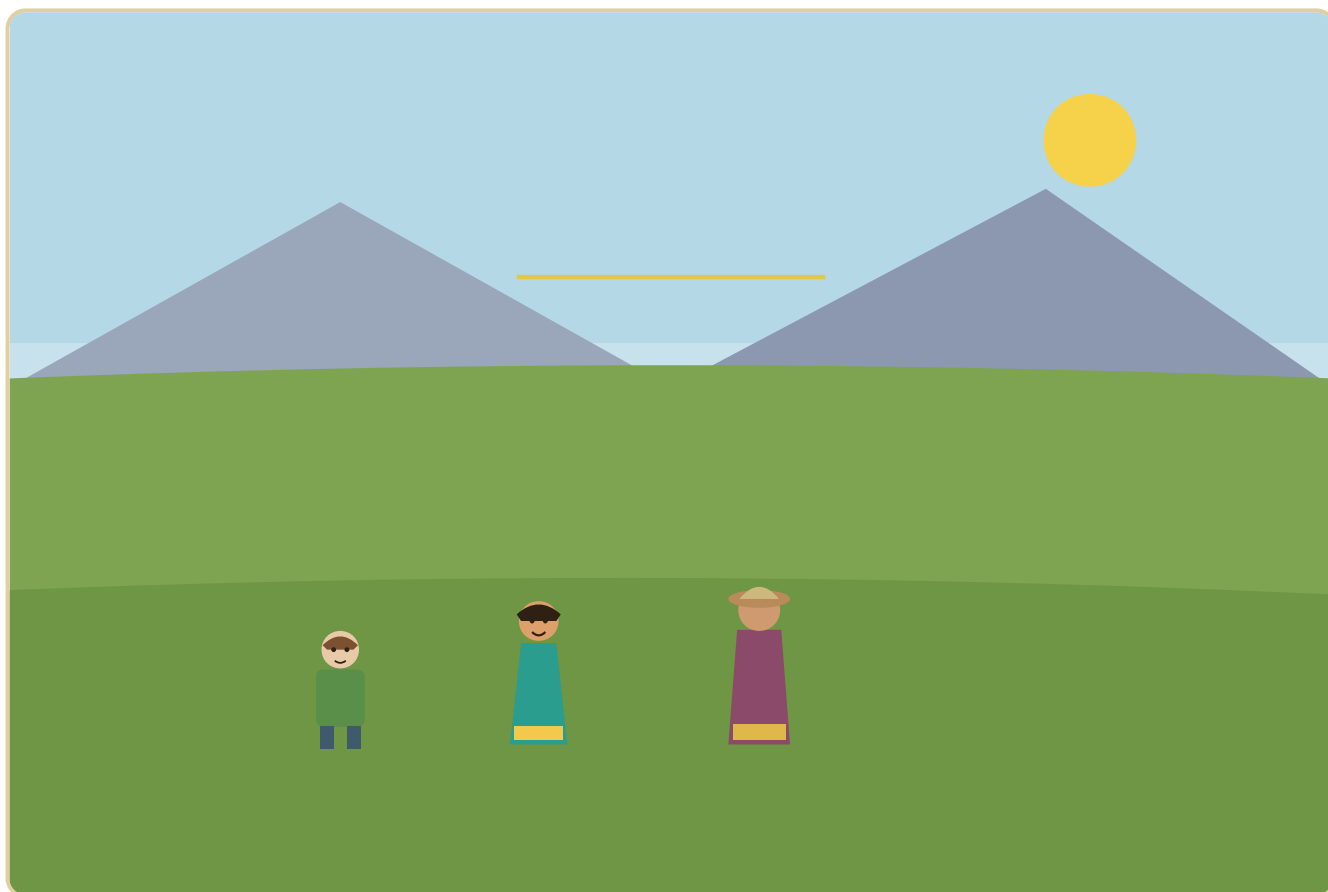
• 1 •



Oliver expected the mayor, or the oldest man, to simply tell everyone what would happen. But that isn't what happened at all.

One by one, people stood and spoke — **hablan todos**, everyone speaks — an old farmer, a young mother, even a boy his own age. Each voice was heard, all the way to the end, without interruption.

Hablan todos. (AH-blahn TOH-dohs)
Everyone speaks.

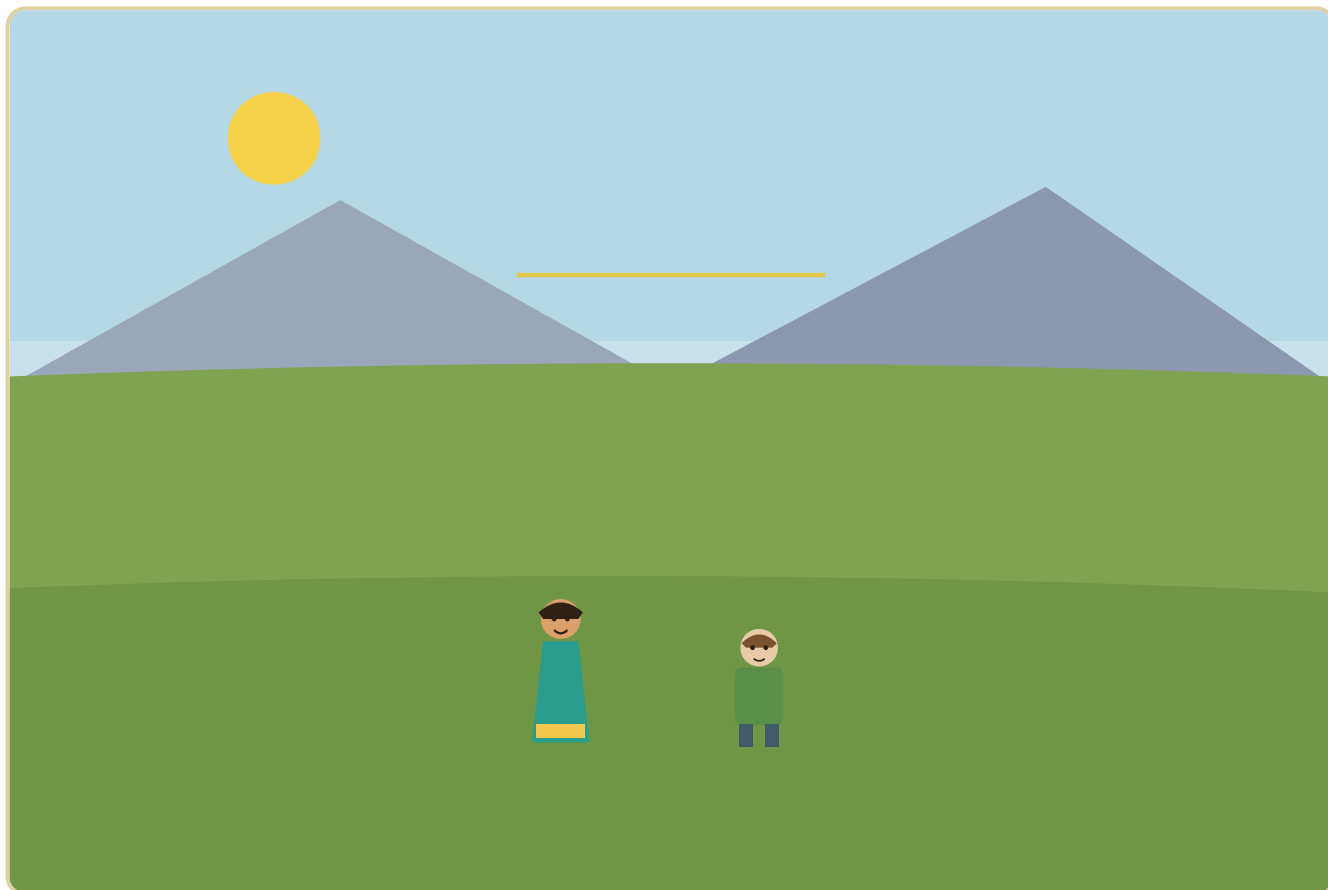


"We should fix it together," said one. "We **debemos** care for the road — it belongs to all of us." "We **podemos** do it in one big mink'a," said another. Oliver noticed no one shouted, no one tried to win. They were building something together, idea by idea, like laying stones in a wall.

Debemos... Podemos... (deh-BEH-mohs · poh-DEH-mohs)

We should... We can...

a shared agreement: **kamachikuy**.



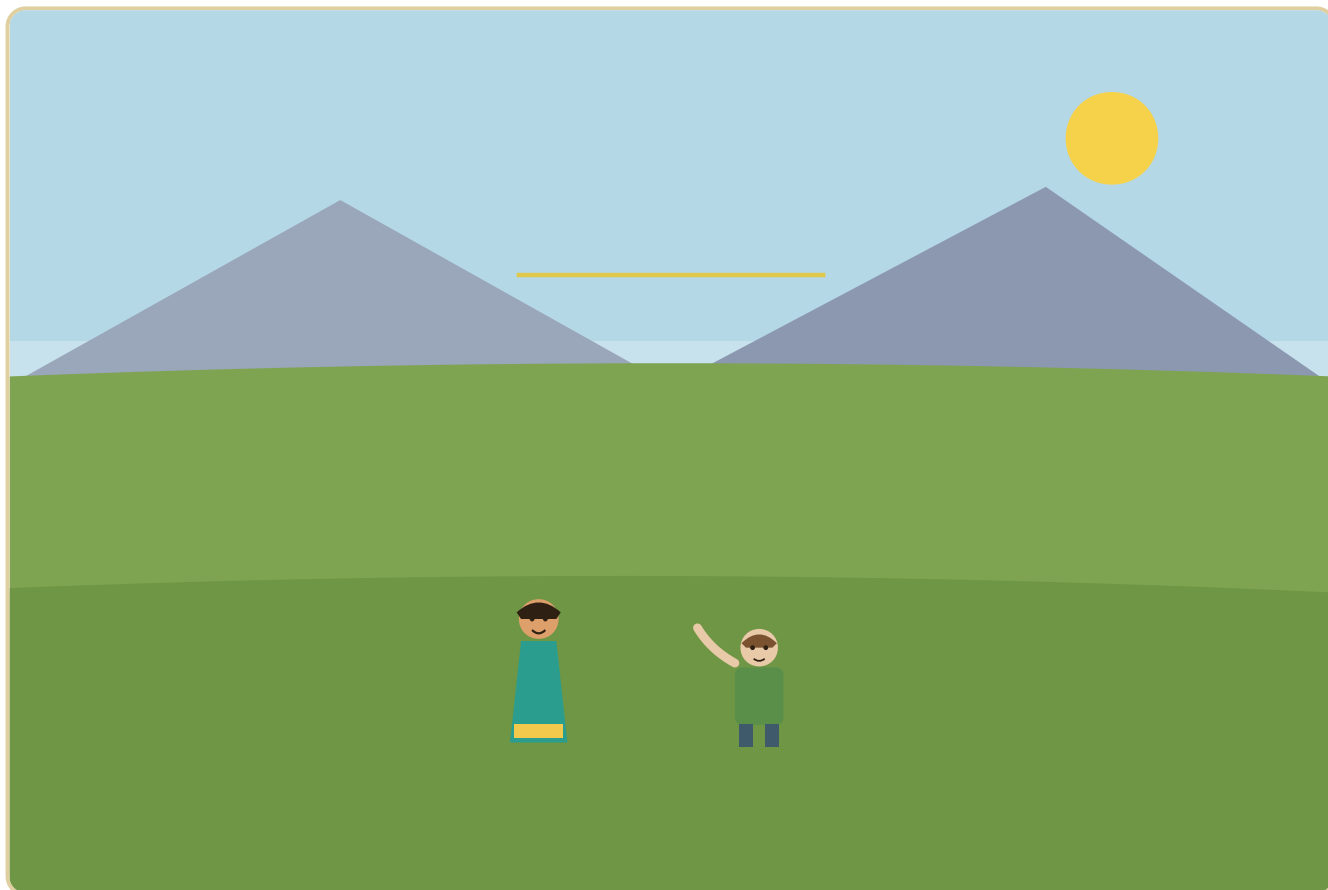
Oliver leaned toward Illa and whispered, "But I'm from far away. This isn't really my road."

Illa shook her head firmly. "**Cuando decimos 'nosotros', tú estás dentro,**" she said — *when we say 'we,' you're included*. She taught him the word: **noqanchis** — the 'we' that means *you, too*.

Tú estás dentro. Noqanchis. *(too ehs-TAHS DEHN-troh)*

You're included. Noqanchis.

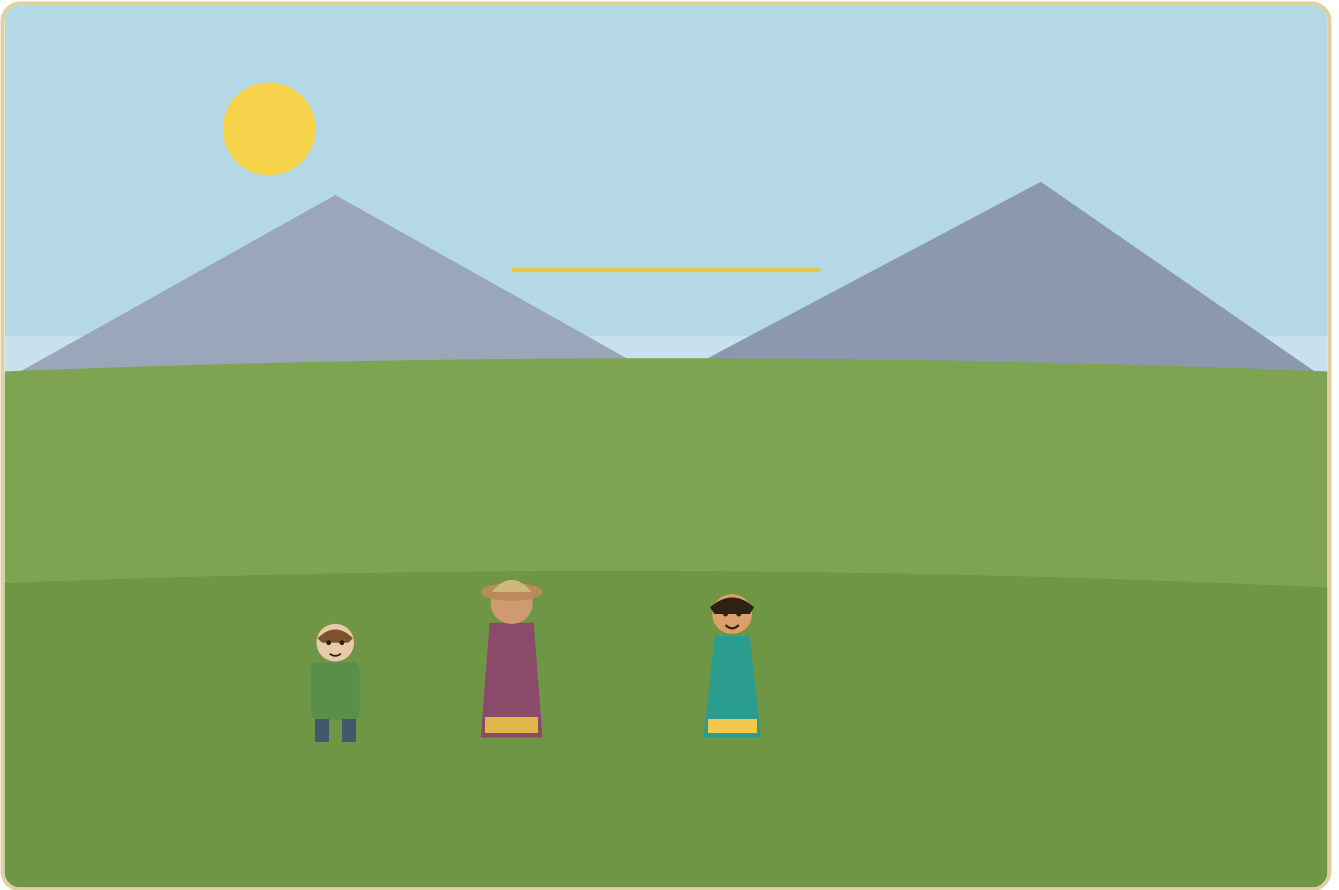
the 'we' that includes you: **noqanchis**.



Then Illa nudged him gently. "You can speak too," she said. Heart pounding, Oliver stood up in the great circle.

In careful Spanish, he offered a small idea — that the children could carry water and small stones, so the grown-ups could lift the big ones. Heads nodded. An elder smiled. His voice, from far away, counted just the same.

Yo también tengo voz. (yoh tahm-BYEHN TEHN-goh vohs)
I have a voice too.



When everyone had spoken, they weighed it all — not for one person's gain, but for the **bien común**, the good of all.

"How do we choose?" Oliver asked. Illa answered, "**Pensamos en lo mejor para todos.**" — *we think of what's best for everyone*. The road belonged to no one, and to all.

el bien común · para todos (ehl byehn koh-MOON)
the common good · for everyone



At last, without a single vote counted, the circle simply arrived — together — at a plan everyone could live with. A *mink'a*, next week, children and elders alike.

"Estamos de acuerdo," the elder said — *we are in agreement*. No one had won; no one had lost. The whole *ayllu* had found one path.

Estamos de acuerdo. (*ehs-TAH-mohs deh ah-KWEHR-doh*)
We are in agreement.



Walking home, Oliver turned the afternoon over in his mind. In his old world, decisions were made *for* people. Here, they were made *by* them — all of them, together.

"Todos decidimos juntos," he said. **"Así vivimos."** — *this is how we live.* And the most amazing part: the circle had been wide enough to include even him. **Noqanchis.** All of us. You, too.

He came to watch the valley decide — and found his own voice inside the circle.

In the ayllu, no one decides for you and no one decides without you. The 'we' is always wide enough for one more.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story, in three tongues of the valley

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
la asamblea	the assembly	ayllu
Hablan todos	Everyone speaks	—
Debemos · Podemos	We should · We can	—
Tú estás dentro	You're included	noqanchis
Yo tengo voz	I have a voice	—
el bien común	the common good	—
para todos	for everyone	—
Estamos de acuerdo	We are in agreement	kamachikuy
Todos decidimos	We all decide	—
Así vivimos	This is how we live	kuska

One circle, every voice, one shared path.

One boy who learned that 'we' could include him.

Noqanchis, Oliver — all of us, you too.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 9 — companion to "Vivir Juntos" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Gift Exchange

El intercambio de regalos

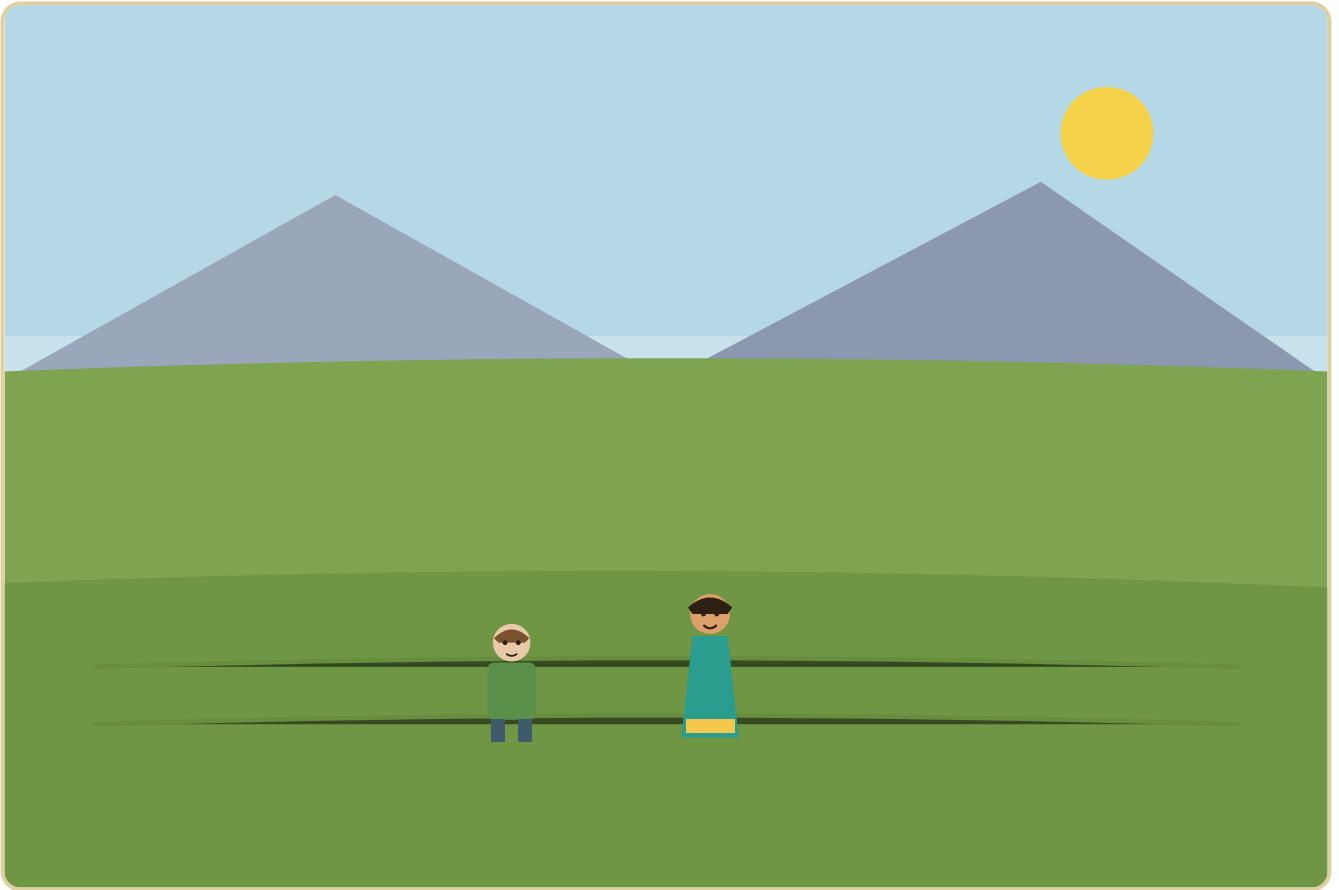
Oliver and Illa trade their two worlds — and both grow richer

Two rivers meet and become one — and neither is ever lost

**COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 2 · MODULE 10 ·
FINALE**

For every child who brought their whole world to a new one, and kept both

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



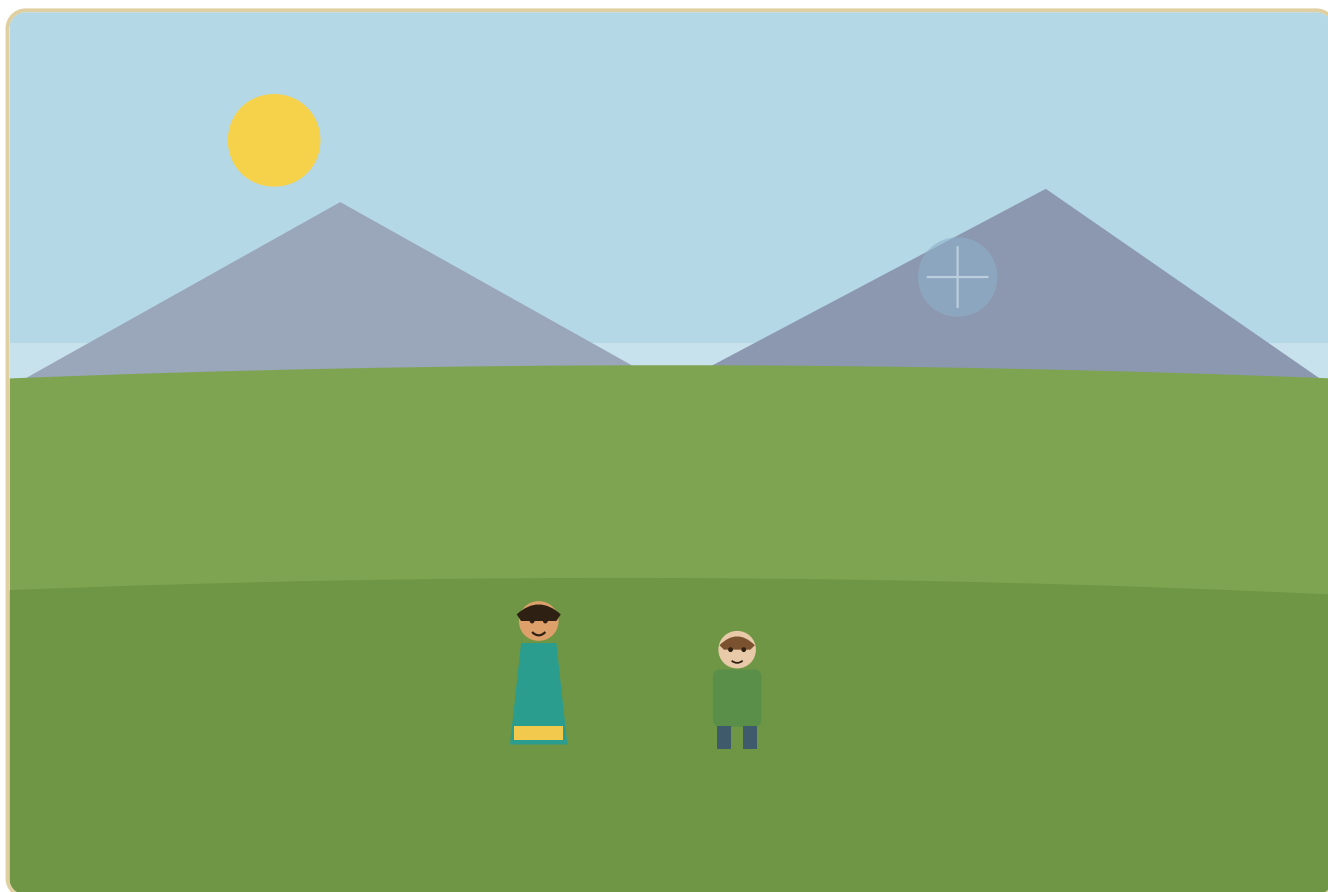
Oliver had taken part in so much now — the mink'a, the harvest, the festival, the fire-side stories. He felt, at last, like part of the valley.

But one evening Illa surprised him with a question. **"Cuéntame de tu mundo,"** she said — *tell me about your world*. **"¿De dónde eres, de verdad?"** — *where are you really from?*

Cuéntame de tu mundo. (KWEHN-tah-meh deh too MOON-doh)

Tell me about your world.

the whole world: **teqsemuyu.**

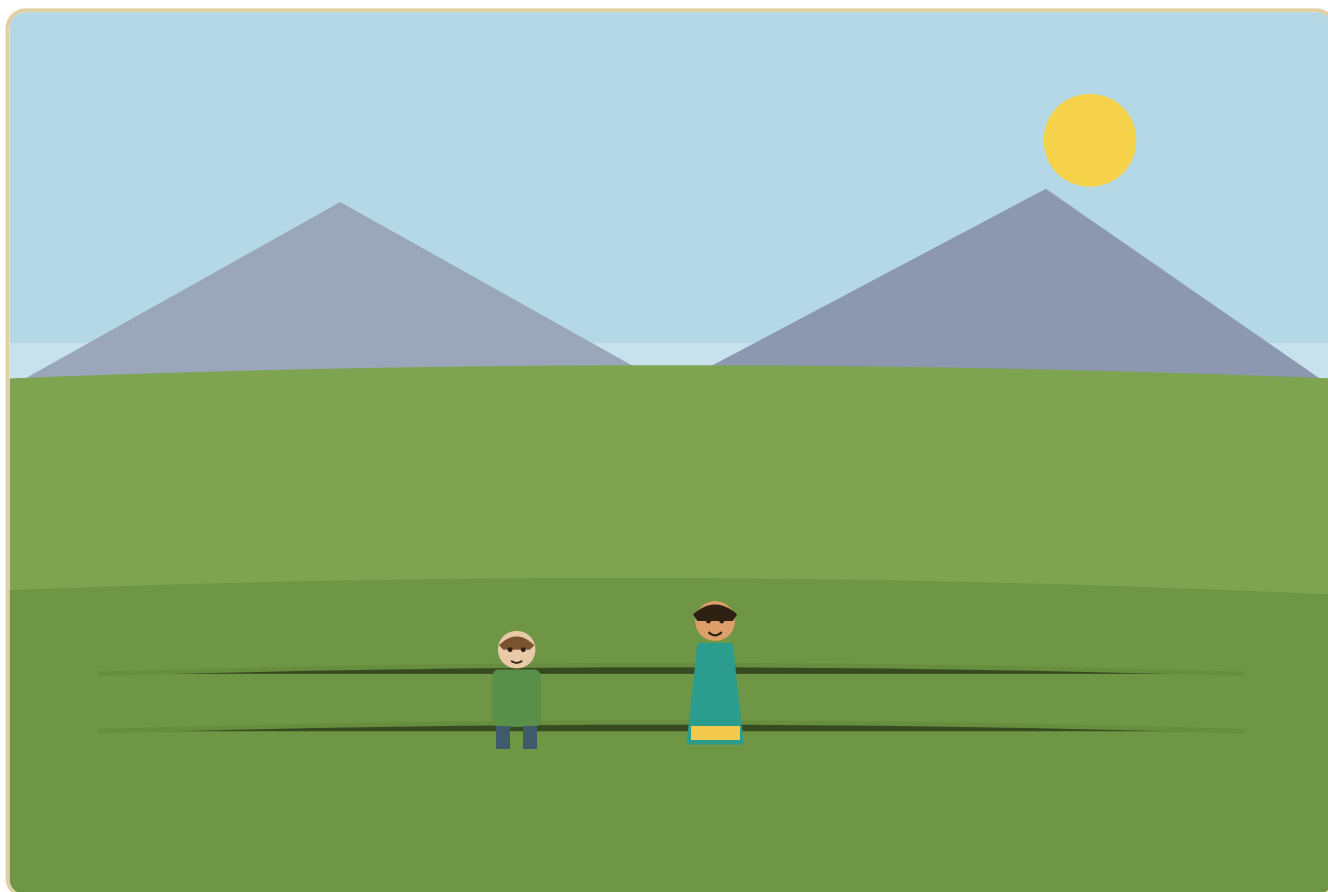


Oliver hesitated. For so long he'd been learning the valley — he'd almost forgotten anyone might want to learn *him*.

So he began. "**Soy de muy lejos,**" he said — *I'm from far away*. He told her of the sea, of great grey cities, of snow that fell soft and white. "**Es muy diferente al valle.**"

Soy de muy lejos. Es diferente. *(soy deh mwee LEH-hohs)*
I'm from far away. It's different.

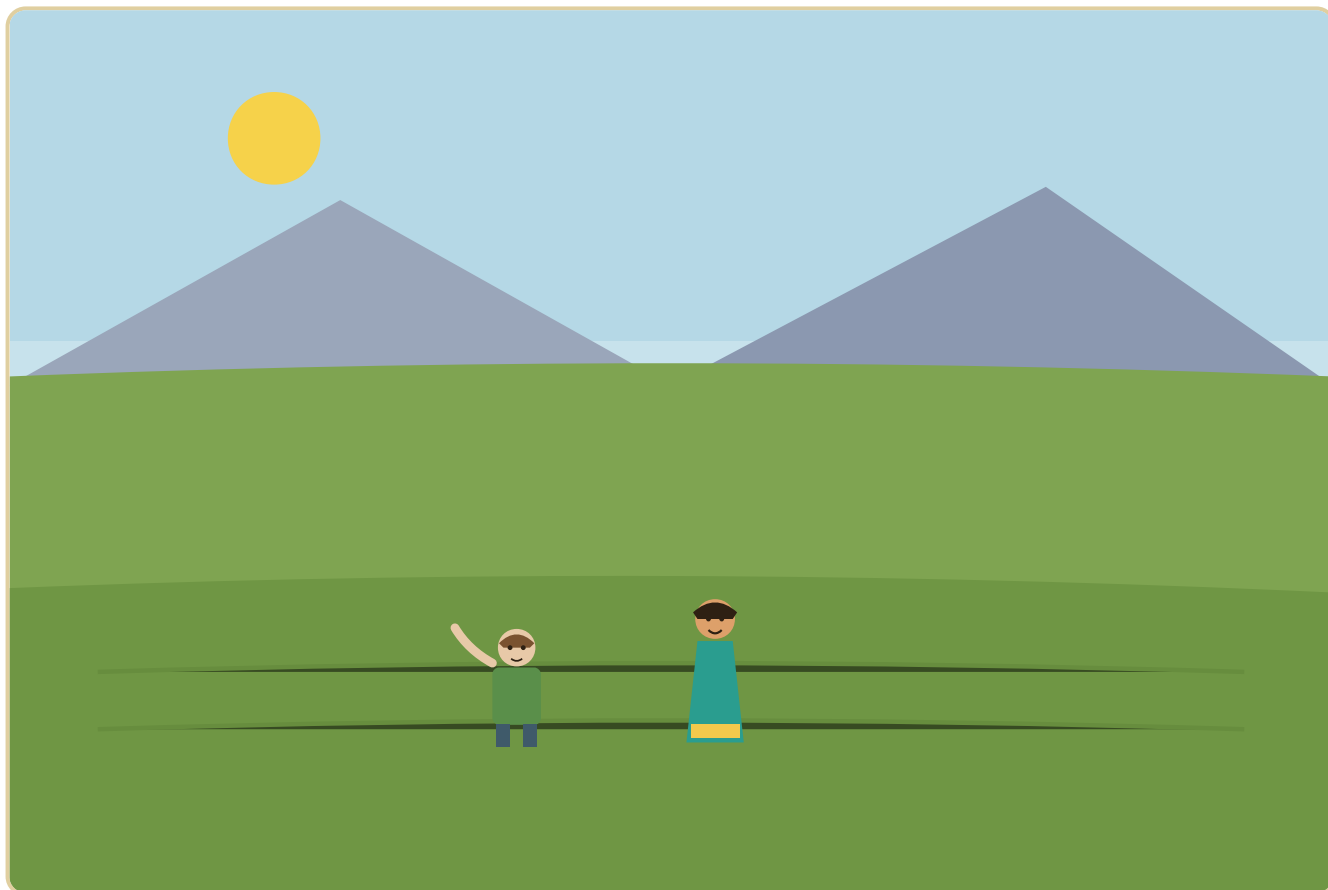
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Illa listened with wide, shining eyes, the way *he* had once listened to the abuelo. "**¡Qué interesante!**" she breathed — *how interesting!*

"Your world isn't better or worse than ours," she said. "**Es diferente. Y hermoso también.**" — *it's different. And beautiful too.* For the first time, Oliver felt his old home honored here, not left behind.

Diferente, y hermoso también. (dee-feh-REHN-teh)
Different, and beautiful too.



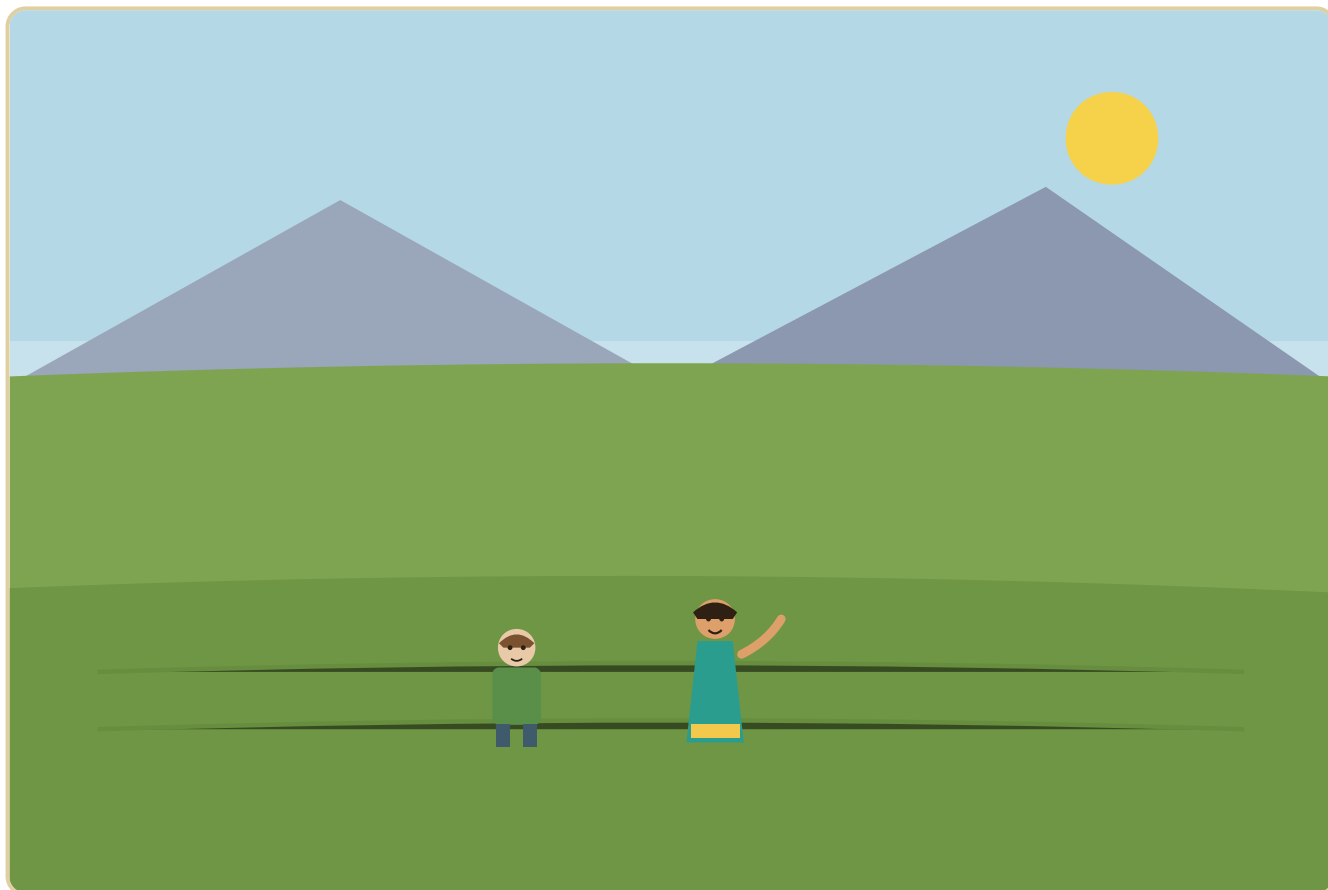
"And what do you bring us," Illa asked, "from your world?" "**¿Qué nos traes de allá?**"

Oliver thought. He *did* have gifts to give. So he taught them a song from his far-away home — the melody strange and lovely in the mountain air. The children learned it, laughing, and sang it back.

¿Qué nos traes? Traigo una canción. (keh nohs TRAH-ehs)

What do you bring us? I bring a song.

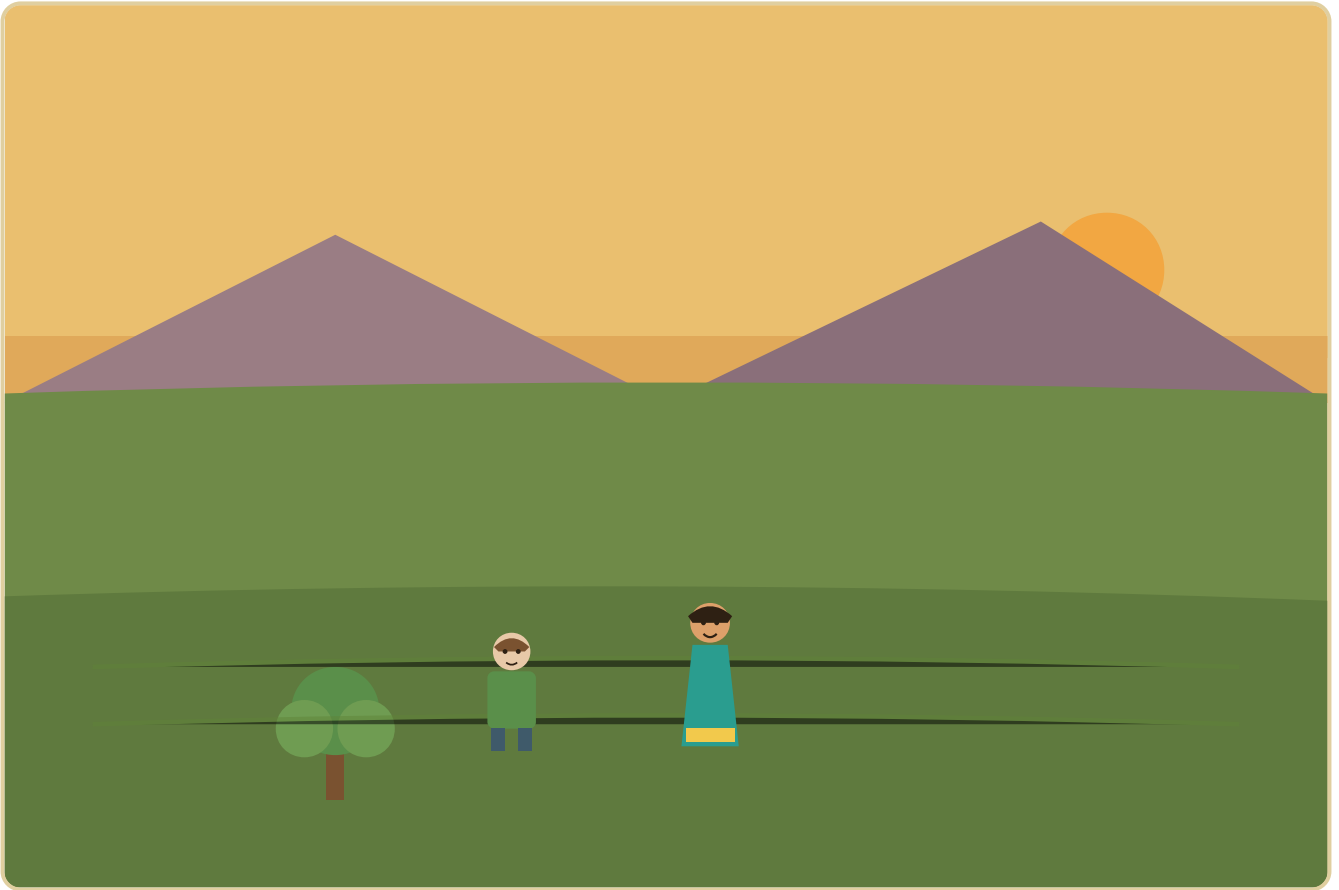
giving and receiving, both ways: **ayni**.



Then Illa gave him a gift in return — an old valley song, passed down through her family for generations. **"El regalo va en dos direcciones,"** she said — *the gift goes both ways*.

Two songs, two worlds, traded freely under the same sky. Neither one replaced the other. Both of them grew.

El regalo va en dos direcciones. (ehl rreh-GAH-loh vah ehn dohs)
The gift goes both ways.



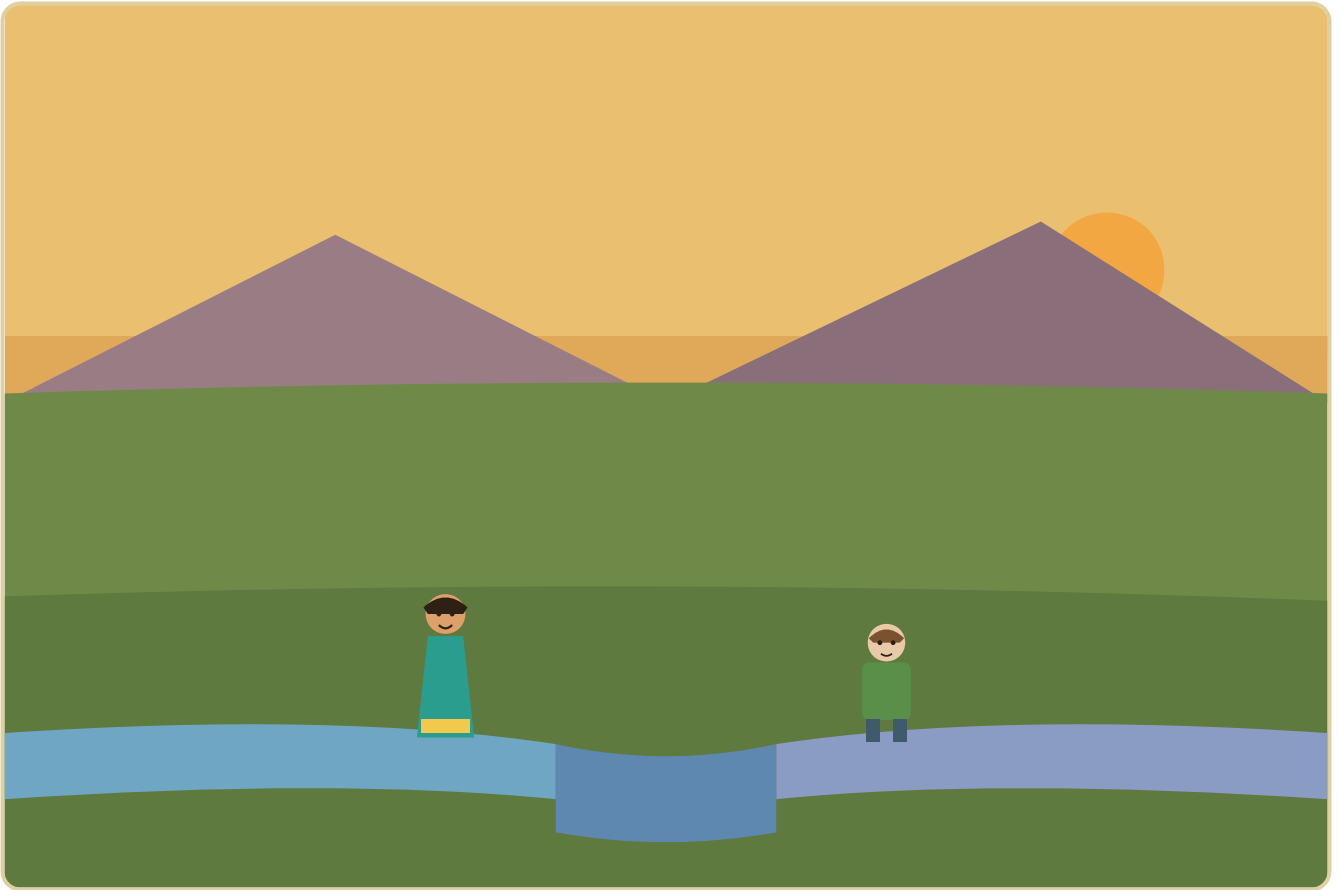
"I was afraid," Oliver admitted, "that to belong here, I had to forget where I came from." Illa shook her head hard.

"No olvides tus raíces," she said — *don't forget your roots*. **"Guárdalas siempre."** — *keep them always*. The valley didn't want a copy of itself. It wanted *him* — roots and all. He could have **los dos**. Both.

No olvides tus raíces. (noh ohl-VEE-dehs toos rrah-EE-sehs)

Don't forget your roots.

your roots: your **saphi**.



Illa drew him to the place where two streams tumbled down the mountain and joined into one river below. She pointed.

"Es como el tupay," she said — *it's like tupay*. **"Dos ríos se unen, y son más fuertes."** — *two rivers meet, and grow stronger*. "But look — the water from each still flows in it. **Ninguno se pierde.**" Neither is lost.

Es el tupay: dos ríos se unen. (ehs ehl TEEN-kwee)

It's tupay: two rivers meet.
two rivers becoming one: **tupay**.



Under the great river of stars, Oliver understood the whole of Level 2. He had come to the valley to take part — and he had. But taking part had never meant leaving himself behind.

He had kept his roots and shared his gifts. He had received the valley and given it something back. Two rivers, one stream, neither lost. **"Ahora somos un solo río,"** he said softly — *now we are one single river*. And it ran stronger than either had alone.

He kept his roots, gave his gifts, and belonged — as himself.

Two rivers meet and become one, and neither is ever lost. That is how you take part without disappearing. ¡Fin del Nivel 2!

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from this story — and the whole of Level 2

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Cuéntame de tu mundo	<i>Tell me about your world</i>	teqsemuyu
Soy de muy lejos	<i>I'm from far away</i>	—
diferente, y hermoso	<i>different, and beautiful</i>	—
¿Qué nos traes?	<i>What do you bring us?</i>	—
El regalo va en dos direcciones	<i>The gift goes both ways</i>	ayni
No olvides tus raíces	<i>Don't forget your roots</i>	saphi
los dos	<i>both</i>	—
el tupay · dos ríos	<i>tupay · two rivers</i>	tupay
se unen · más fuerte	<i>they join · stronger</i>	—
ninguno se pierde	<i>neither is lost</i>	—

Two songs, two worlds, traded under one sky.

Two rivers meeting — and neither one lost.

Ahora somos un solo río, Oliver. ¡Fin del Nivel 2!

*Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 2 · Module 10 — companion to "Compartir Nuestro Mundo" · Amistad Sagrada
· Yachay Wasicha · Písaq*



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Voice I Found

La voz que encontré

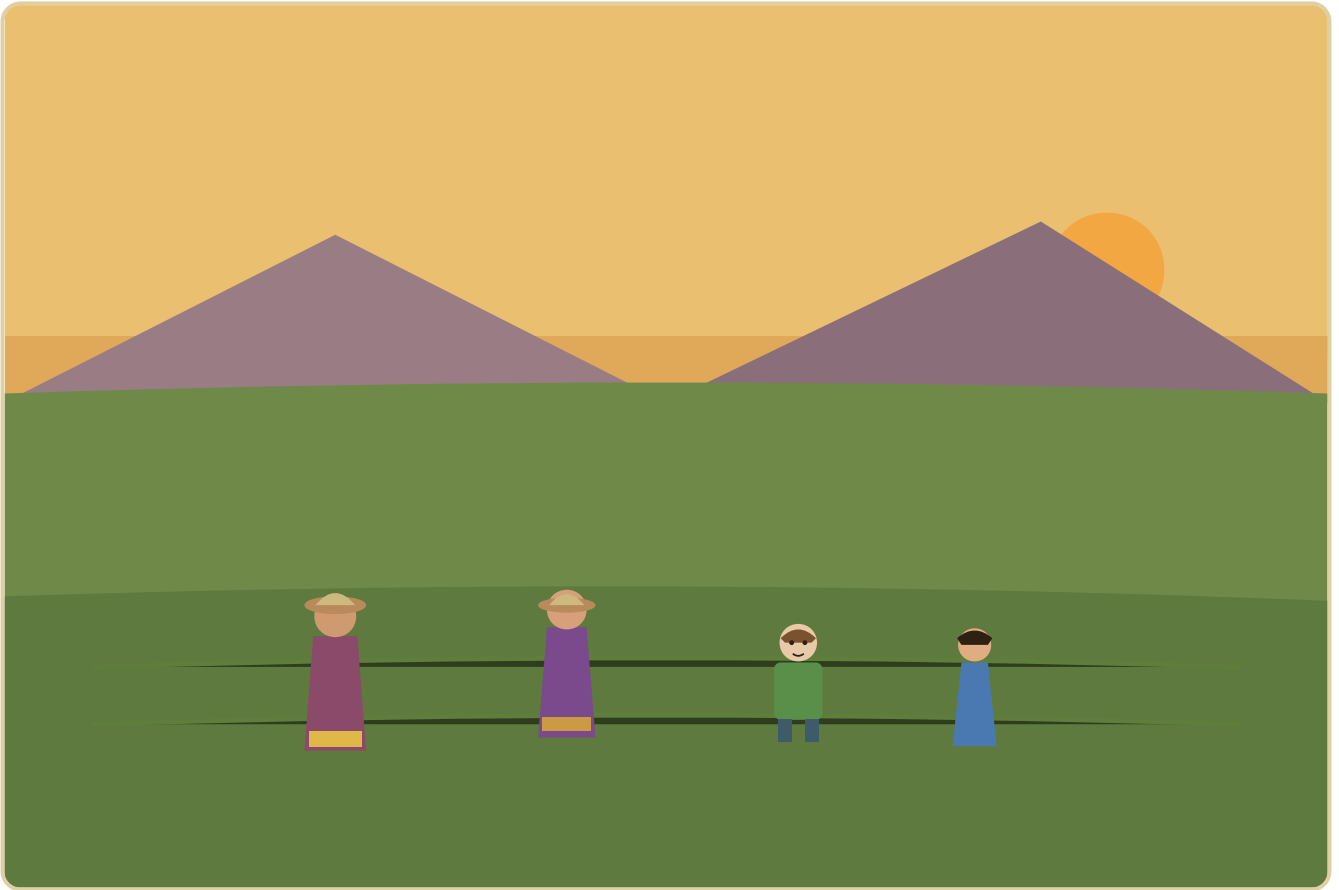
The night the quiet boy was asked what he thought — and answered

To belong is not to become loud, but to know your voice counts

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 1

For every child who listened a long time before they dared to speak

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



For two full seasons, Oliver had been the boy who *listened*. By the evening fire, while the valley told its stories, he sat quiet at the edge, soaking it all in.

He loved it there. But sometimes, deep down, a thought would rise in him — and he'd swallow it. *Who am I*, he wondered, *to say what I think?*

Siempre escucho. (SYEHM-preh ehs-KOO-choh)

I always listen.

a humble heart: **llanp'u sonqo.**



One night the abuelo finished a tale, and the fire crackled into silence. Then the old man turned — and looked straight at Oliver.

"Oliver," he said, **"siempre escuchas. Ahora dime: ¿qué piensas tú?"** — *you always listen. Now tell me: what do you think?* The whole circle turned to the boy at the edge.

¿Qué piensas tú? *(keh PYEHN-sahs too)*
What do you think?



Oliver's heart pounded. Every eye was kind, but every eye was *on him*.

"**¿Yo?**" he managed — *me?*

The abuelo nodded slowly. "**Habla sin miedo,**" he said — *speak without fear*. "**Aquí tienes voz.**" — *here you have a voice*.

Aquí tienes voz. (ah-KEE TYEH-nehs vohs)

Here you have a voice.

I have a voice: **kunkayoq kani.**



So Oliver took a breath, and let the thought rise instead of swallowing it.

"Creo que..." he began — *I think that...* — and his voice did not break.

"Para mí, lo más hermoso es la familia." — *for me, the most beautiful thing is family.* **"Me parece que aquí todos son familia."** — *it seems to me everyone here is family.*

Para mí, lo más hermoso es la familia. (PAH-rah mee)

For me, the most beautiful thing is family.



The abuelo's eyes shone. "**Eso es cierto,**" he said — *that is true*. Then, gently, he asked: "**¿Y cómo lo sabes?**" — *and how do you know it?*

Oliver thought about the valley's honest way of speaking — of marking *how* you know a thing. "**Lo vi con mis ojos,**" he said — *I saw it with my own eyes*. "**Lo sentí en el corazón.**" — *I felt it in my heart*.

Lo vi con mis ojos. (loh vee kohn mees OH-hohs)

I saw it with my own eyes.

I saw it, it's certain: the marker **-mi**.



Something in the circle shifted. Heads nodded. **"Tienes razón,"** said the abuelo — *you're right* — **"y tienes voz."** — *and you have a voice*.

For the first time, Oliver had spoken his own mind at the fire — and the valley had leaned in to hear it. He was no longer only listening. He was *part of the talk*.

Tienes razón, y tienes voz. (TYEH-nehs rrah-SOHN)
You're right, and you have a voice.



But Oliver had learned the deepest lesson of all. Having a voice was only half of it. He turned to the abuelo and did the valley's most beautiful thing.

"Gracias por escuchar," he said — *thank you for listening*. **"¿Y usted, abuelo, qué piensa?"** — *and you, grandfather, what do you think?* He offered his thought, and then he handed the voice back.

¿Y usted, qué piensa? (ee oos-TEHD keh PYEHN-sah)

And you, what do you think?

a good leader listens: **allin umalleq uyarin.**



The fire burned low, and the talk flowed on — Oliver's voice now woven into it, one thread among many, given and received.

He understood at last that belonging wasn't only about fitting in. It was about being someone the valley wanted to *hear*. He had found his voice — and used it the valley's way: humbly, honestly, and always leaving room for one more.

He spoke his mind — softly, honestly — and then asked, "¿Y tú?"

To belong is not to become the loudest voice. It is to know your voice counts, and to listen for the next one. Kunkayoq kani — I have a voice.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the night he found his voice

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Creo que... / Pienso que...	<i>I think that...</i>	Iñini
Me parece (que)...	<i>It seems to me (that)...</i>	—
Para mí / En mi opinión	<i>For me / In my opinion</i>	—
Aquí tienes voz	<i>Here you have a voice</i>	kunkayoq kani
Habla sin miedo	<i>Speak without fear</i>	—
Lo vi con mis ojos	<i>I saw it with my own eyes</i>	-mi
Es cierto	<i>It's true / certain</i>	—
Tienes razón	<i>You're right</i>	—
¿Y tú? ¿Qué piensas?	<i>And you? What do you think?</i>	—
Gracias por escuchar	<i>Thank you for listening</i>	allin umalleq uyarin

May you find your voice, and use it gently.

May you speak your truth, and listen for another's.

Kunkayoq kani, Oliver. You have a voice — welcome to Level 3.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 1 — companion to "Yo Creo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Question That Opened the Sky

La pregunta que abrió el cielo

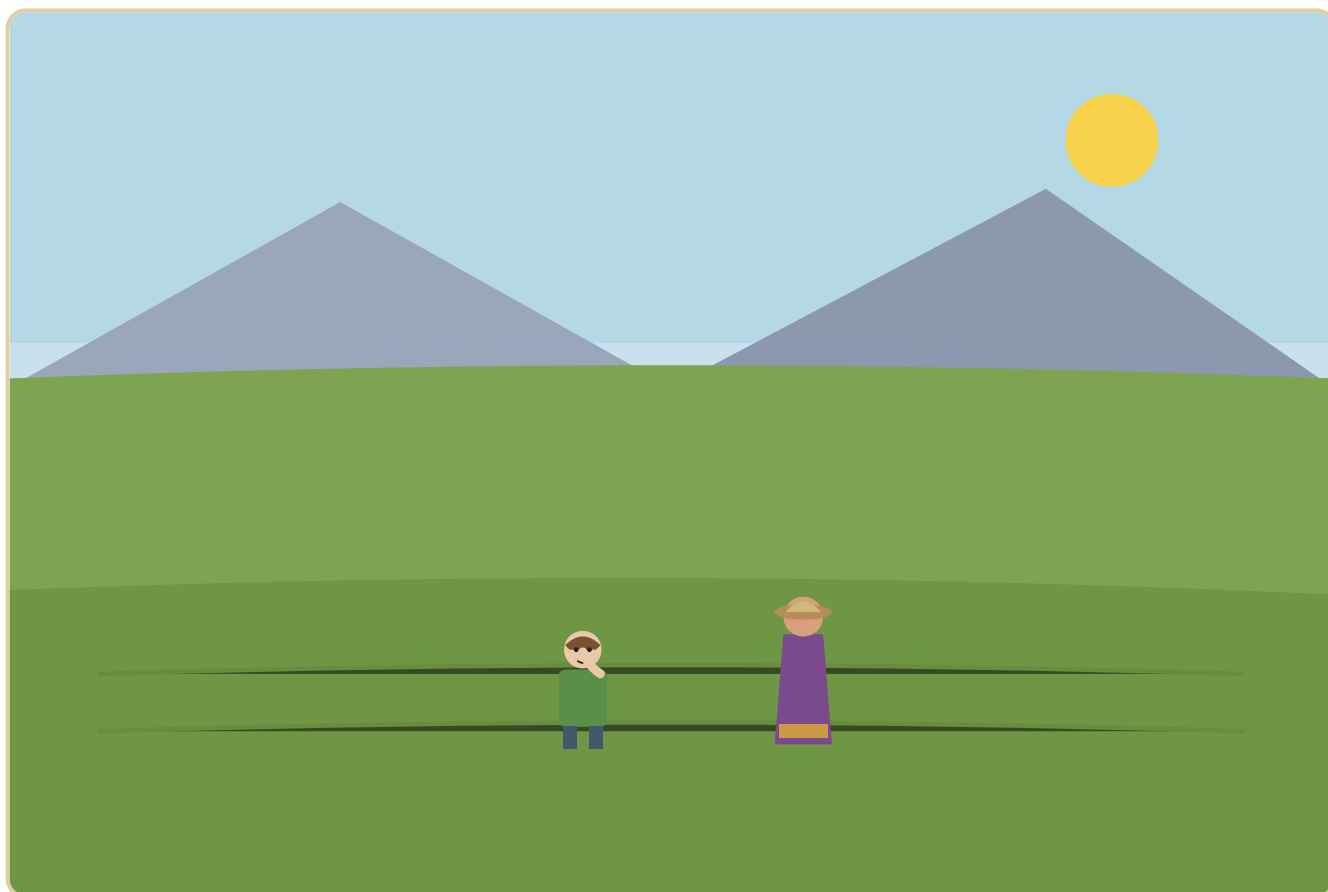
Oliver asks why the terraces curve — and the whole mountain explains itself

To ask why is not to doubt the valley, but to be handed its wisdom, alive

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 2

For every child brave enough to raise a hand and ask, "but why?"

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



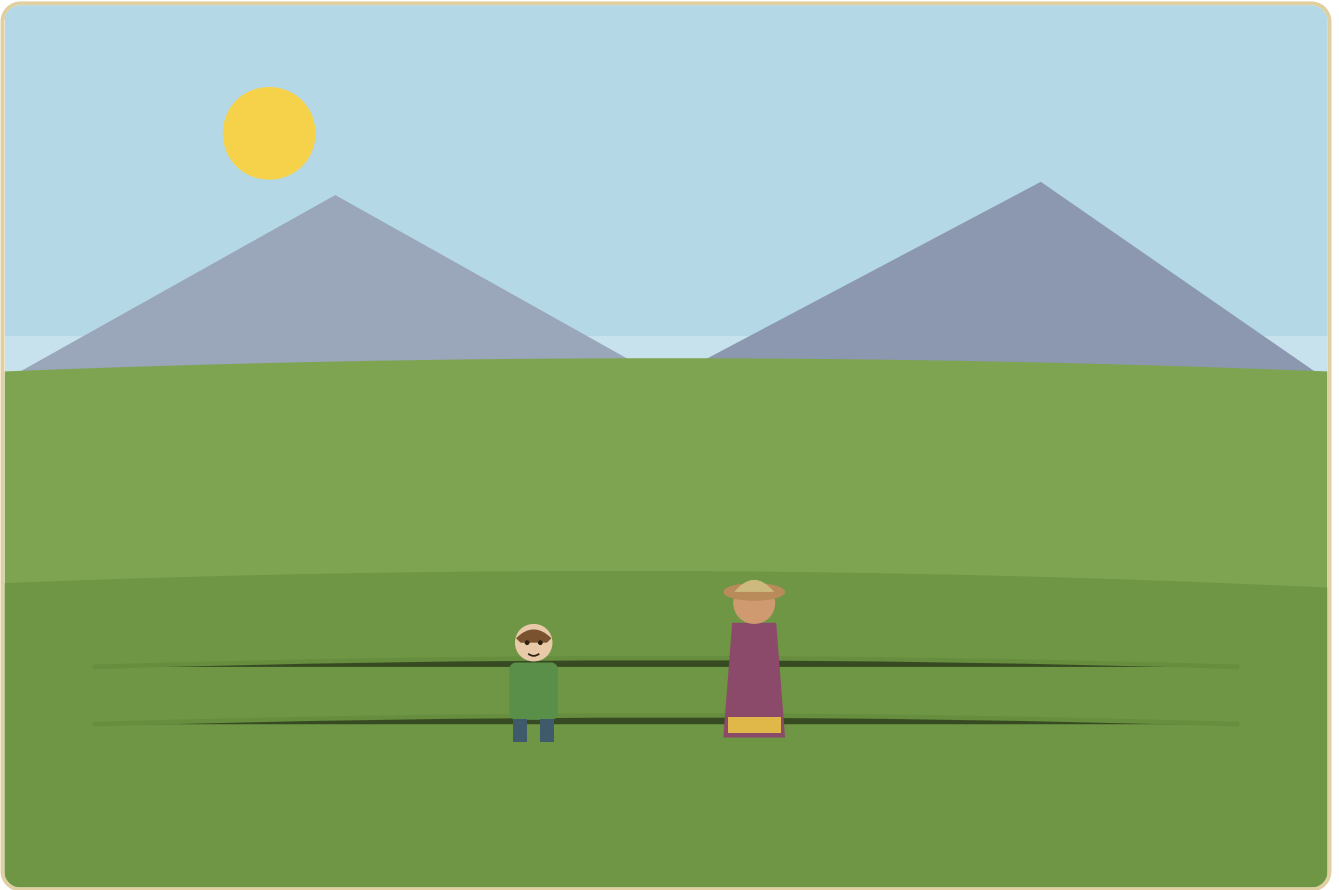
From the very first day, one question had lived in Oliver — one he'd never dared ask. Everywhere in the valley, the farming terraces curved across the mountainside like ribbons.

He had learned to walk them, plant them, weed them. But he never knew *why* they curved. And a question left unasked, he was learning, is a small door left shut.

Quiero saber. (KYEH-roh sah-BEHR)

I want to know.

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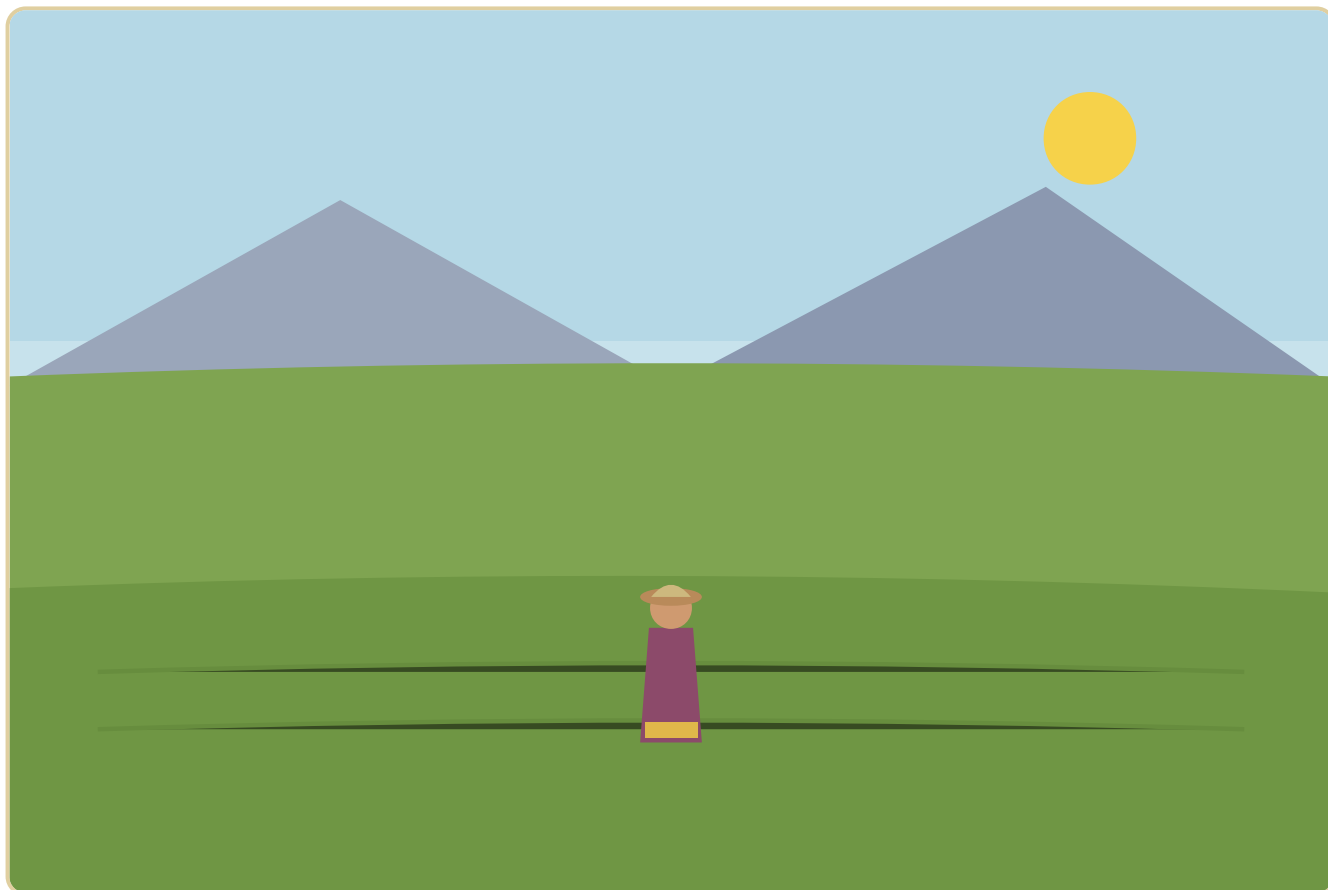
One clear morning, Oliver climbed to the high terraces beside the abuelo. The whole valley lay below them, green and curving.

He gathered his courage and asked. "**Abuelo, ¿por qué curvan las terrazas?**" — *grandfather, why do the terraces curve?* "**Quiero saber.**" — *I want to know.*

¿Por qué curvan las terrazas? (por KEH KOOR-vahn)

Why do the terraces curve?

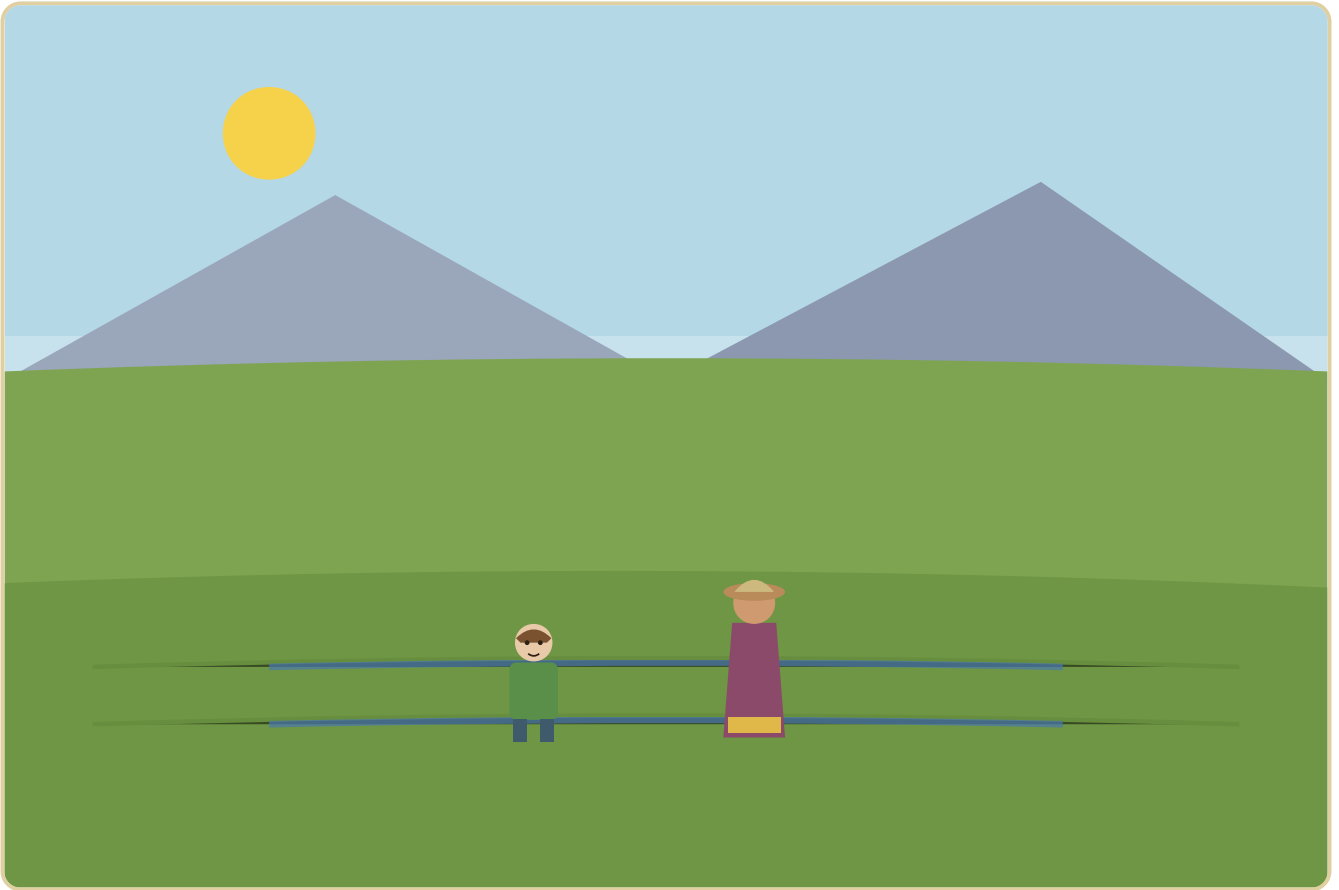
why? / for what reason?: **imarayku.**



The old man did not frown. He *smiled*. "**¡Buena pregunta!**" he said — *good question!* "**Quieres saber. Eso me gusta.**" — *you want to know. I like that.*

"A child who asks *why*," he said, "is a child who will carry the wisdom forward." And he knelt, and cupped a handful of dark earth.

Buena pregunta. Quieres saber. (BWEH-nah preh-GOON-tah)
Good question. You want to know.



"Curvan porque así el agua se queda," the abuelo said — *they curve because that way the water stays*. He traced the ribbons with a weathered finger.

"When the rain falls, a curved terrace holds it, like cupped hands. A straight one lets it run away." Oliver's eyes went wide. **"¡Ah! Entonces la razón es el agua."** — *ah! So the reason is the water*.

Curvan porque el agua se queda. (POR-keh ehl AH-gwah)

They curve because the water stays.



"And because the water stays," the abuelo went on, "the potato grows here, high on the mountain, where nothing else could."

"Por eso crece la papa aquí," Oliver said slowly — *that's why the potato grows here*. The reason clicked into place. **"¡Tiene sentido!"** — *it makes sense!*

Por eso crece la papa aquí. (por EH-soh KREH-seh)

That's why the potato grows here.

it makes sense: **allinmi kanman.**



The abuelo laid it out like stepping-stones across a stream. "**Primero llueve,**" he said — *first it rains*. "**Luego el agua se queda,**" — *then the water stays*. "**Entonces hay cosecha.**" — *so there's a harvest*.

Oliver followed each step, and for the first time the whole mountain made sense — not as a picture, but as a *reason*, unfolding.

Primero llueve, luego se queda, entonces hay cosecha.

(pree-MEH-roh YWEH-veh)

First it rains, then it stays, so there's a harvest.



"But who found this out?" Oliver asked. "Who discovered the reason?" The abuelo looked out over the terraces, gold in the falling sun.

"Los antepasados," he said — *the ancestors*. **"Ellos sabían. Todo aquí tiene una razón."** — *they knew. Everything here has a reason*. Every terrace was a thought, thousands of years old, still alive.

Los antepasados sabían. (*ahn-teh-pah-SAH-dohs*)

The ancestors knew.

the ancestors of old: **ñawpa runakuna.**



Oliver understood something larger than terraces then. **"Cuando entiendo el porqué,"** he said, **"entiendo el valle."** — *when I understand the why, I understand the valley.*

The abuelo put a hand on his shoulder. **"Ahora piensas como nosotros,"** he said — *now you think like us.* **"Te entiendo, y tú me entiendes."** — *I understand you, and you understand me.* A single question had opened the whole sky.

He asked "why," and the valley handed him its wisdom, alive.

To ask why is not to doubt a place. It is to understand it from the inside — and to belong to its knowing. Imarayku? Everything has a reason.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day the mountain explained itself

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
¿Por qué...?	Why...?	Imarayku
Quiero saber	I want to know	—
Buena pregunta	Good question	—
porque...	because...	—
la razón / el agua se queda	the reason / the water stays	—
Por eso crece la papa	That's why the potato grows	—
Tiene sentido	It makes sense	allinmi kanman
primero... luego... entonces...	first... then... so...	—
Los antepasados sabían	The ancestors knew	ñawpa runakuna
Te entiendo	I understand you	Taripayki

May you always be brave enough to ask why.

May the valley always be glad to tell you.

Imarayku, Oliver — one question, and the whole sky opened.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 2 — companion to "¿Por Qué?" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Two Ways to See a River

Dos maneras de ver un río

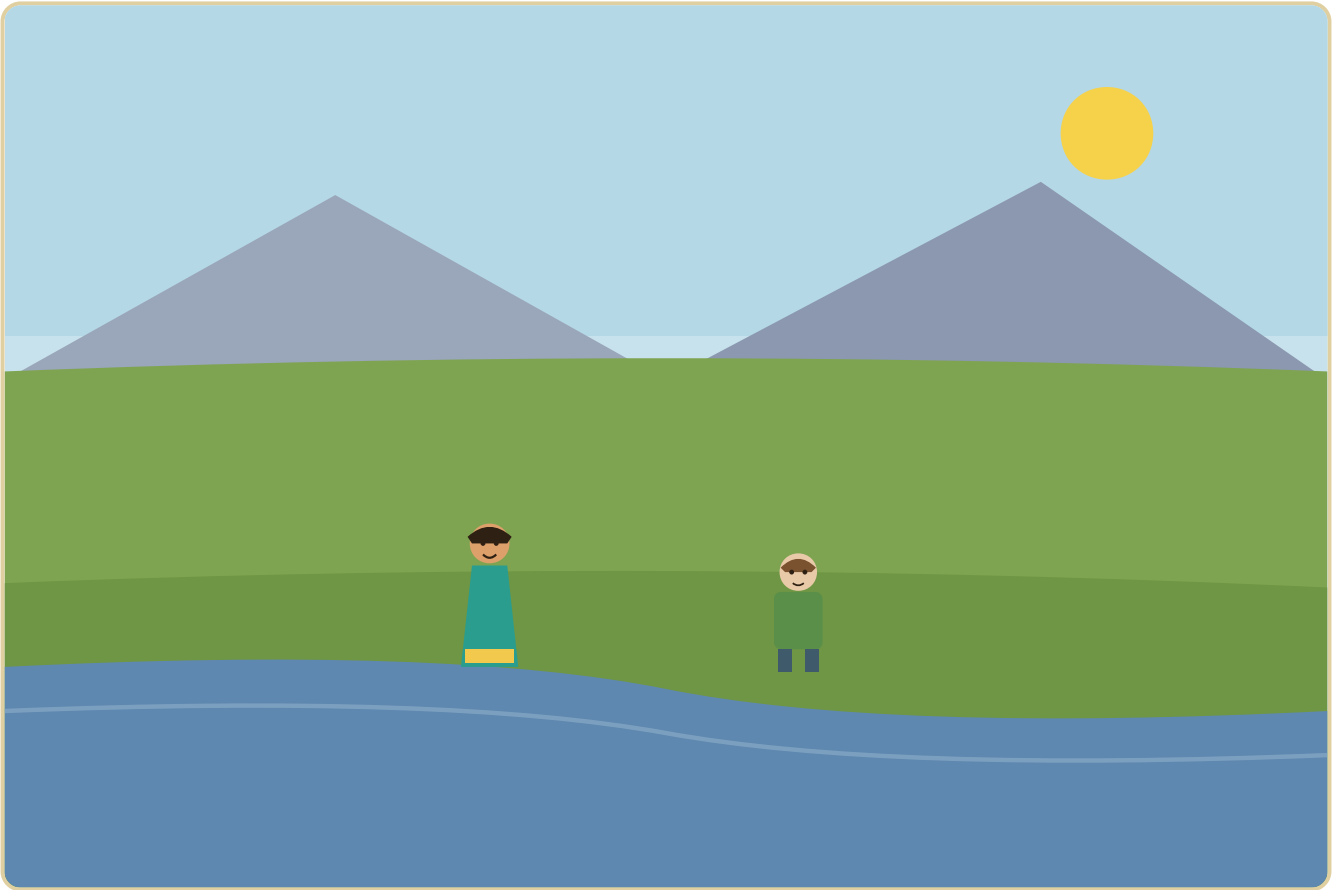
Oliver and Illa see the same river two different ways — and both are right

A difference held gently makes a friendship stronger, not weaker

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 3

For every pair of friends who learned that "different" never means "apart"

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley

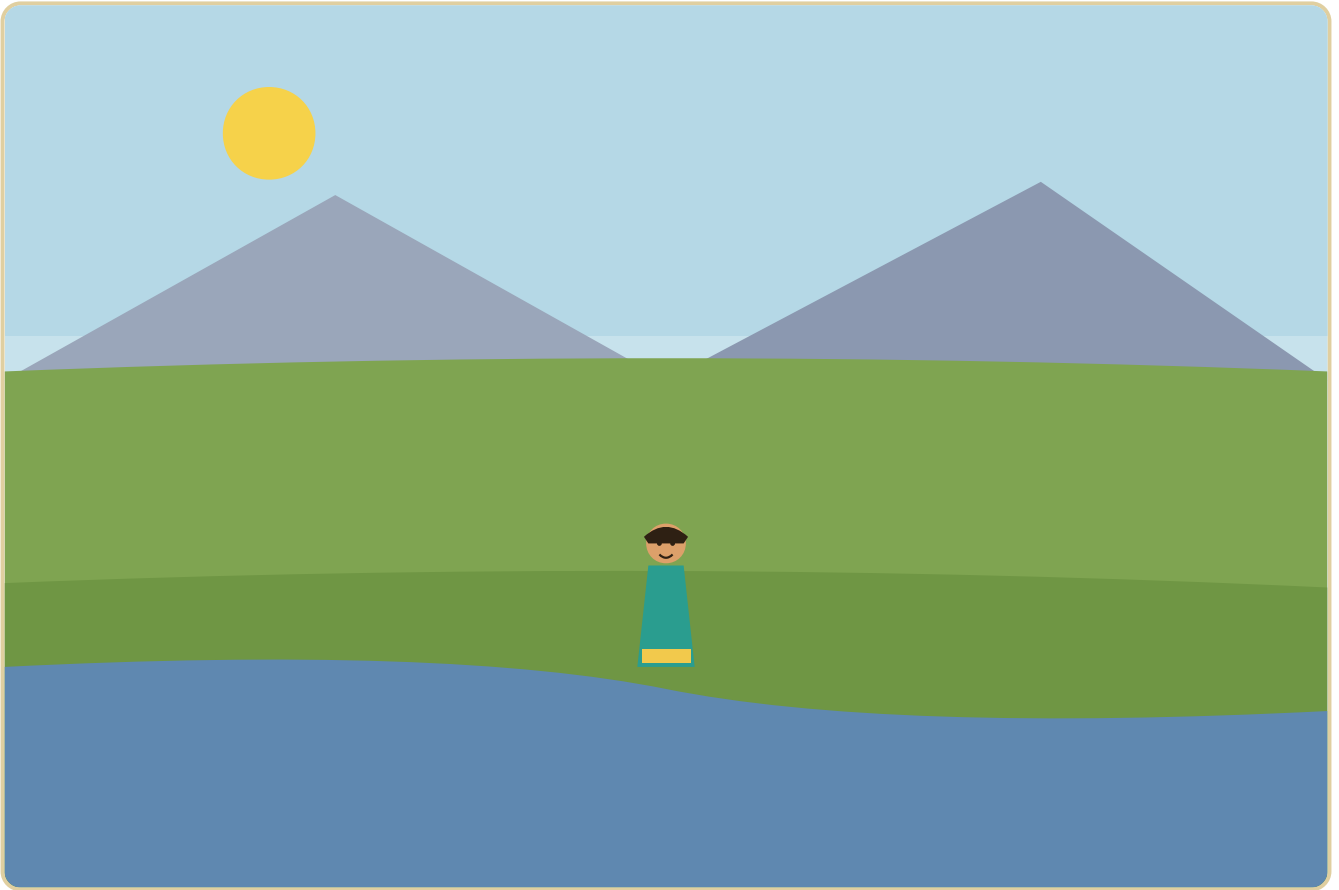


One bright afternoon, Oliver and Illa sat together on the bank of the valley's great river. The water rushed past, silver and loud and fast.

For a long while they just watched it. Then Illa spoke — and to Oliver's surprise, she said something he did not feel at all.

Miramos el río. *(mee-RAH-mohs ehl REE-oh)*
We watch the river.

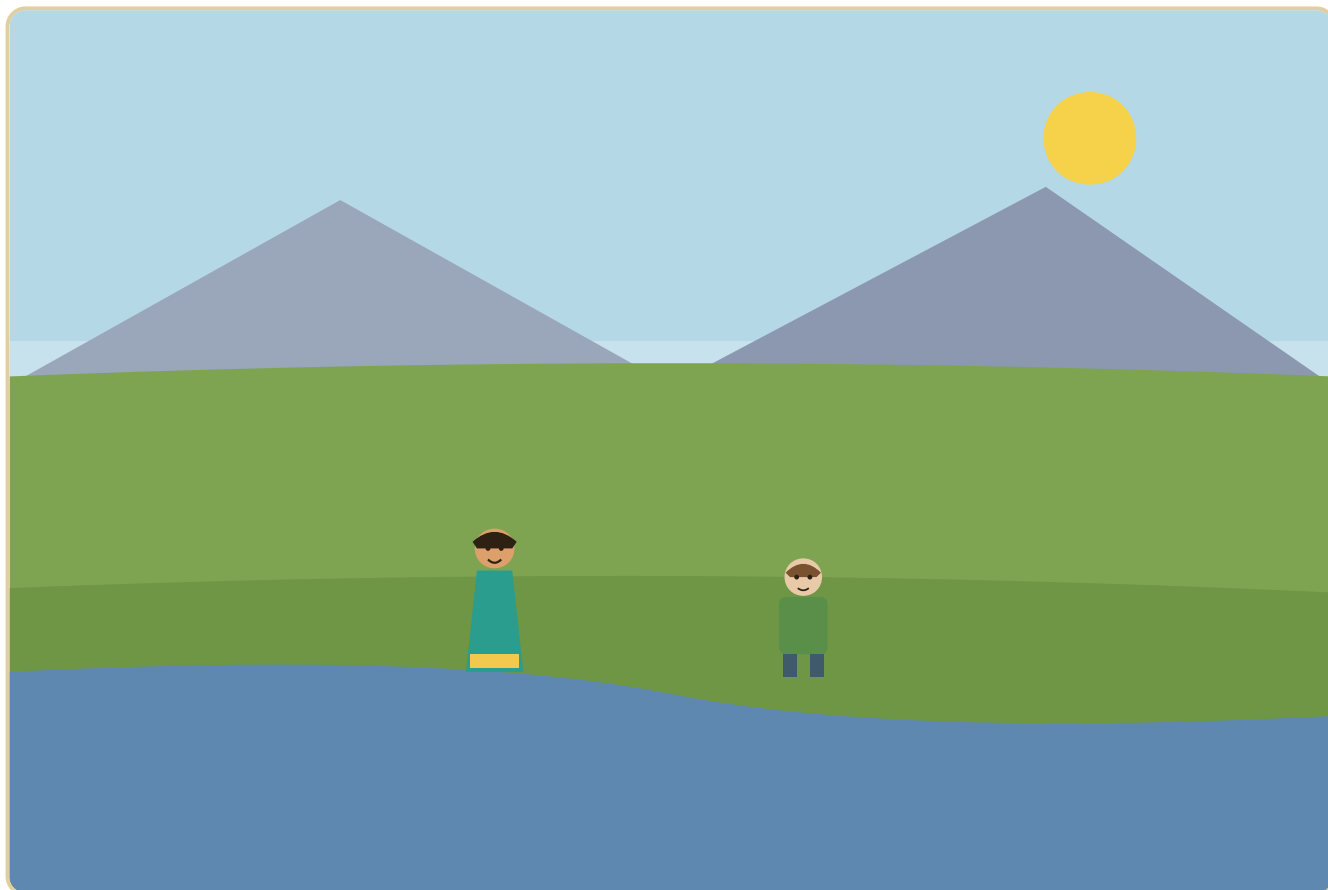
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"El río me da miedo," Illa said quietly — *the river frightens me*. **"Es peligroso."** — *it's dangerous*.

She had grown up hearing of the river's floods, its cold, its pull. To her, it was a thing to fear. **"¿Estás de acuerdo?"** she asked — *do you agree?*

El río es peligroso. Da miedo. *(ehs peh-lee-GROH-soh)*
The river is dangerous. It's frightening.



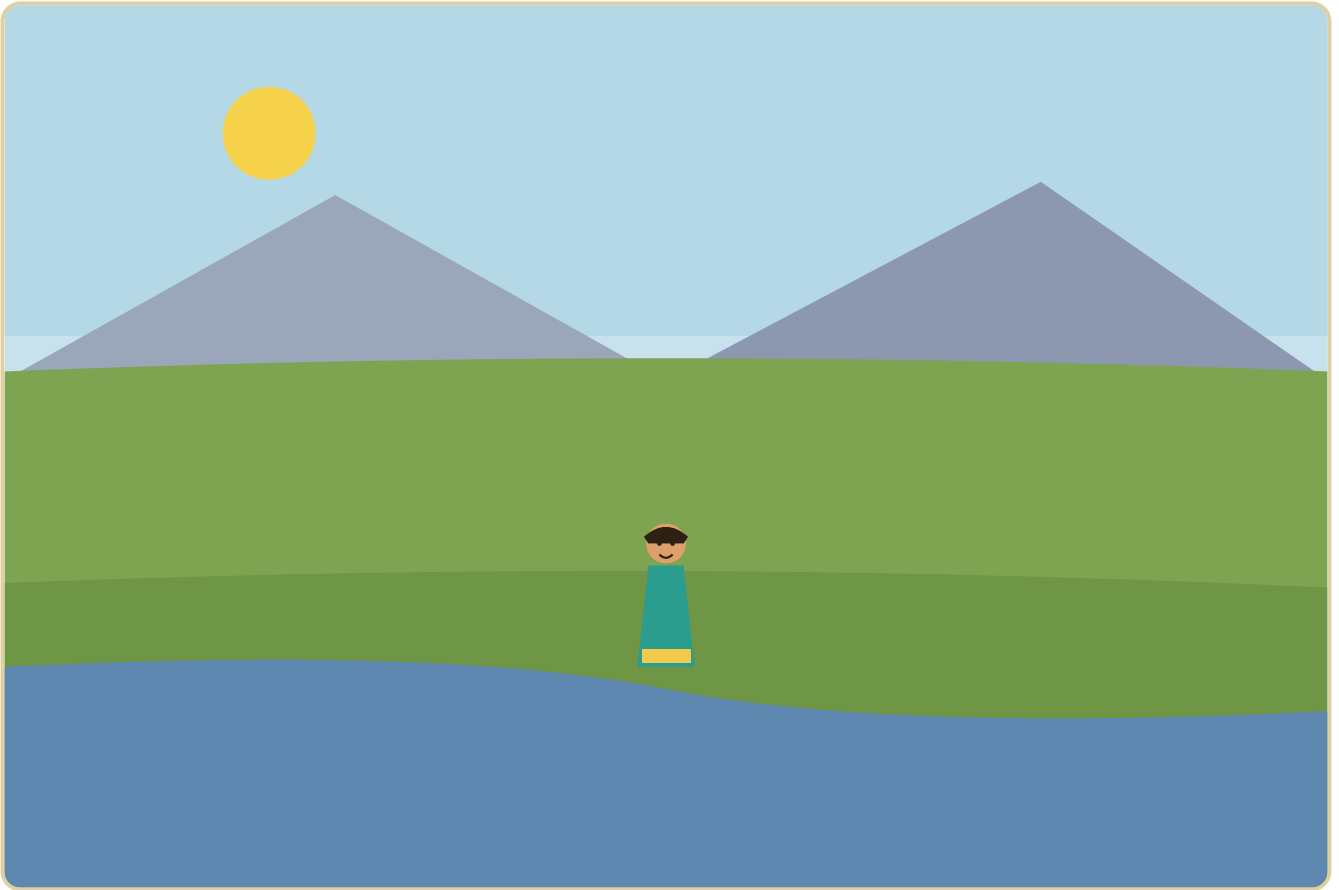
Oliver's heart said the opposite. To him, raised far from any river, the water was *beautiful* — calm and shining and alive. But he did not want to fight, or tell Illa she was wrong.

So he chose the valley's gentle way. "**No estoy de acuerdo,**" he said softly — *I disagree* — "**pero te respeto. Yo lo veo diferente.**" — *but I respect you. I see it differently.*

Lo veo diferente, pero te respeto. (loh VEH-oh dee-feh-REHN-teh)

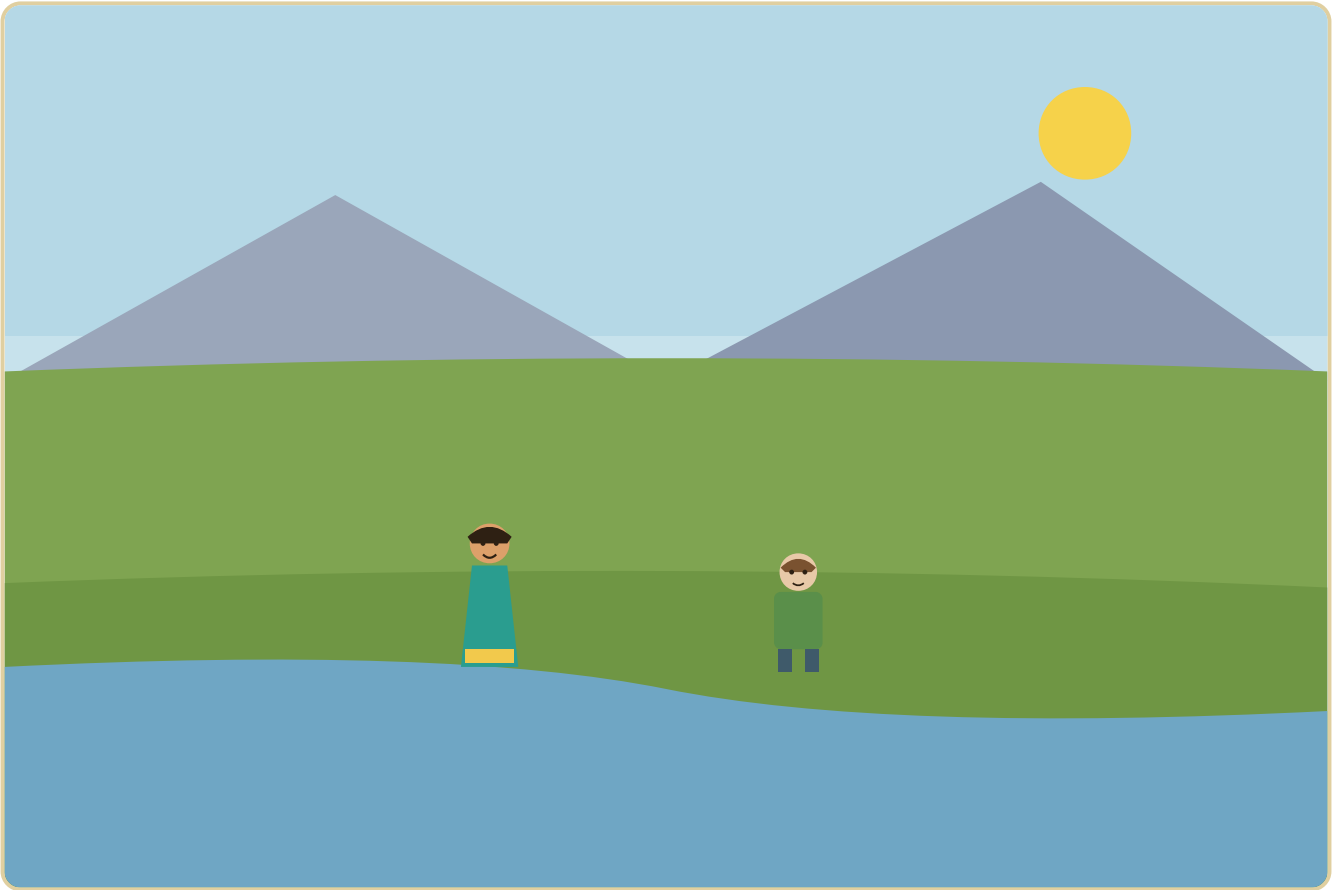
I see it differently, but I respect you.

I see it another way: **huk hinata rikuni.**



Illa didn't bristle. She leaned in, curious. "**¿De veras?**" she asked — *really?* "**Cuéntame más. ¿Cómo lo ves tú?**" — *tell me more. How do you see it?* That was the valley in her: a different view was not an attack to defend against, but a window to look through.

Cuéntame más. ¿Cómo lo ves? (KWEHN-tah-meh mahs)
Tell me more. How do you see it?

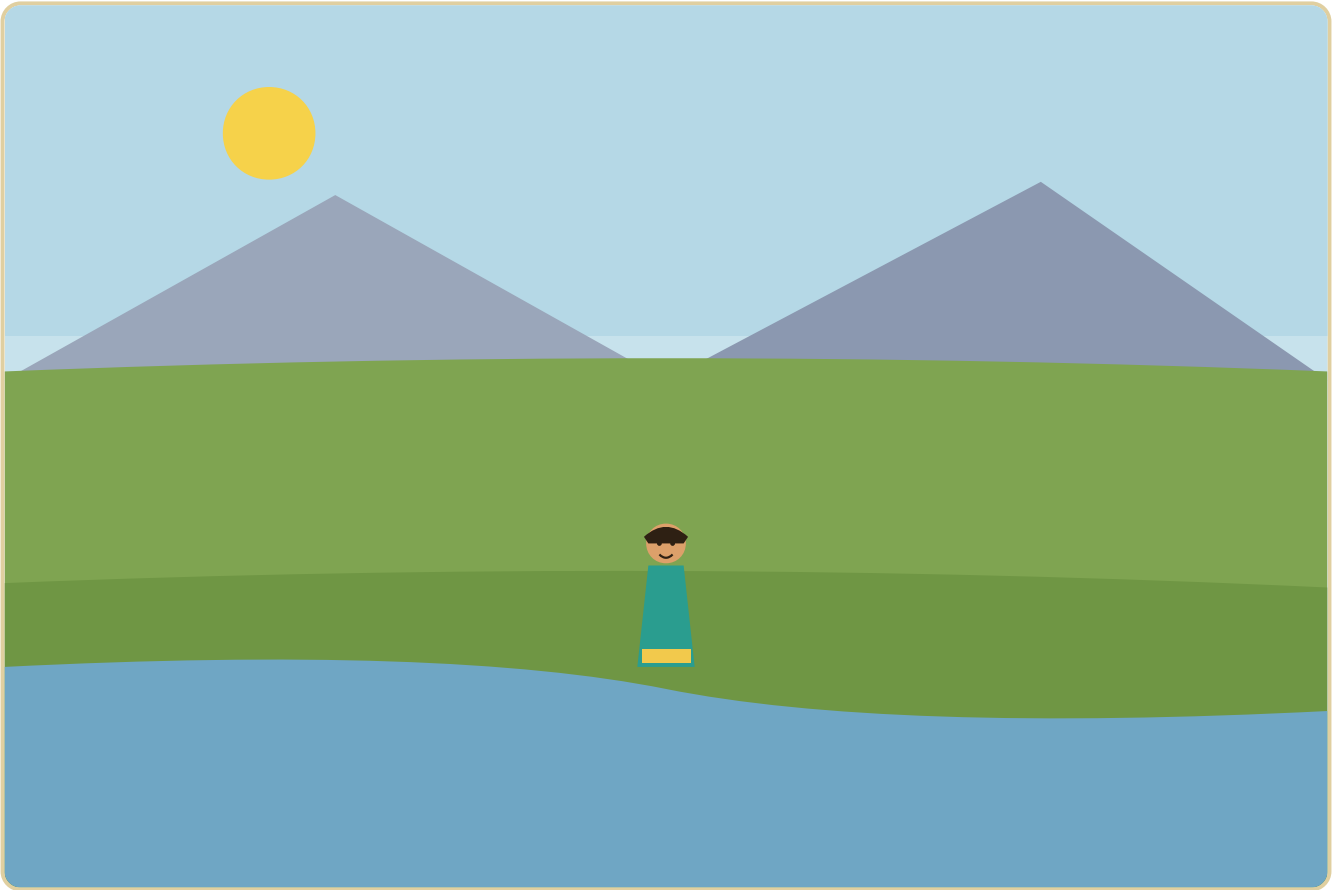


"Desde aquí es hermoso," Oliver said — *from here it's beautiful*. "Where I come from, there was no river like this. To me it's not fear — it's wonder."

"Me da calma, no miedo." — *it gives me calm, not fear*.

Illa was quiet a moment, seeing the river now through two sets of eyes — her own, and her friend's.

Desde aquí es hermoso. Me da calma. (DEHS-deh ah-KEE)
From here it's beautiful. It gives me calm.



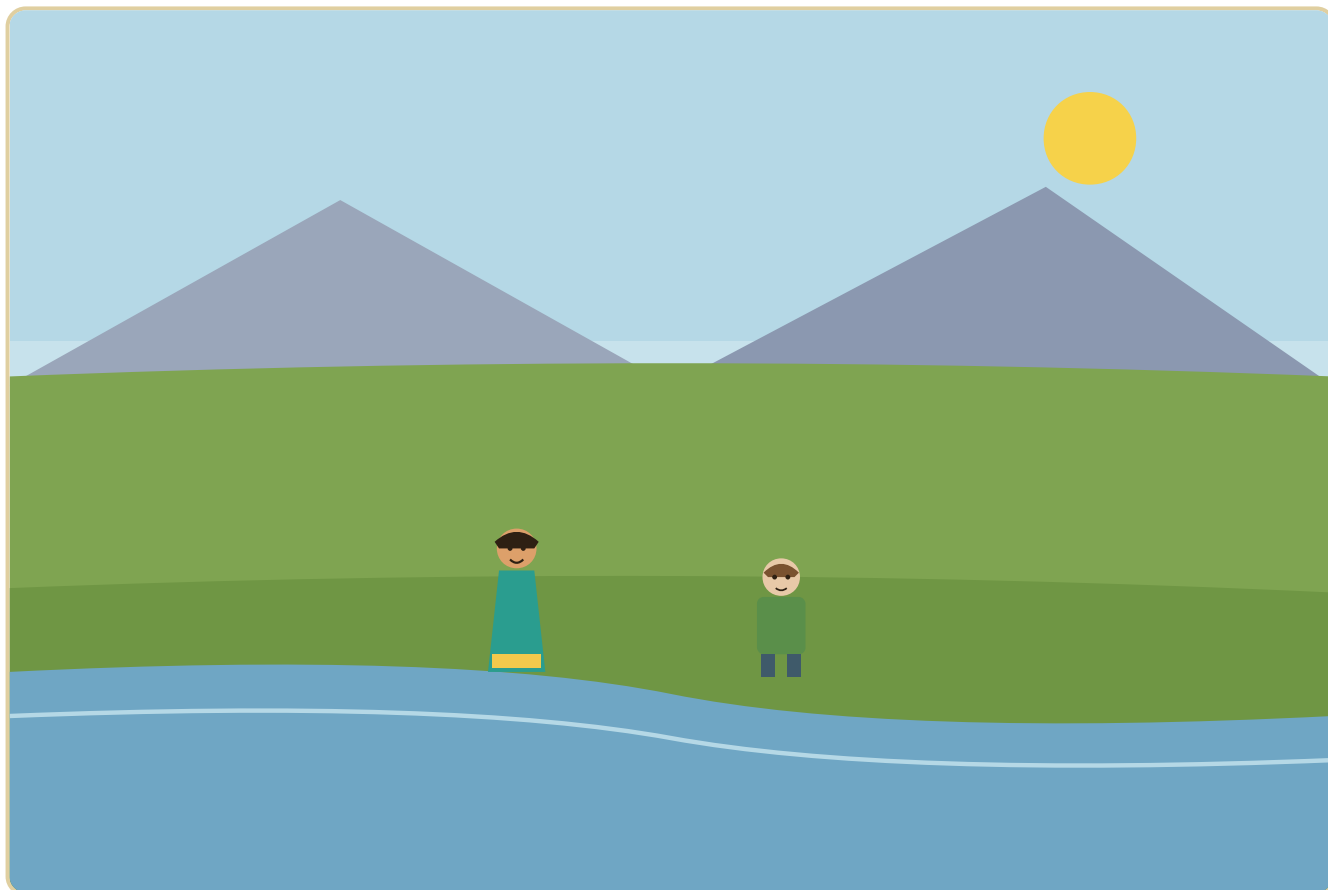
"Peligroso y hermoso a la vez," Illa said slowly — *dangerous and beautiful at once*. She smiled. **"Quizás los dos tenemos razón."** — *maybe we're both right*.

The river hadn't changed. But now each of them could see the half the other had held. **"Diferente, no mejor,"** Oliver said — *different, not better*.

Quizás los dos tenemos razón. (lohs dohs teh-NEH-mohs)

Maybe we're both right.

different, not better: **huk niray, mana aswan.**



"Two eyes see more than one," Illa said. She had feared the river; he had loved it; and neither had seen it whole until they set their two views side by side.

"Buscamos juntos, y vemos todo el río," she said — *we seek together, and we see the whole river*. The disagreement hadn't split them. It had shown them more.

Buscamos juntos y vemos todo el río. (boos-KAH-mohs HOON-tohs)

We seek together and see the whole river.

two heads, one heart: **iskay uma, huk sonqo.**



The sun sank, gilding the water gold. Two friends sat side by side — one who had feared the river, one who had loved it, both a little wiser now.

"Dos cabezas, un corazón," Oliver said — *two heads, one heart*. **"Somos diferentes, y somos amigos."** — *we're different, and we're friends*. He had learned the valley's rarest art: to hold a difference so gently it drew two people closer instead of apart.

They saw it differently — and stayed friends because of it.

A difference is not a wall. Two true views of one river make the whole river. Huk hinata rikuni — I see it another way, and both of us are richer.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day two views made one whole river

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Estoy de acuerdo (contigo)	<i>I agree (with you)</i>	Arí nini
No estoy de acuerdo, pero te respeto	<i>I disagree, but I respect you</i>	—
Cuéntame más	<i>Tell me more</i>	—
Lo veo diferente	<i>I see it differently</i>	Huk hinata rikuni
Desde aquí...	<i>From here / from where I stand...</i>	—
Los dos tenemos razón	<i>We're both right</i>	—
Diferente, no mejor	<i>Different, not better</i>	Huk niray, mana aswan
respetar	<i>to respect</i>	—
Buscar juntos	<i>To seek together</i>	—
Dos cabezas, un corazón	<i>Two heads, one heart</i>	iskay uma, huk sonqo

May you hold your truth and your friend, both at once.

May every difference make you richer, not apart.

Huk hinata rikuni — two ways to see one river, and both are true.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 3 — companion to "Estoy de Acuerdo" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Two Baskets

Las dos canastas

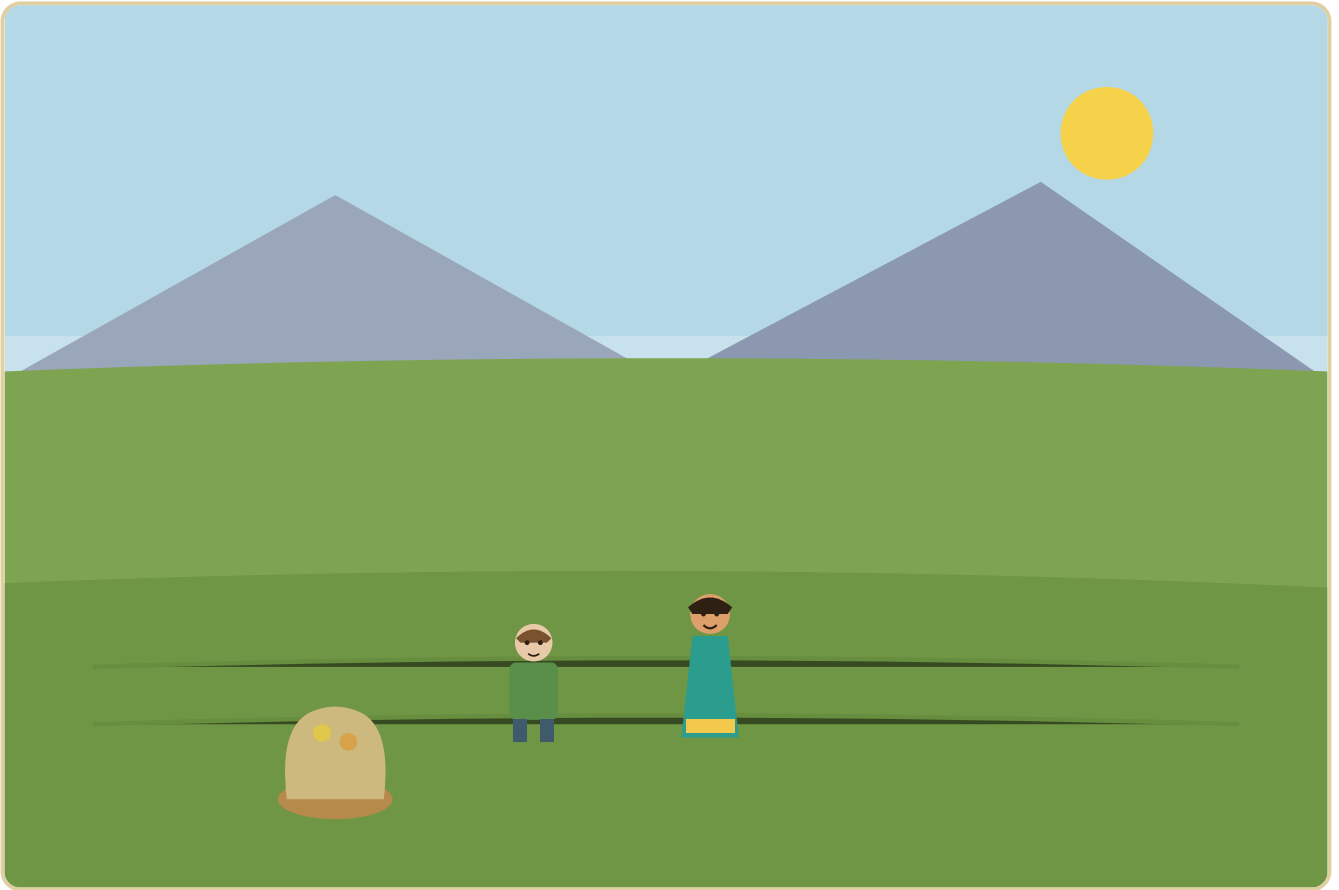
Oliver and Illa fill two baskets from their two worlds — and both grow richer

Compare to cherish, never to rank — different, not better

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 4

For every child who carries the best of two worlds, and chooses neither

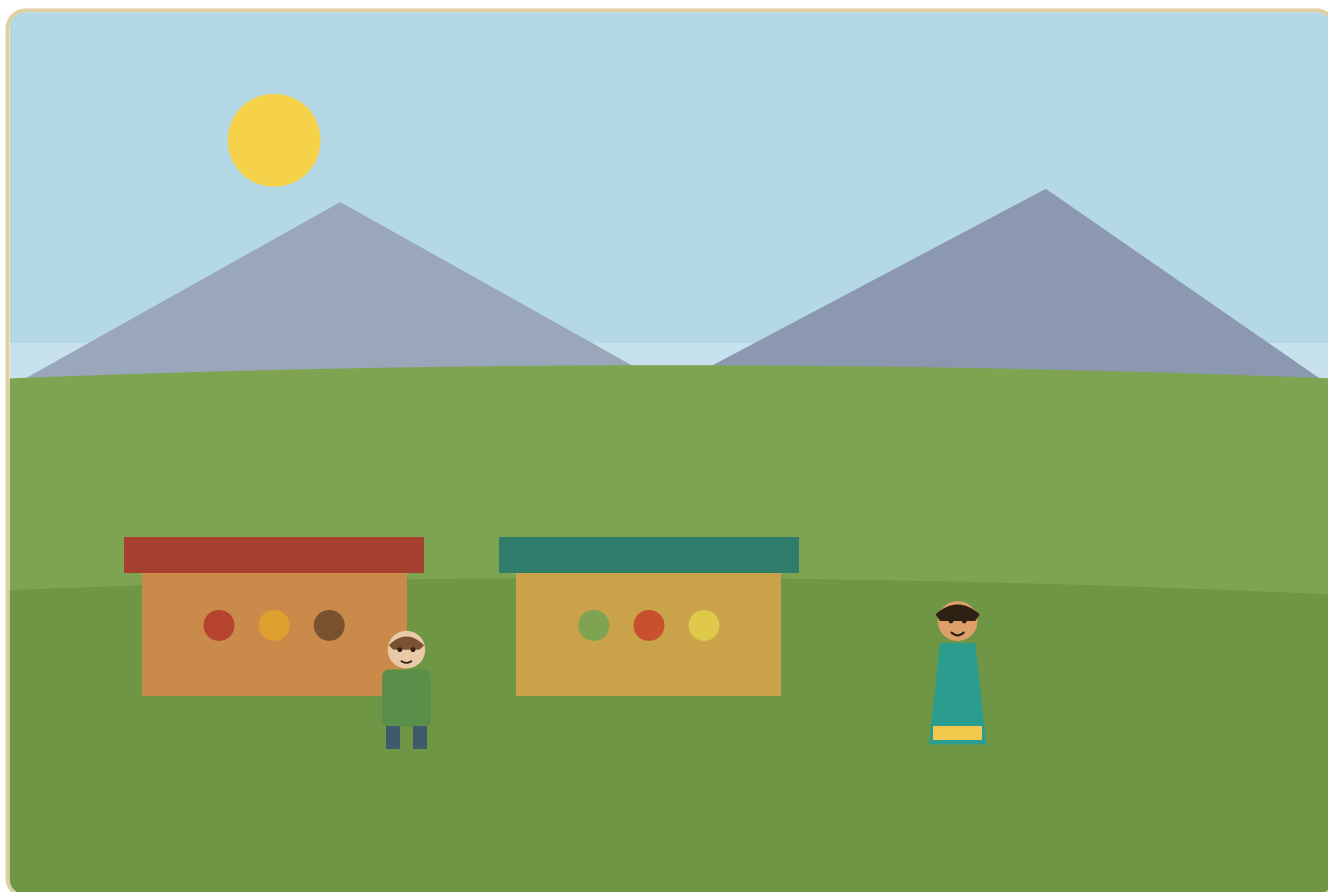
Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



One market morning, Illa had an idea. "Let's each fill a basket," she said, "with things from our worlds — and set them side by side."

Oliver loved it. His world lay far across the sea; hers was the valley all around them. Two baskets, two worlds, one bright morning to compare them.

Dos mundos, dos canastas. *(dohs MOON-dohs)*
Two worlds, two baskets.



Illa asked first. "**¿Cómo es tu ciudad? ¿Cuál es más grande?**" — *what's your city like? Which is bigger?*

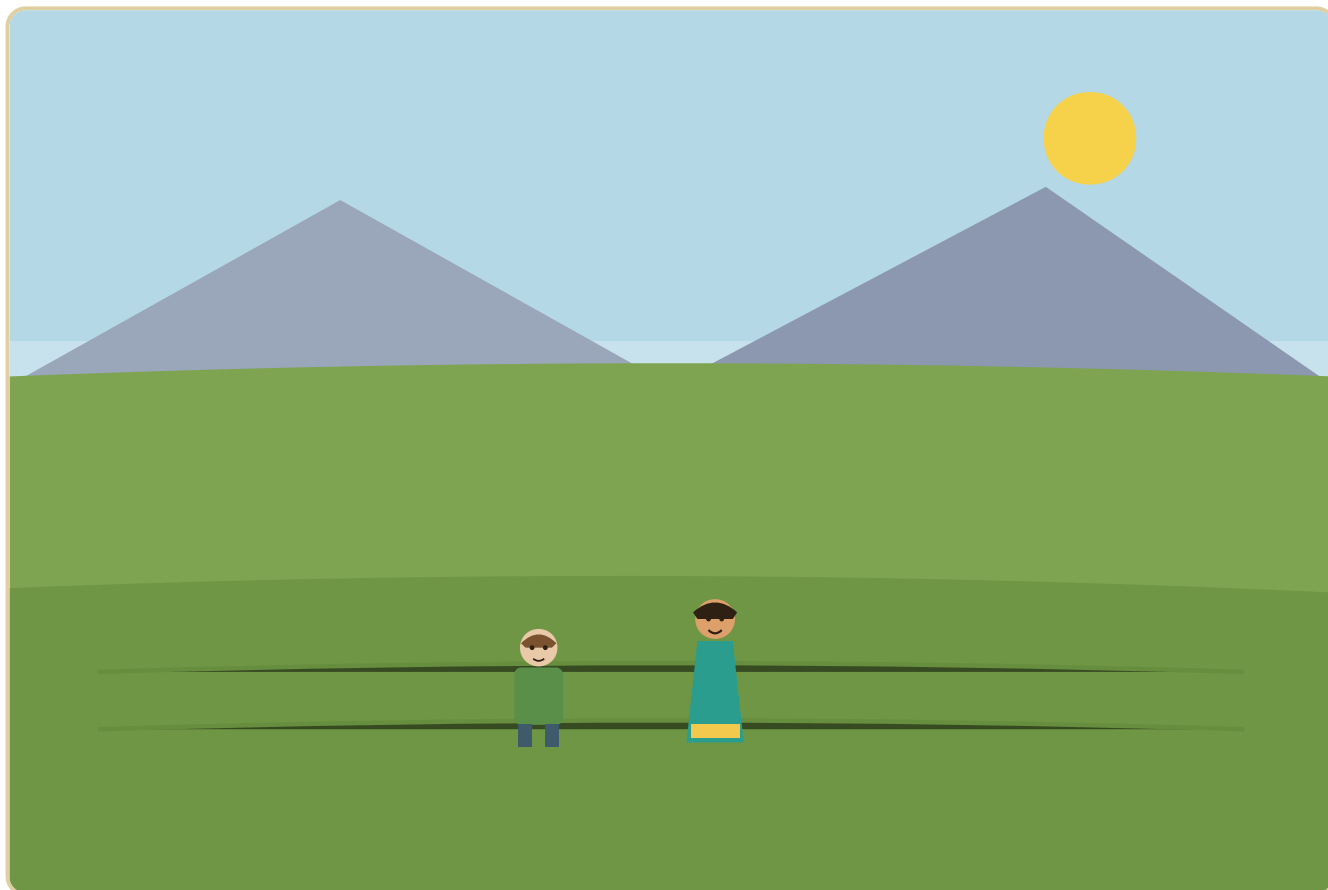
Oliver thought of home — the towers, the crowds, the endless streets. "**La ciudad es más grande que el valle,**" he said — *the city is bigger than the valley*. "But..." — and here he paused — "**el valle es más tranquilo.**" — *the valley is more peaceful*.

La ciudad es más grande, pero el valle es más tranquilo.

(mahs GRAHN-deh... mahs trahn-KEE-loh)

The city is bigger, but the valley is more peaceful.

to compare by examples: **rikch'anachiy**.



"In my city," Oliver went on, "there is **más ruido, más prisa, más gente.**" — *more noise, more hurry, more people.* "Here there is **menos.**" — *less.* Illa nodded, thinking of her grandmother's saying. "**Menos prisa es más vida,**" she said — *less hurry is more life.* What his city counted as "less," the valley counted as treasure.

Aquí hay menos ruido y menos prisa. (MEH-nohs RROO-ee-doh)
Here there's less noise and less hurry.

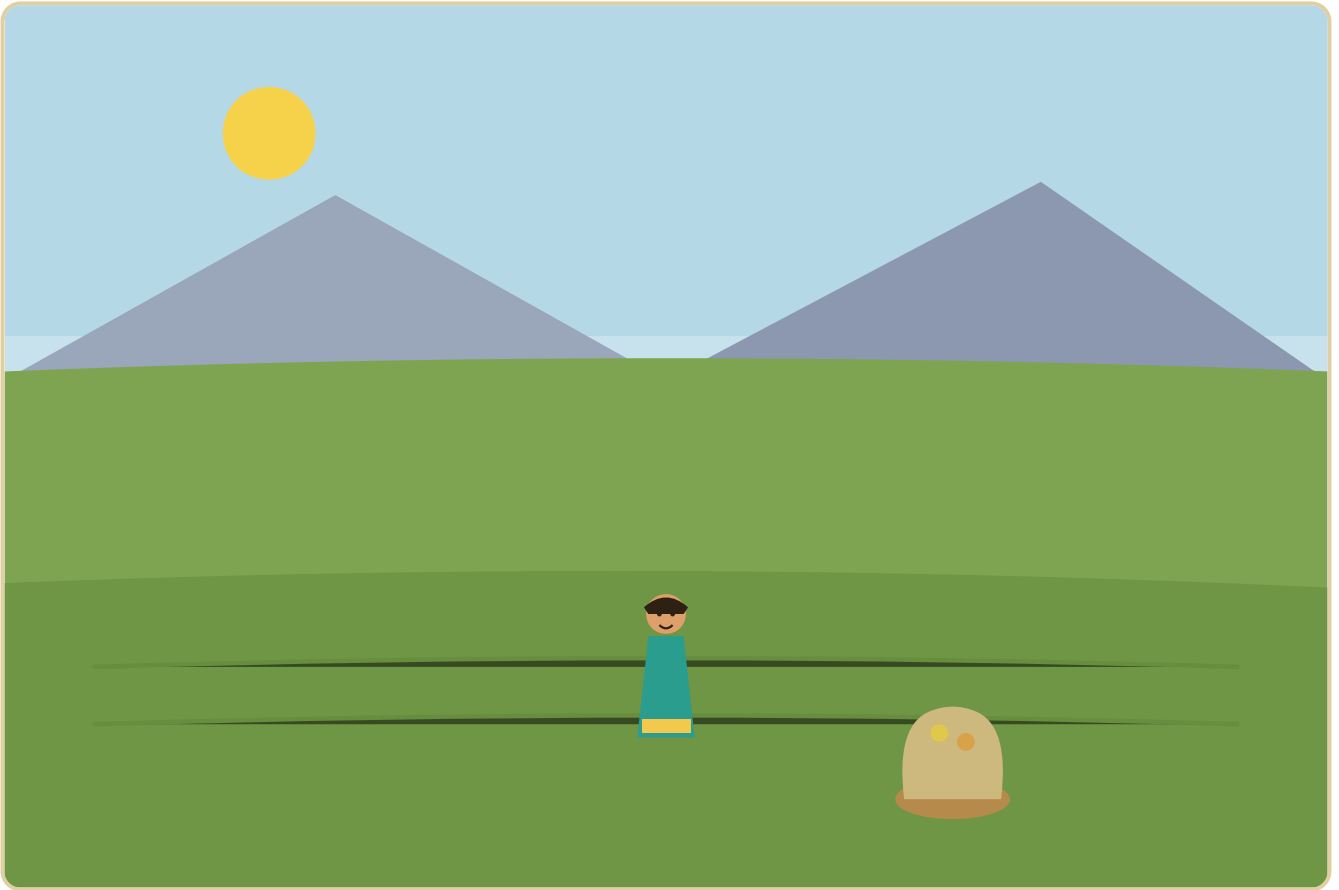


Night came, and the great river of stars spilled overhead. Illa looked up. "**¿El cielo de tu tierra es como el nuestro?**" — *is the sky of your land like ours?*

Oliver looked up too, and his heart filled. "**Las estrellas allá son tan hermosas como aquí,**" he said softly — *the stars there are as beautiful as here*. "**Igual.**" — *the same*. Some things, it turned out, needed no comparing at all.

Las estrellas son tan hermosas como aquí. (tahn ehr-MOH-sahs KOH-moh)

The stars are as beautiful as here.



"So our worlds are **parecidos y diferentes a la vez,**" Oliver said — *similar and different at the same time*. They shared the sky, and yet each was its own.

"**Compartimos el cielo,**" Illa agreed, "**pero cada mundo es único.**" — *we share the sky, but each world is unique*. Both truths, held at once.

Parecidos y diferentes a la vez. (pah-reh-SEE-dohs)
Similar and different at the same time.



Then Illa asked the question that could have spoiled it all. "**¿Cuál mundo es mejor?**" — *which world is better?* — "yours, or the valley?"

Oliver shook his head, smiling. "**Ninguno,**" he said — *neither*. "**No es una competencia. Cada uno tiene su don.**" — *it's not a contest. Each has its gift*. "**Valoro los dos.**" — *I cherish both*.

No es una competencia. Cada uno tiene su don. *(noh ehs OO-nah kohm-peh-TEHN-syah)*

It's not a contest. Each has its gift.
different, not better: **huk niray, mana aswan.**



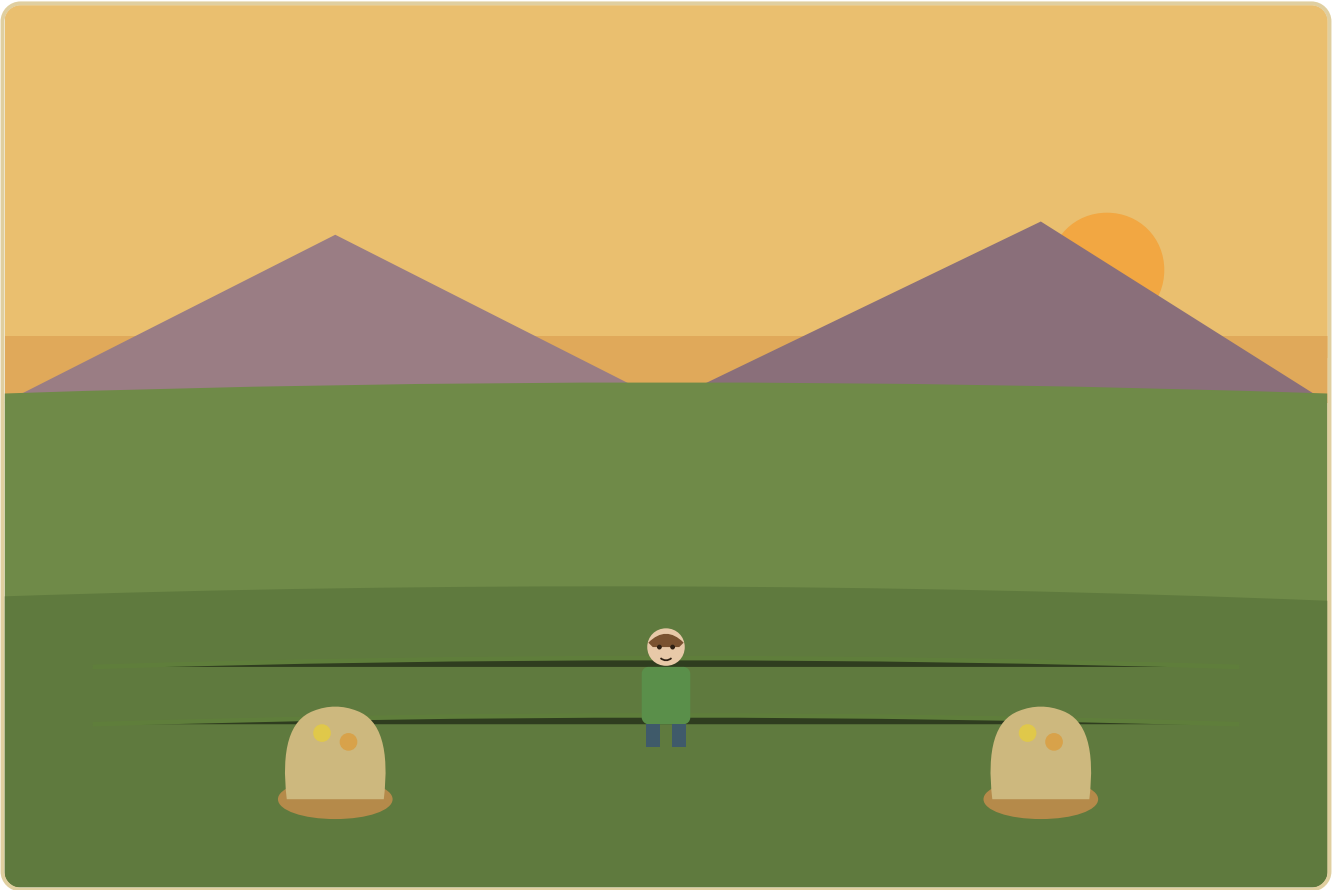
Illa's eyes lit up. "Then it's like **ayni**," she said — the valley's sacred trade, where neighbors give to each other and both grow.

"Es el ayni de las culturas," — *it's the ayni of cultures.* "Your world gives to mine, mine gives to yours." **"Los dos mundos se enriquecen."** — *the two worlds enrich each other.*

Es el ayni de las culturas. (EYE-nee deh lahs kool-TOO-rahs)

It's the ayni of cultures.

the reciprocity of cultures: **yachaytarpukunap ayninin.**



Two baskets sat side by side in the golden light — one from far away, one from the valley — and neither had emptied the other. Both were fuller for the sharing.

Oliver understood the quiet privilege of his life between two worlds. He didn't have to choose one and lose the other. **"Llevo lo mejor de los dos,"** he said — *I carry the best of both*. **"Juntos crecemos."** — *together we grow*.

Two worlds, compared with open hands — and both grew richer.

To compare is not to crown a winner. It is to cherish what each world carries, and let them give to each other. Yachaytarpukunap ayninin — the ayni of cultures.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day two worlds sat side by side

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
más... que	more... than	—
menos... que	less... than	—
tan... como	as... as	—
igual / parecido	equal / similar	—
Menos prisa es más vida	Less hurry is more life	—
Cada mundo es único	Each world is unique	—
No es una competencia	It's not a contest	huk niray, mana aswan
Cada uno tiene su don	Each has its gift	—
El ayni de las culturas	The ayni of cultures	yachaytarpukunap ayninin
Lo mejor de los dos	The best of both	—

May you compare only to cherish, never to rank.

May your two worlds always give to each other.

Yachaytarpukunap ayninin — two baskets, two worlds, and both grew fuller.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 4 — companion to "Más y Menos" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Neighbor's Roof

El techo del vecino

A storm is coming, a roof won't hold — and Oliver doesn't wait to be asked

To belong is not to live somewhere, but to show up for the people there

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 5

For every pair of hands that showed up uninvited, and found they'd come home

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley

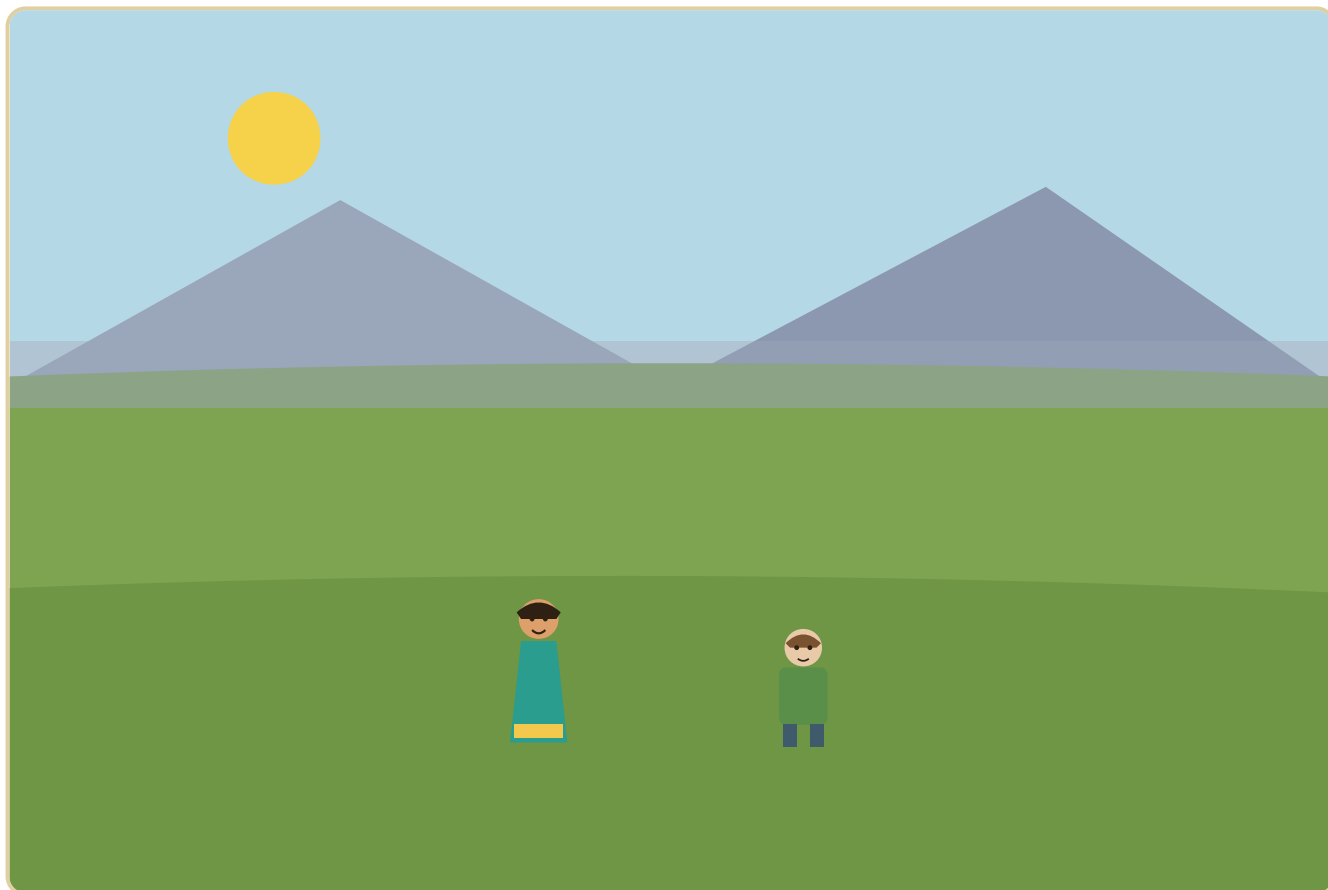


Grey clouds were piling over the mountains — the first storm of the season, coming fast. And at the edge of the village, one family's roof sagged, old and broken, sure to fail in the rain.

Illa saw it first. Her face went tight with worry. "**¡La tormenta viene!**" she cried — *the storm is coming!* "**El techo del vecino no aguanta.**" — *the neighbor's roof won't hold.*

La tormenta viene. (lah tor-MEHN-tah VYEH-neh)

The storm is coming.



Oliver didn't hesitate. Something in him had changed over the seasons.

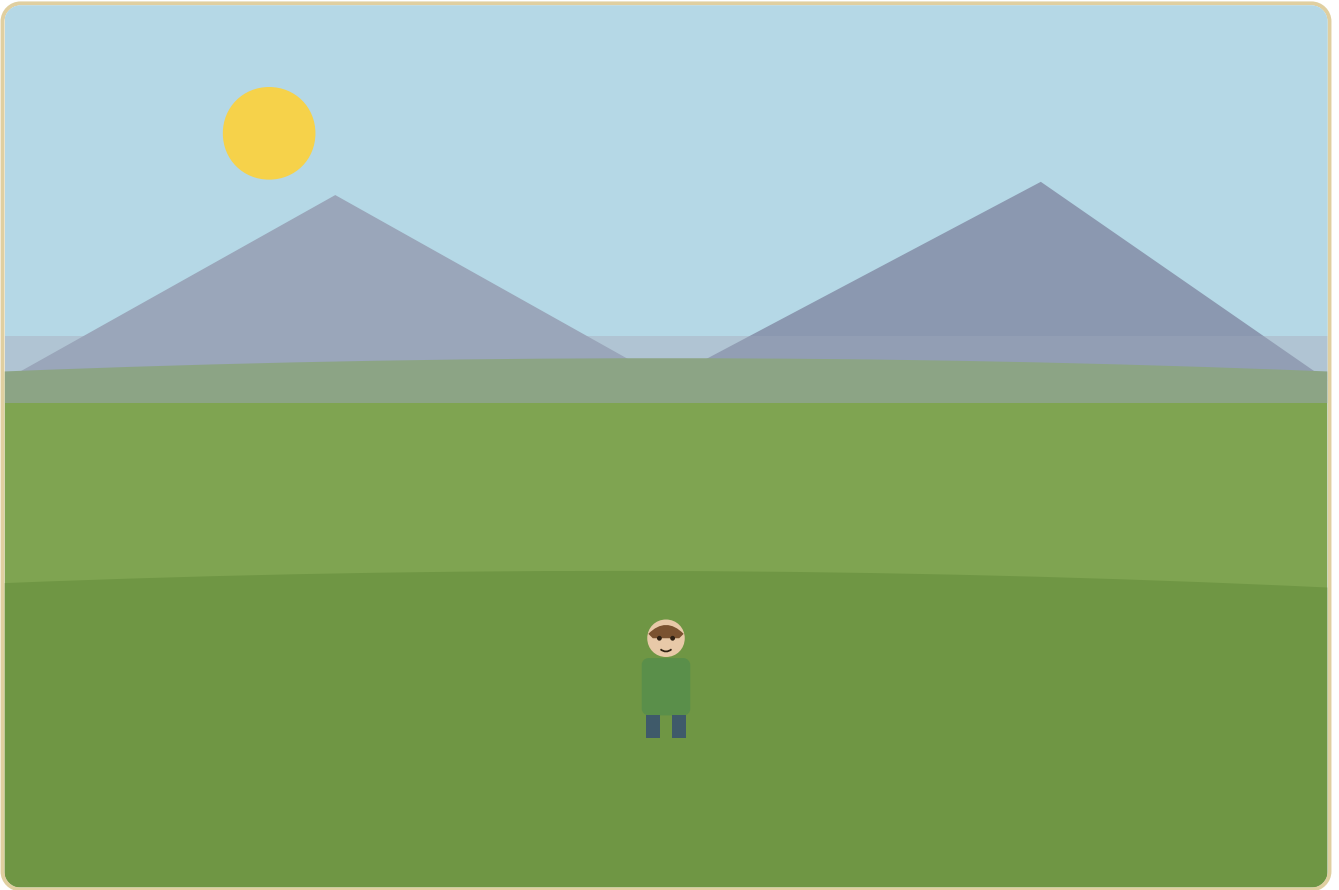
"Entonces hay que ayudar," he said — *then we ought to help*. **"Debemos ir ahora mismo."** — *we should go right now*.

Illa looked at him, surprised. **"¿Tú también vienes?"** she asked — *you're coming too?* **"No es tu casa."** — *it's not your house*.

Hay que ayudar. Debemos ir ahora mismo. (eye keh ah-yoo-DAR)

We ought to help. We should go right now.

to lift others up: **hoqarichiy**.



Oliver thought of everything the valley had taught him — that a neighbor is not a stranger nearby, but part of your own family.

"Un vecino es familia," he said simply — *a neighbor is family*. **"Estoy aquí para ustedes. Cuenten conmigo."** — *I'm here for you all. Count on me*. He did not wait to be asked. He simply stepped forward.

Estoy aquí para ustedes. (ehs-TOY ah-KEE PAH-rah)

I'm here for you all.

I am here for you: **kaypim kani qampaq.**



And they were not the only ones. As the wind rose, the whole village came — old and young, hands full of beams and rope and thatch. No one had been ordered. Everyone had simply *come*.

This was the valley's oldest way. When one needs help, all arrive. Illa pressed a beam into Oliver's arms. "**¡Toma esta viga! Levantamos el techo juntos.**" — *take this beam! We raise the roof together.*

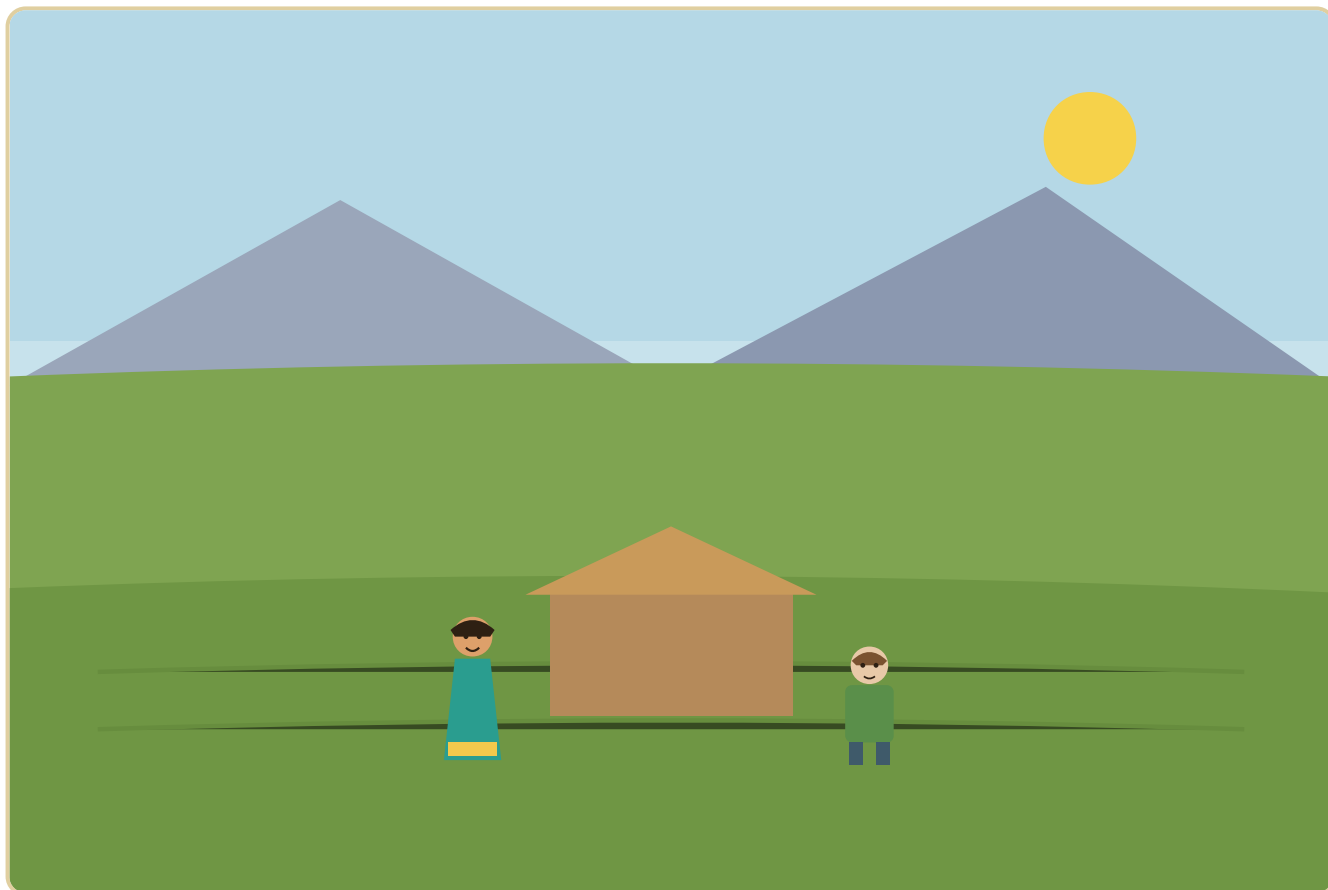
Levantamos el techo juntos. (leh-vahn-TAH-mohs ehl TEH-choh)
We raise the roof together.



Together they lifted. Oliver's arms burned, but around him a dozen others pushed too, and the great beam rose as if it were light.

"Yo te doy la mano, tú me das la tuya," he called to Illa over the wind — *I lend you my hand, you lend me yours.* **"Más fuertes juntos."** — *stronger together.* The roof settled into place, whole and sound, just as the first drops fell.

Yo te doy la mano, tú me das la tuya. *(yoh teh doy lah MAH-noh)*
I lend you my hand, you lend me yours.



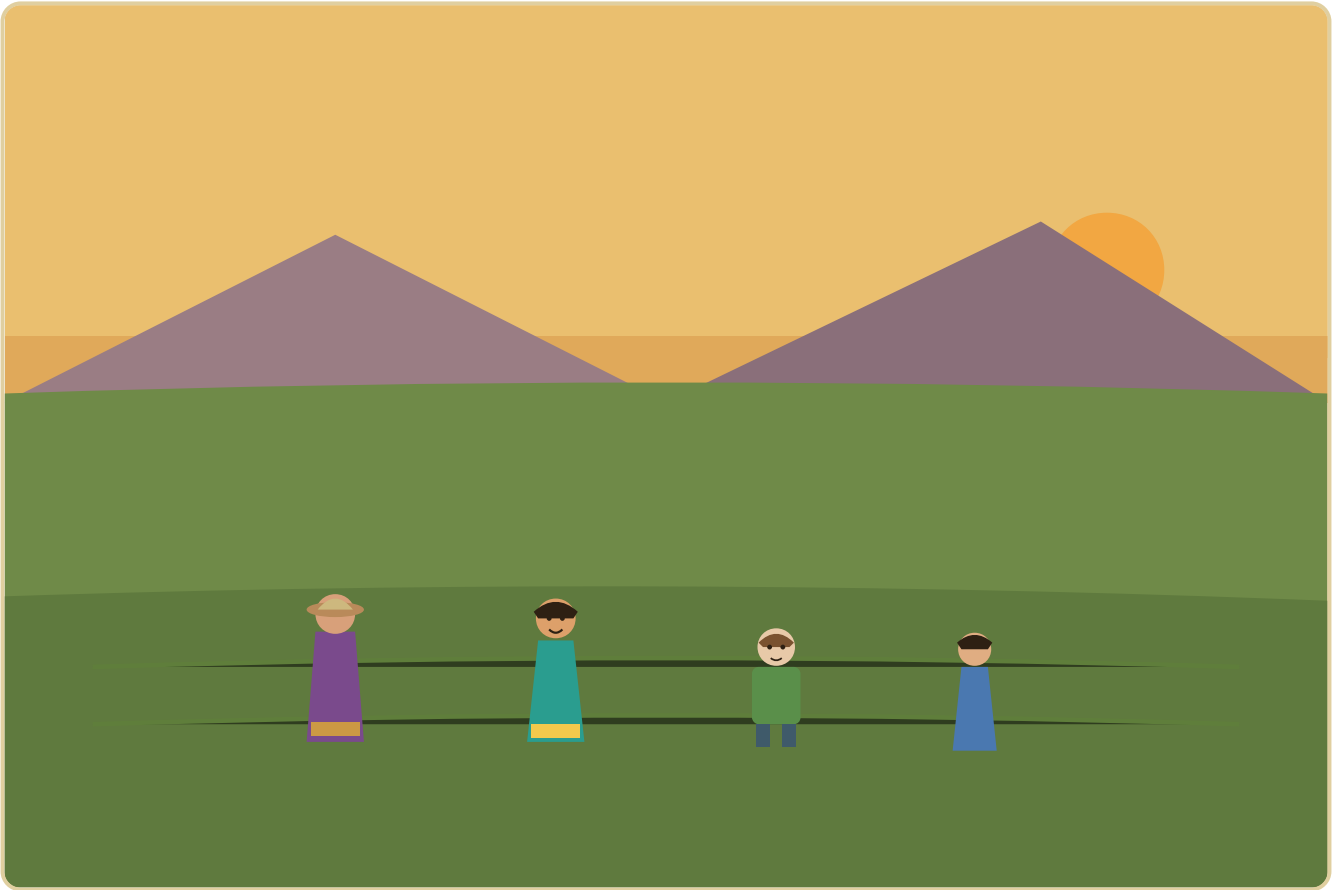
The storm passed over a roof that held. The neighbor, an old man, pressed Oliver's hands in gratitude, tears in his eyes.

Illa smiled. "**Hoy por el vecino,**" she said, "**mañana por nosotros.**" — *today for the neighbor, tomorrow for us.* "**Sin llevar cuenta.**" — *without keeping score.* No one owed anyone. The circle would simply keep turning.

Hoy por ti, mañana por mí. *(oy por tee, mah-NYAH-nah)*

Today for you, tomorrow for me.

the sacred trade of help: **ayni.**



As the clouds broke gold in the west, the whole village stood together before the mended roof, tired and laughing and close.

Oliver looked around at the faces — his neighbors, his *ayllu* — and felt something settle in him, deep and sure. He was not a visitor who had helped. He was one of them now.

Somos vecinos. Somos familia. (SOH-mohs veh-SEE-nohs)
We're neighbors. We're family.

• 7 •



That night Oliver understood the truest thing the valley had taught him yet. All this time he'd thought belonging was something the valley would *give* him. Now he saw it was something he *did*.

"Ayudar no es un favor," he said softly to himself — *helping isn't a favor*. **"Es pertenecer."** — *it's belonging*. He had picked up a beam, and set down the last of his distance from home.

He didn't wait to be asked. He picked up a beam, and belonged.

To belong is not to live somewhere. It is to show up, to lift, and to keep the circle turning. Hoy por ti, mañana por mí — helping isn't a favor; it's belonging.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day many hands raised one roof

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
El vecino / la comunidad	The neighbor / the community	ayllu
Hay que ayudar	We ought to help	—
Debemos ir ahora mismo	We should go right now	—
Un vecino es familia	A neighbor is family	—
Estoy aquí para ti	I'm here for you	Kaypim kani qampaq
Cuenta conmigo	Count on me	—
Levantamos juntos	We lift together	hoqarichiy
Más fuertes juntos	Stronger together	—
Hoy por ti, mañana por mí	Today for you, tomorrow for me	ayni
Ayudar es pertenecer	Helping is belonging	—

May you never wait to be asked.

May your hands always be under someone, lifting.

Hoy por ti, mañana por mí — helping isn't a favor; it's coming home.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 5 — companion to "Ser un Buen Vecino" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



Dreaming for the Valley

Soñando para el valle

*Oliver plants a tree and dreams aloud — not for himself, but for the days
to come*

To dream for a place is to plant your heart in its future

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 6

For everyone who planted a tree they'll never sit beneath

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The sun was going down gold over the terraces, and Oliver sat with Illa on the hillside, a young sapling in a bundle beside them, ready to plant.

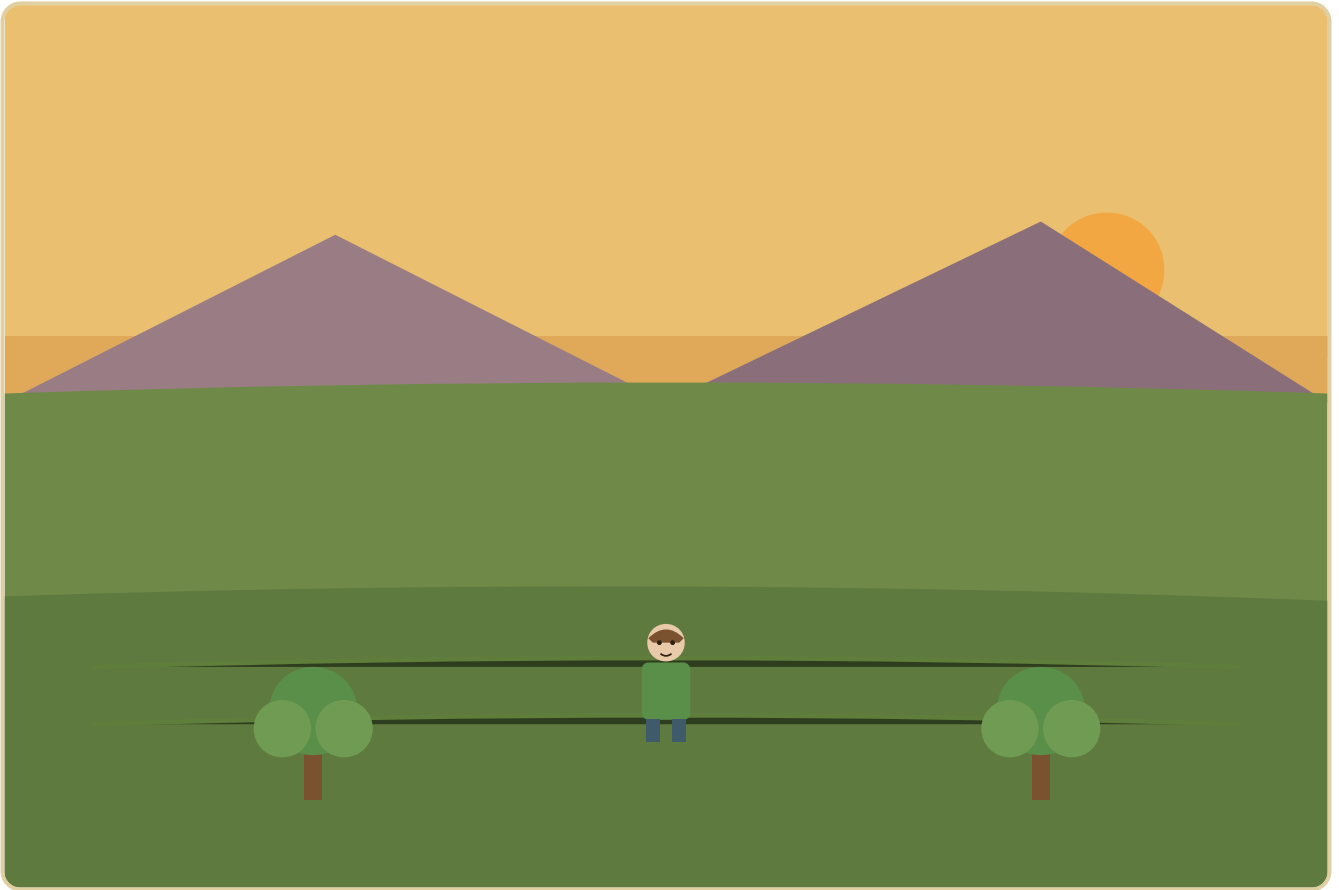
Illa turned to him with a thoughtful look. "**¿Con qué sueñas para el valle,**" she asked — *what do you dream of for the valley* — "**ahora que es tuyo también?**" — *now that it's yours too?*

¿Con qué sueñas para el valle? (kohn keh SWEH-nyahs)

What do you dream of for the valley?

the dream: **mosqoy**.

· 1 ·



Oliver looked out over the mountainsides, some green, some bare, and let himself picture what could be. **"Sueño con un valle verde,"** he said — *I dream of a green valley* — **"lleno de árboles."** — *full of trees.*

It felt bold to say it — a hope for a whole place. **"Espero que crezca hermoso,"** he added softly — *I hope it grows beautiful.*

Sueño con un valle verde. Espero que crezca hermoso. (ehs-

PEH-roh keh KREHS-kah)

I dream of a green valley. I hope it grows beautiful.



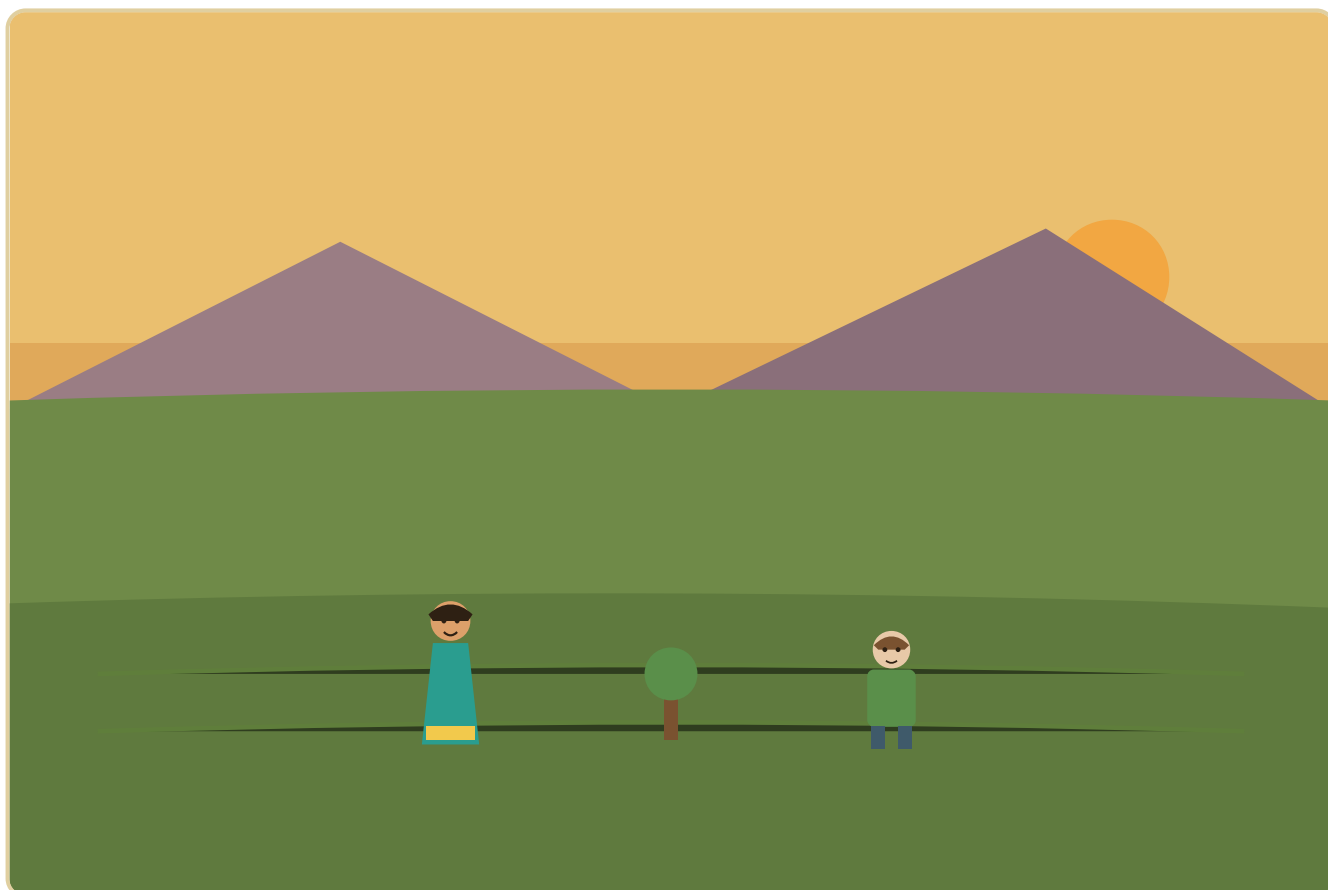
"Ojalá," Illa breathed — *may it be so*. It was the deepest word of hoping she knew, an old word that reached all the way to heaven.

Then she asked the question that mattered most. **"¿Y para quién lo sueñas?"** — *and for whom do you dream it?*

Ojalá. (oh-hah-LAH)

Hopefully. / May it be.

may you be blessed: **saminchayoq kachun.**



Oliver knelt and set the little sapling into the dark earth, pressing the soil gently around its roots. He thought of the valley's oldest way — of planting for people you would never meet.

"Para los que vienen," he said — *for those to come*. **"Algún día darán sombra a niños que no conoceré."** — *someday they'll give shade to children I'll never know*.

Algún día, para los que vienen. (ahl-GOON DEE-ah)

Someday, for those to come.

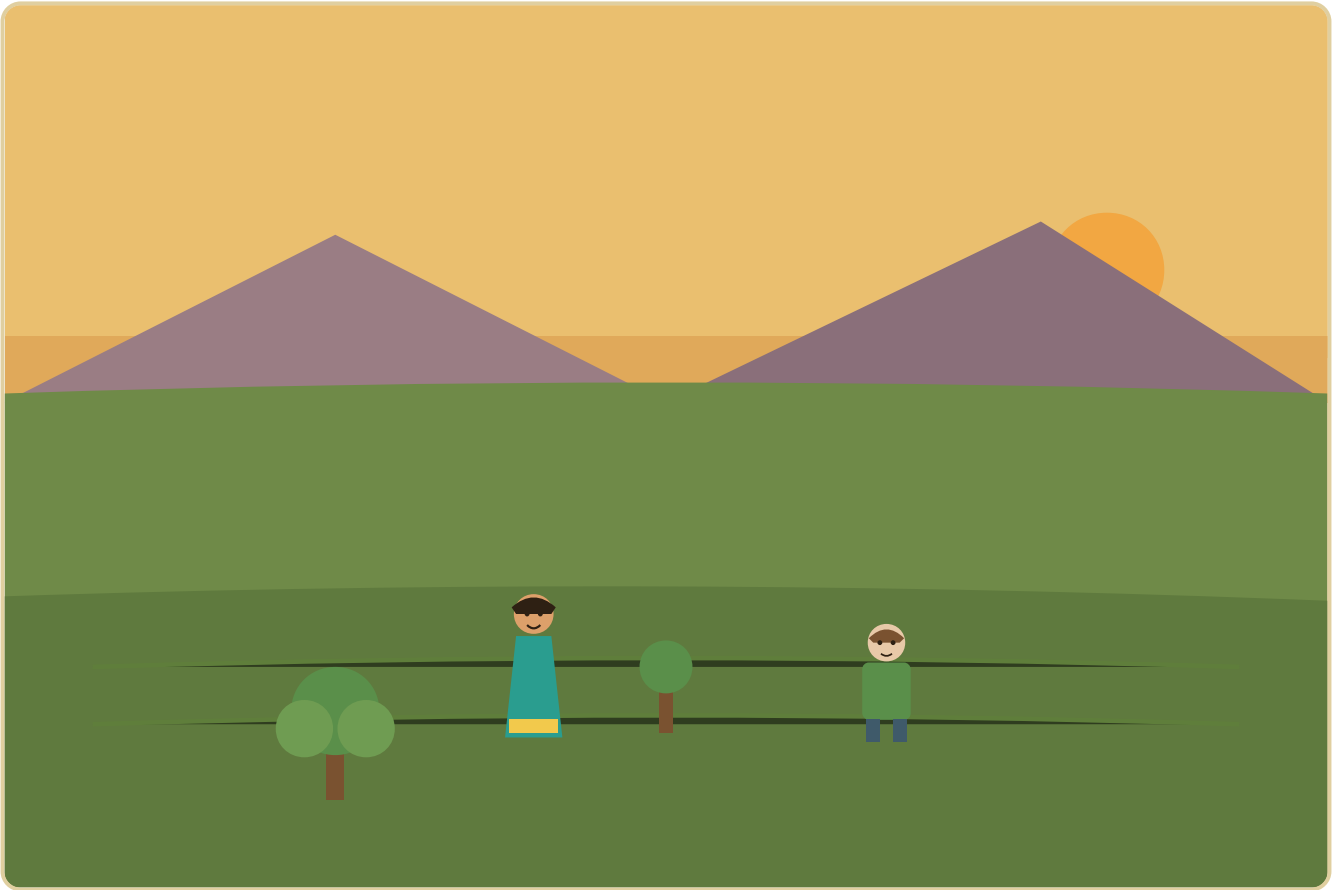
in a day yet to come: **hamuq p'unchaypi**.



Illa watched him pat the last of the earth into place, and her eyes were warm. "To plant for those you'll never know," she said quietly — that was no small thing.

"Ese es el corazón del valle," she told him — *that is the heart of the valley*. The elders had done it for her; now she and Oliver did it for children not yet born.

Ese es el corazón del valle. (EH-seh ehs ehl koh-rah-SOHN)
That is the heart of the valley.



Something opened wide in Oliver's chest. His hope had grown past himself, out toward the whole valley and everyone in it.

"Quiero que el valle esté bien," he said — *I want the valley to be well* — **"para todos, para siempre."** — *for everyone, forever.* Illa smiled. "When you dream for everyone," she said, "you're already part of the valley."

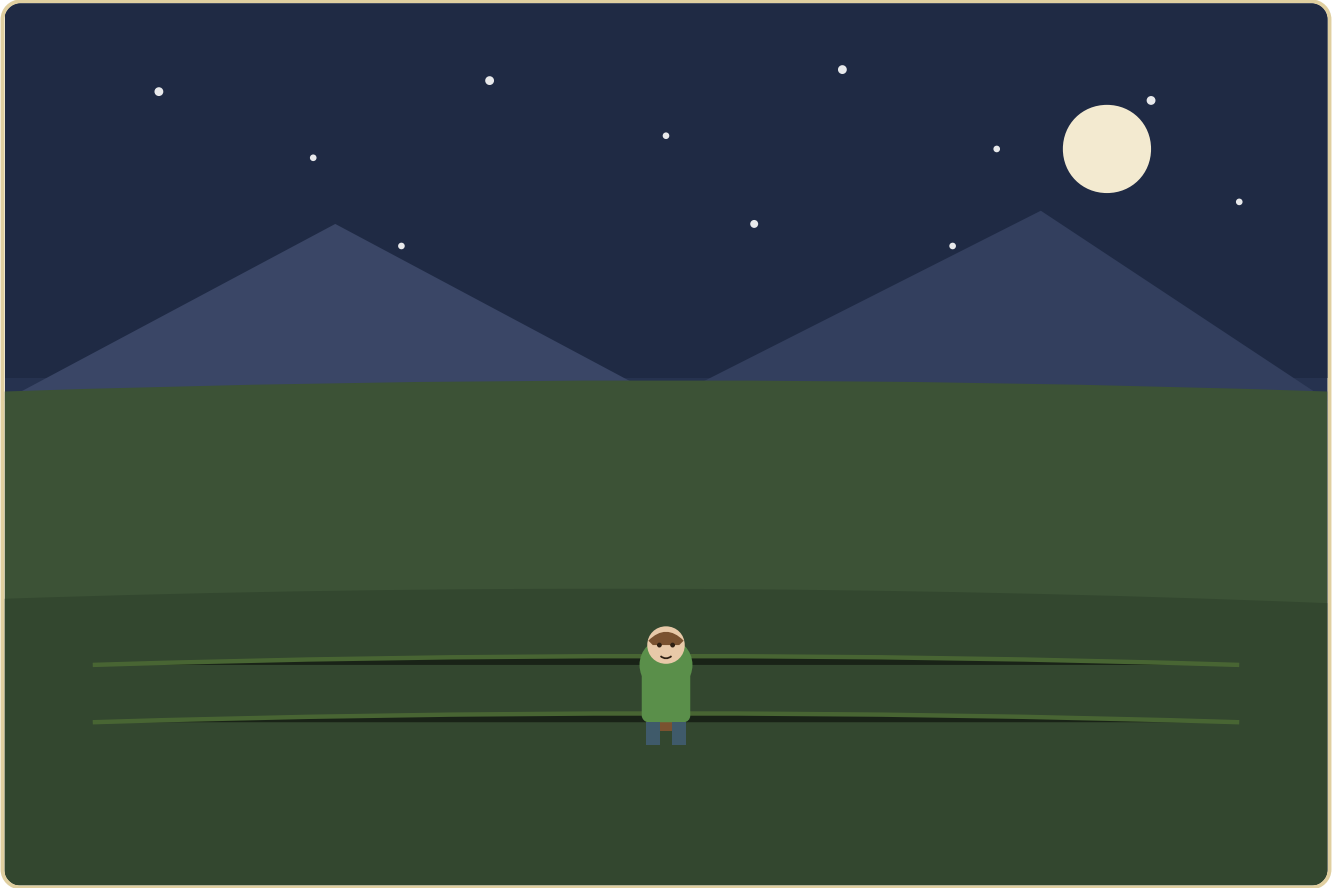
Quiero que el valle esté bien, para todos. (KYEH-roh keh ehl VAH-yeh)
I want the valley to be well, for all.



The stars came out over the little tree. **"Tu sueño y el mío son el mismo,"** Illa said — *your dream and mine are the same*. A green valley, forever.

"Entonces juntos podemos construirlo," Oliver answered — *then together we can build it* — **"paso a paso."** — *step by step*. A dream dreamed alone was a wish. A dream dreamed together was a promise.

Juntos podemos construirlo, paso a paso. (HOON-tohs poh-DEH-mohs)
Together we can build it, step by step.



Under the great river of stars, beside a tree that would outlive them both, Oliver understood that his heart had put down a new root — not in the valley's present, but in its future.

"Ahora sueño para el valle," he whispered — *now I dream for the valley.*
"Ya pertenezco." — *I belong now.* He had stopped hoping for his stay to go well. He had started hoping for the place itself — long after he'd be gone.

He dreamed aloud for the valley's tomorrow — and belonged to its future.

*To dream for a place is to plant your heart in its days to come. Hamuq p'unchaypi — someday.
Saminchayoq kachun — may those days be blessed.*

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the evening he dreamed for the days to come

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
El sueño / soñar con...	The dream / to dream of...	mosqoy
Espero que... (llueva, crezca)	I hope that... (it rains, grows)	—
Ojalá	Hopefully / may it be	—
de todo corazón	with all my heart	—
Algún día	Someday	Hamuq p'unchaypi
los que vienen / para siempre	those to come / forever	—
Quiero que el valle esté bien	I want the valley to be well	—
para todos	for everyone	—
Juntos podemos construirlo	Together we can build it	—
Que tengas bendición	May you be blessed	Saminchayoq kachun

May you dream not only for yourself, but for the place you love.

May you plant trees whose shade you'll never need.

Saminchayoq kachun — may the days to come be green, and blessed.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 6 — companion to "Espero Que..." · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Circle Has No Head

El círculo no tiene cabeza

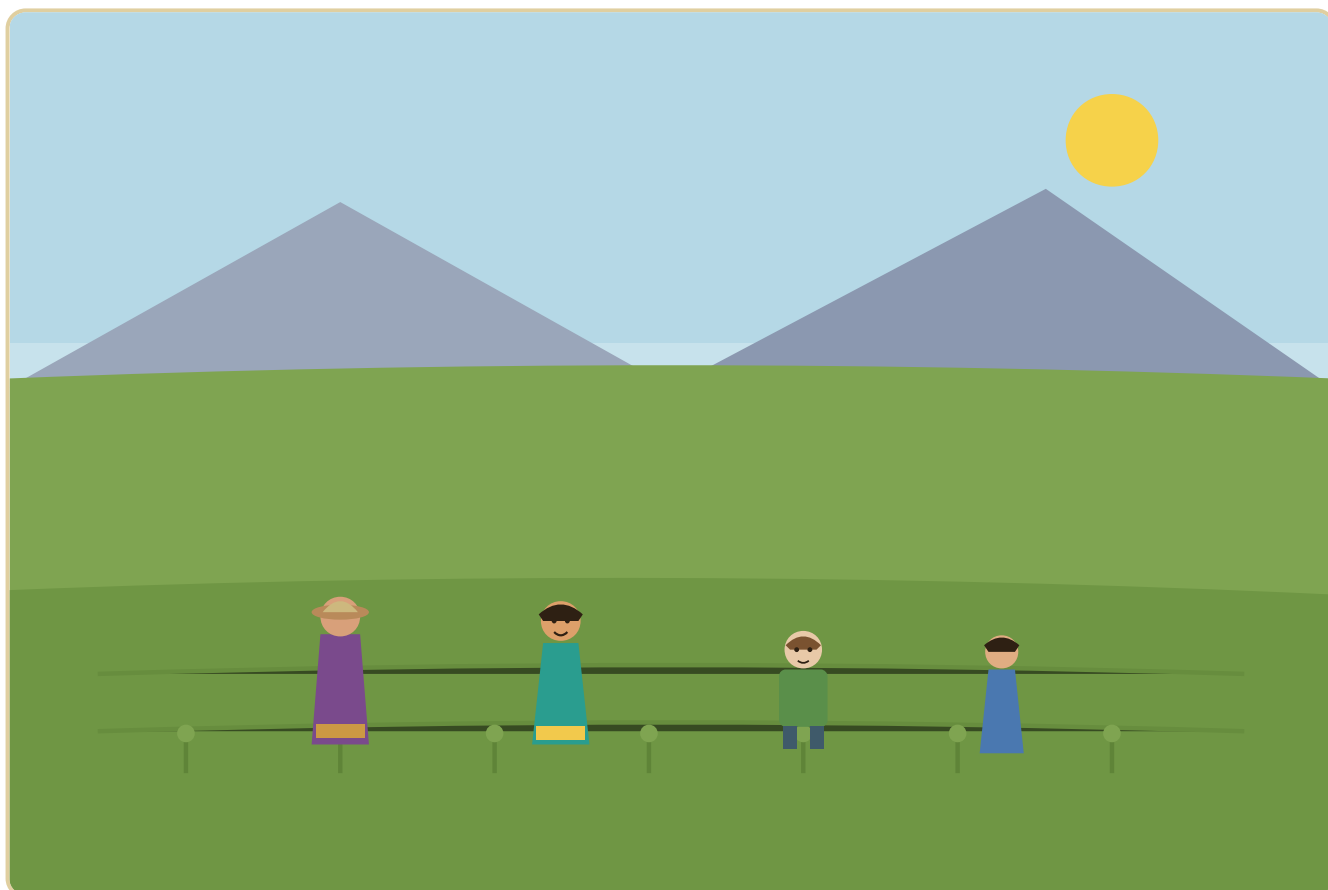
Oliver is handed the front of the line — and turns to face the circle instead

In the valley, the leader kneels lower, not stands taller

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 7

For everyone who led by serving, and found the front was the humblest place

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



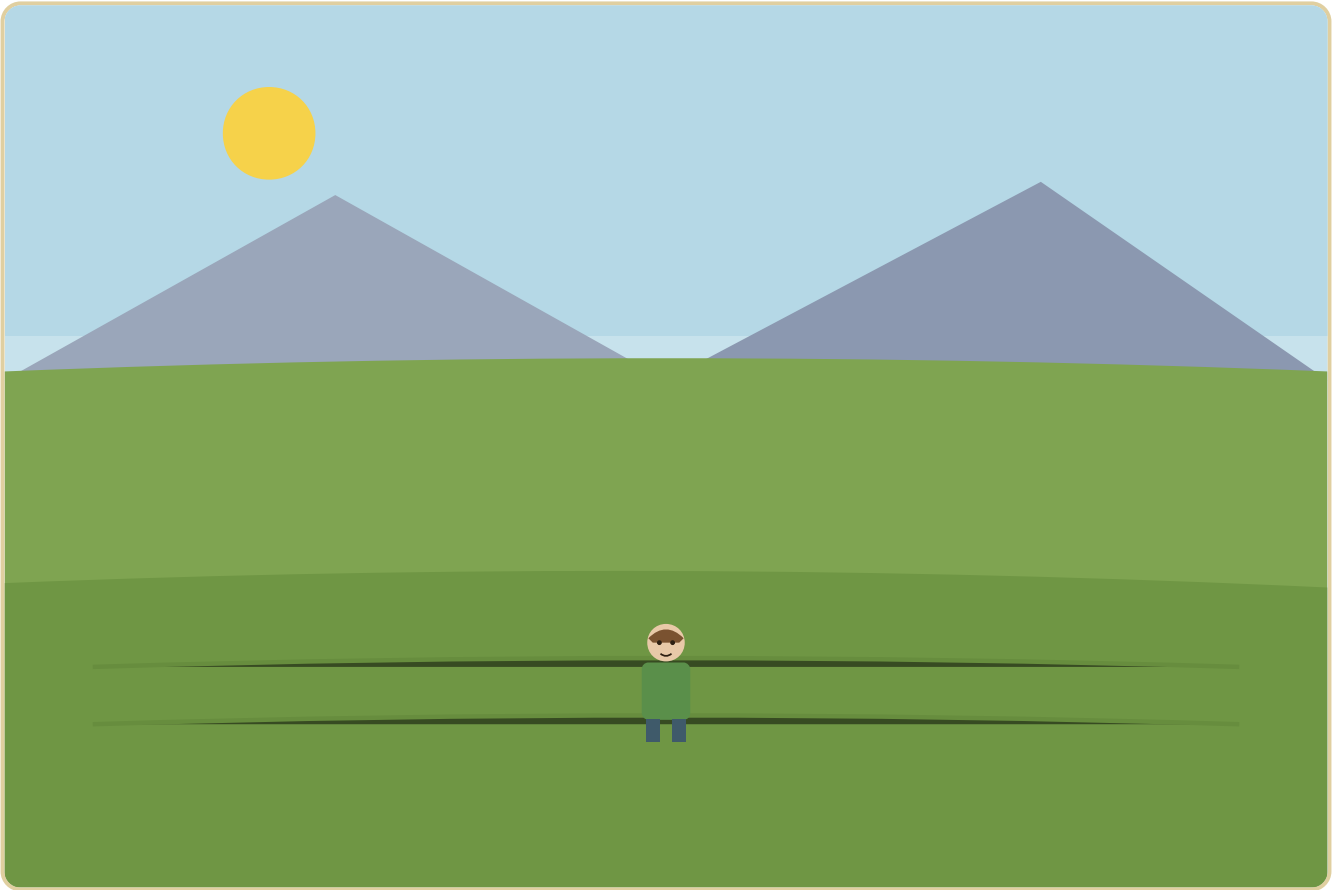
A great planting day had come, and the whole ayllu gathered at the terraces with seed and tools. Someone had to guide the work — and this time, the ayllu chose Oliver.

Illa grinned at his startled face. "**Hoy te toca a ti guiar,**" she said — *today it's your turn to guide*. "**Eres el líder.**" — *you're the leader*.

Hoy te toca a ti guiar. (oy teh TOH-kah ah tee)

Today it's your turn to guide.

• 1 •



For a moment, Oliver's old ideas rose up. A leader — did that mean he should stand in front and give orders? Tell everyone what to do?

But then he remembered everything the valley had shown him. He shook his head. **"Sirvo, no mando,"** he said — *I serve, I don't command*. **"Soy el primero en ayudar."** — *I'm the first to help*.

Sirvo, no mando. (SEER-voh, noh MAHN-doh)

I serve, I don't command.

to serve, not to command: **yanapay, mana kamachiy.**



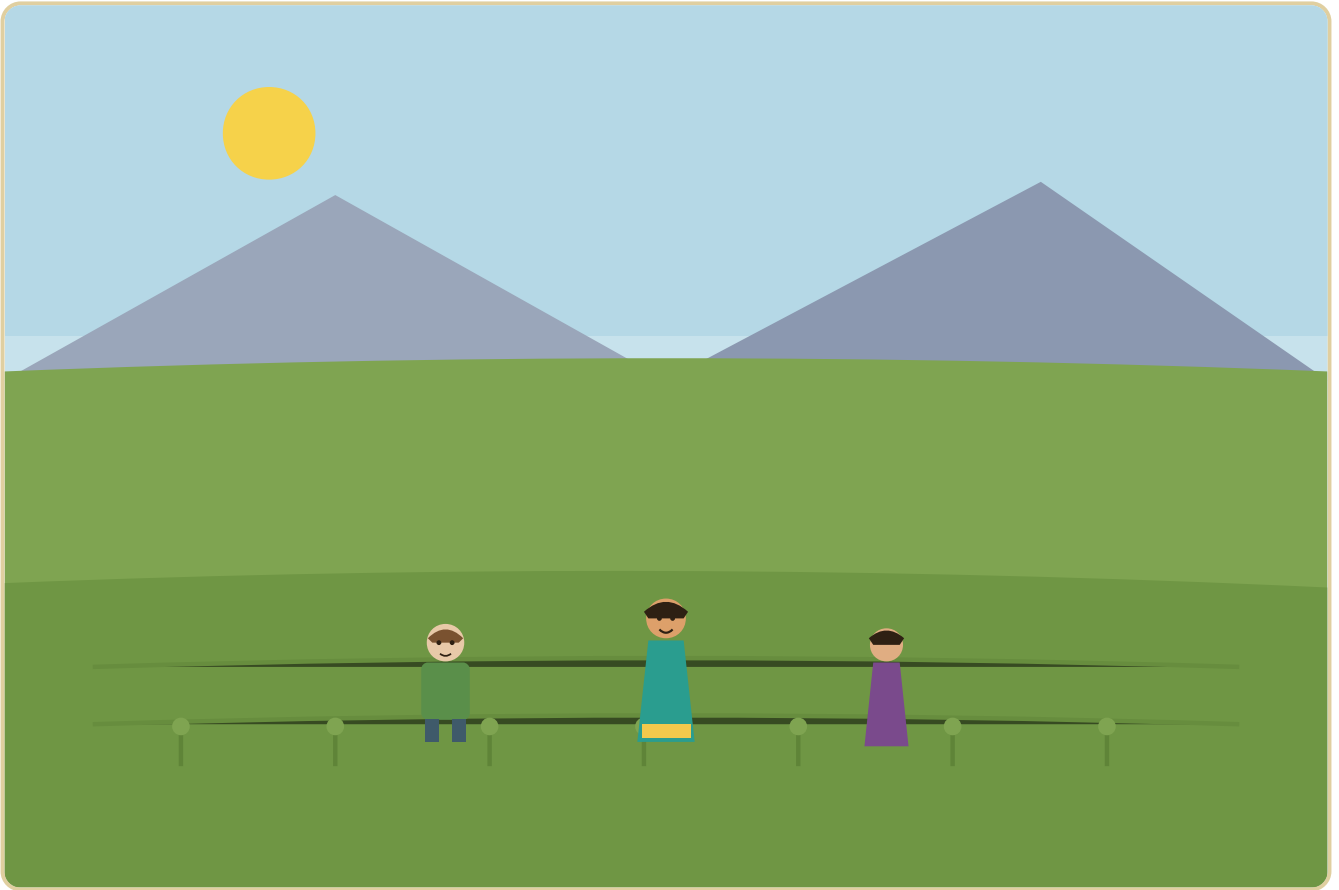
So Oliver did not start by telling. He started by *asking*. He gathered the ayllu close and turned to each one. "**Antes de decidir, quiero escuchar a todos,**" he said — *before deciding, I want to listen to everyone*.

"**¿Qué opinan?**" — *what do you think?* One by one, the voices came — the old farmer's wisdom, the child's bright idea — and Oliver gathered them all, like a harvest.

Quiero escuchar a todos. ¿Qué opinan? (ehs-koo-CHAR ah TOH-dohs)

I want to listen to everyone. What do you think?

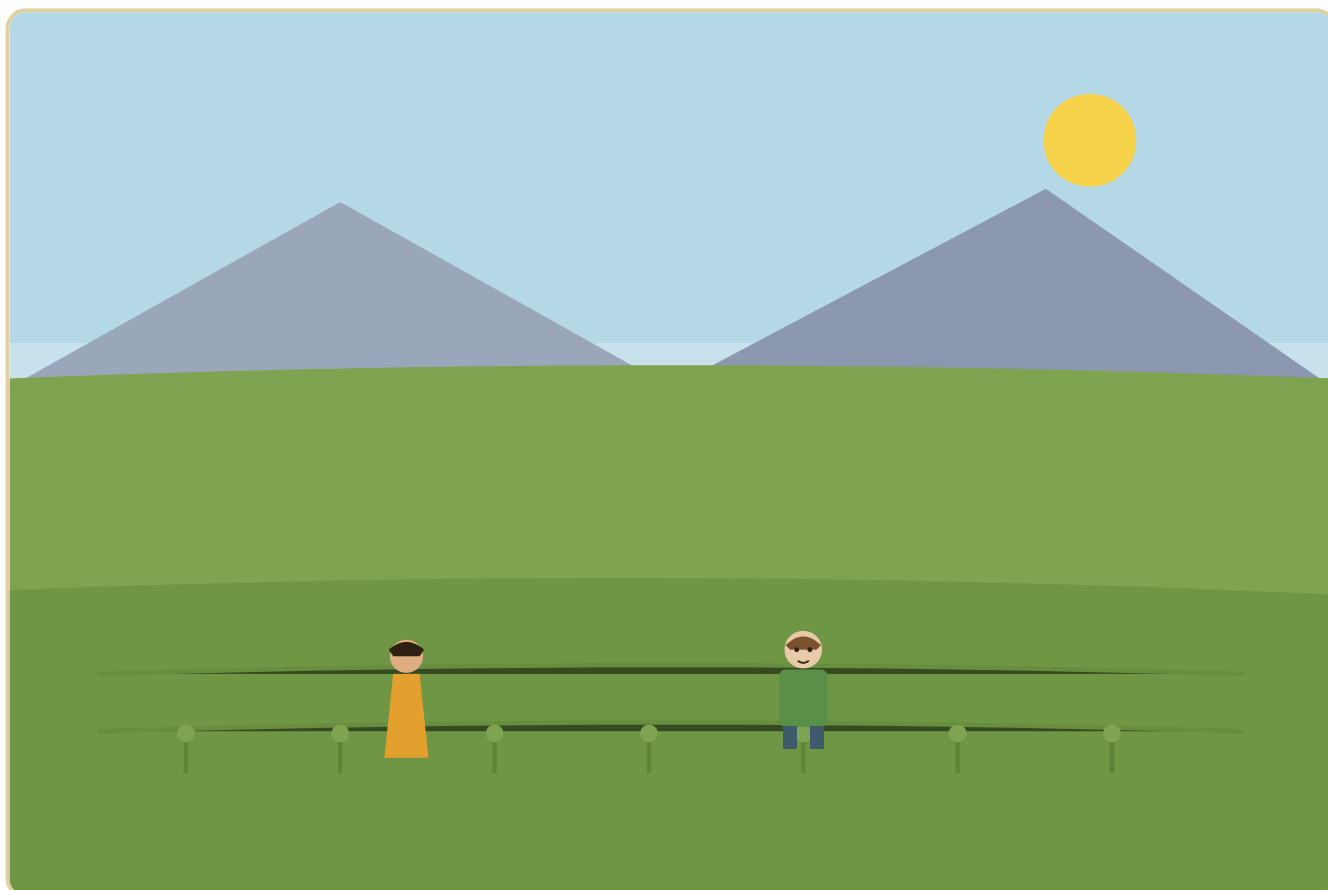
a good leader listens: **allin umalleq uyarin.**



Then the work began — and Oliver led not with his mouth but with his hands. He took the heaviest basket. He knelt in the first row. He set the pace by *doing*.

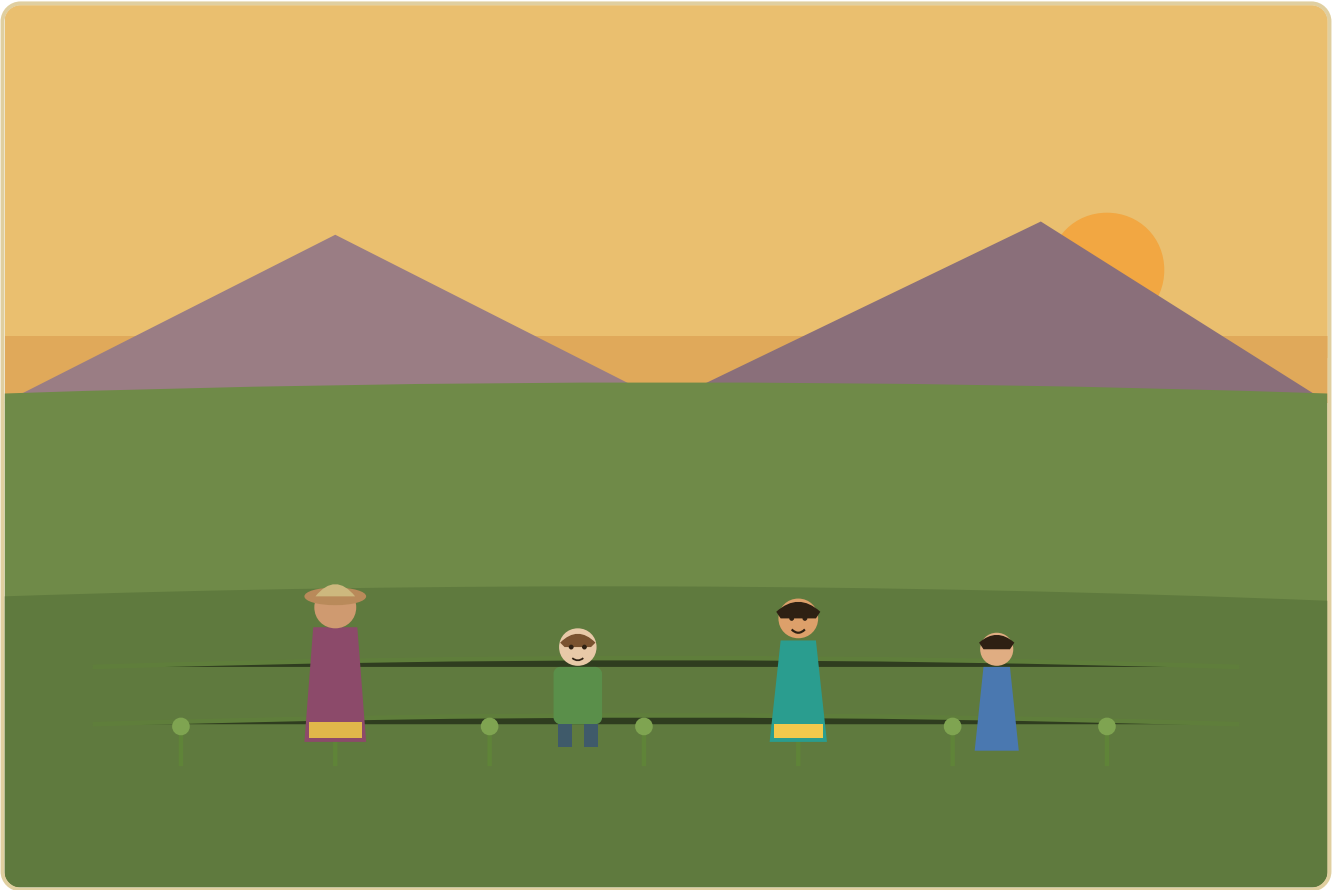
"Doy el ejemplo," he thought — *I set the example*. When the ayllu saw their leader working hardest of all, they smiled, and bent to the rows beside him.

Doy el ejemplo. (doy ehl eh-HEHM-ploh)
I set the example.



As the sun climbed, a small child fell behind, struggling with a heavy sack. In the old way of leading, that would have been the child's own problem. But Oliver stopped, went back, and lifted beside her. **"No dejo a nadie atrás,"** he said gently — *I leave no one behind*. **"Caminamos juntos."** — *we walk together*. He encouraged her on, and the whole line waited, and no one minded at all.

No dejo a nadie atrás. Caminamos juntos. (noh DEH-hoh ah NAH-dyeh)
I leave no one behind. We walk together.



By dusk the terraces were planted, row on row, and the tired, happy ayllu sat together in the gold light. The work had gone well — not despite Oliver's gentle leading, but because of it.

"You led well," Illa told him. "And tomorrow?" Oliver smiled. **"Mañana, ¿guías tú?"** he asked — *tomorrow, will you guide?* **"Todos pueden liderar, por turnos."** — *everyone can lead, by turns.*

Todos pueden liderar, por turnos. (TOH-dohs PWEH-dehn)

Everyone can lead, by turns.

everyone can lead: **llapan umalliyta atin.**



That evening the ayllu gathered to talk — and Oliver noticed, as if for the first time, the shape they made. Not rows. Not a leader in front. A *circle*.

"Why a circle?" he asked. The abuela smiled. Oliver answered his own question. **"Porque el círculo no tiene cabeza,"** he said — *because the circle has no head*. **"Todos iguales."** — *all equal*.

El círculo no tiene cabeza. Todos iguales. (ehl SEER-koo-loh)

The circle has no head. All equal.

we are equals: **kuska kanchis.**



Under the stars, in that circle of equal faces, Oliver understood the valley's rarest strength. Its leaders did not divide people into high and low. They served, they listened, they lifted — and then they handed the front to someone else.

He had been given the lead, and had used it to kneel lower, not stand taller. **"Lidero sirviendo,"** he thought — *I lead by serving*. And in serving the circle, he had become, more than ever, a part of it.

He was handed the front — and turned to face the circle, and served.

In the valley, the leader kneels lower, not stands taller — and the circle has no head. Yanapay, mana kamachiy — to serve, not to command.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day he learned to lead by serving

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Hoy te toca guiar	Today it's your turn to guide	—
Sirvo, no mando	I serve, I don't command	Yanapay, mana kamachiy
Quiero escuchar a todos	I want to listen to everyone	Allin umalleq uyarin
¿Qué opinan? Cada voz cuenta	What do you think? Every voice counts	—
Doy el ejemplo	I set the example	—
No dejo a nadie atrás	I leave no one behind	—
Caminamos juntos	We walk together	—
Todos pueden liderar, por turnos	Everyone can lead, by turns	Ilapan umalliyta atin
El círculo no tiene cabeza	The circle has no head	—
✓ Todos iguales	All equal	kuska kanchis

May you lead by kneeling lower, not standing taller.

May you gather every voice before you choose.

Yanapay, mana kamachiy — to serve is to lead, and the circle has no head.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 7 — companion to "El Buen Líder Escucha" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Broken Bowl

El cuenco roto

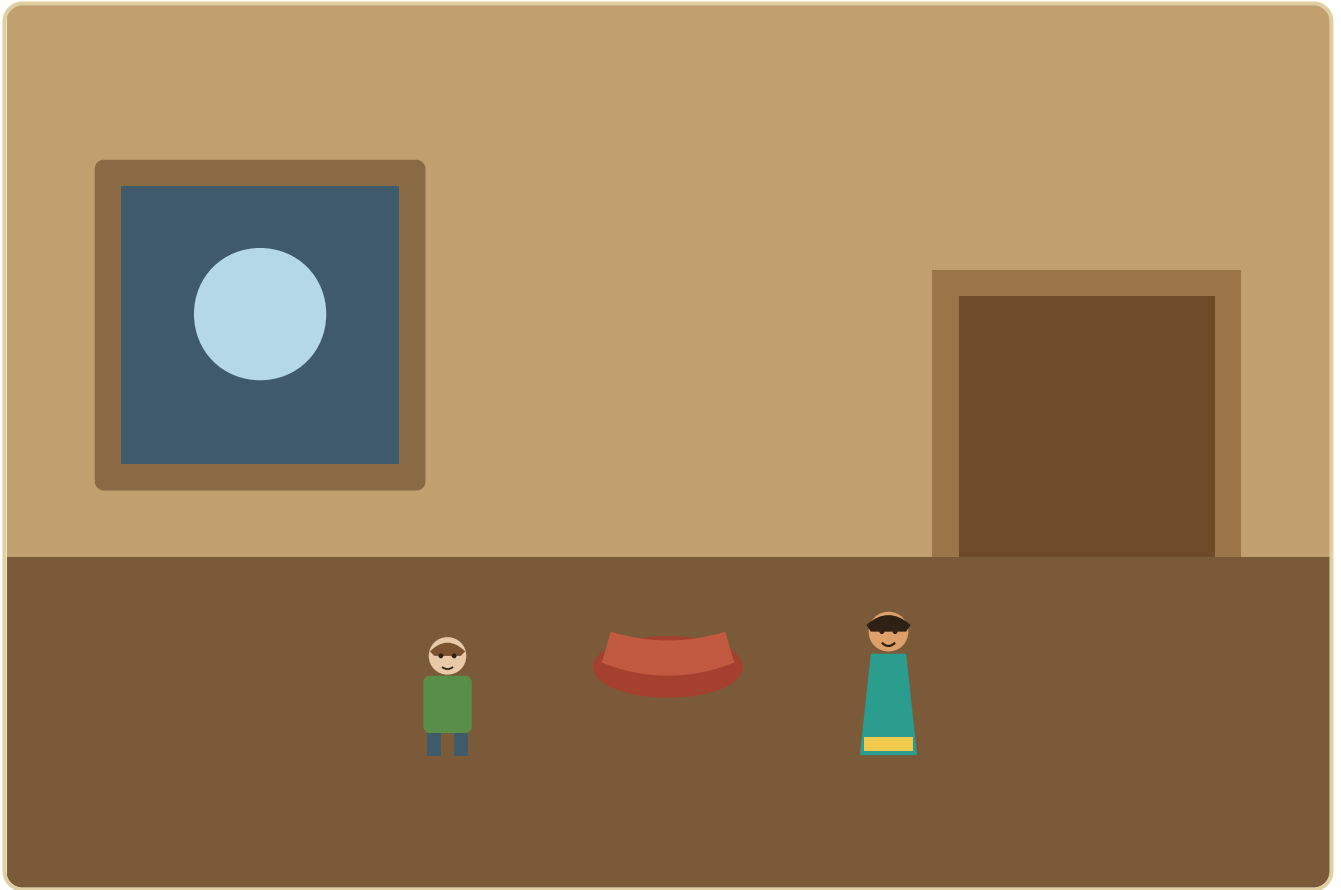
Oliver and Illa quarrel and break something — then mend something stronger

To belong is not to never fall out, but to know how to come back together

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 8

For every friendship that broke, and mended stronger at the mended place

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



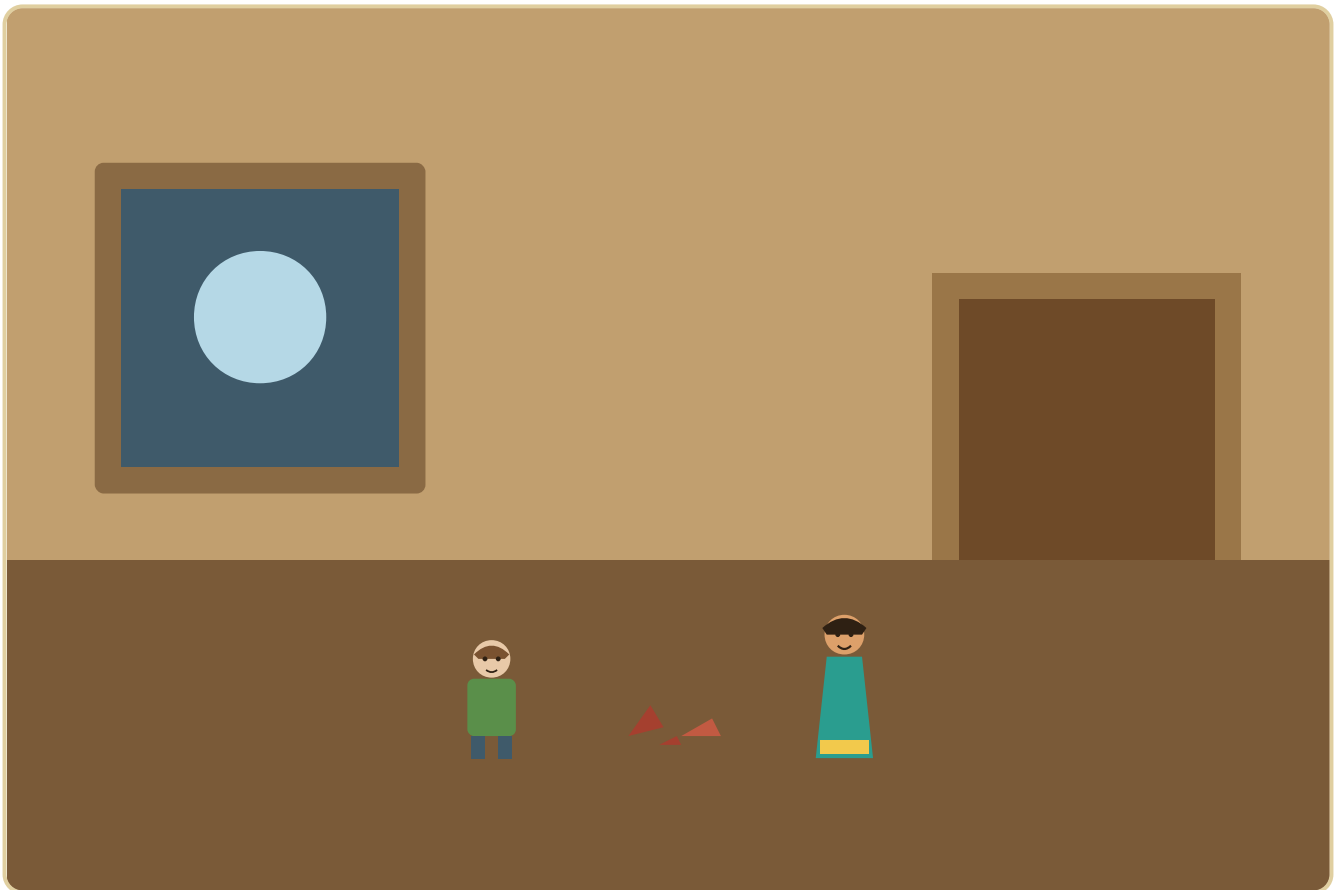
It was a small thing, at first. Oliver, hurrying across the room, knocked Illa's favorite bowl from its shelf. It hit the floor and shattered — a bowl her grandmother had made.

Illa's face crumpled, then hardened. Sharp words flew — hers, then his. And in a breath, something more than a bowl lay broken between the two friends.

El cuenco se rompió. *(ehl KWEHN-koh seh rroh-m-PYOH)*

The bowl broke.

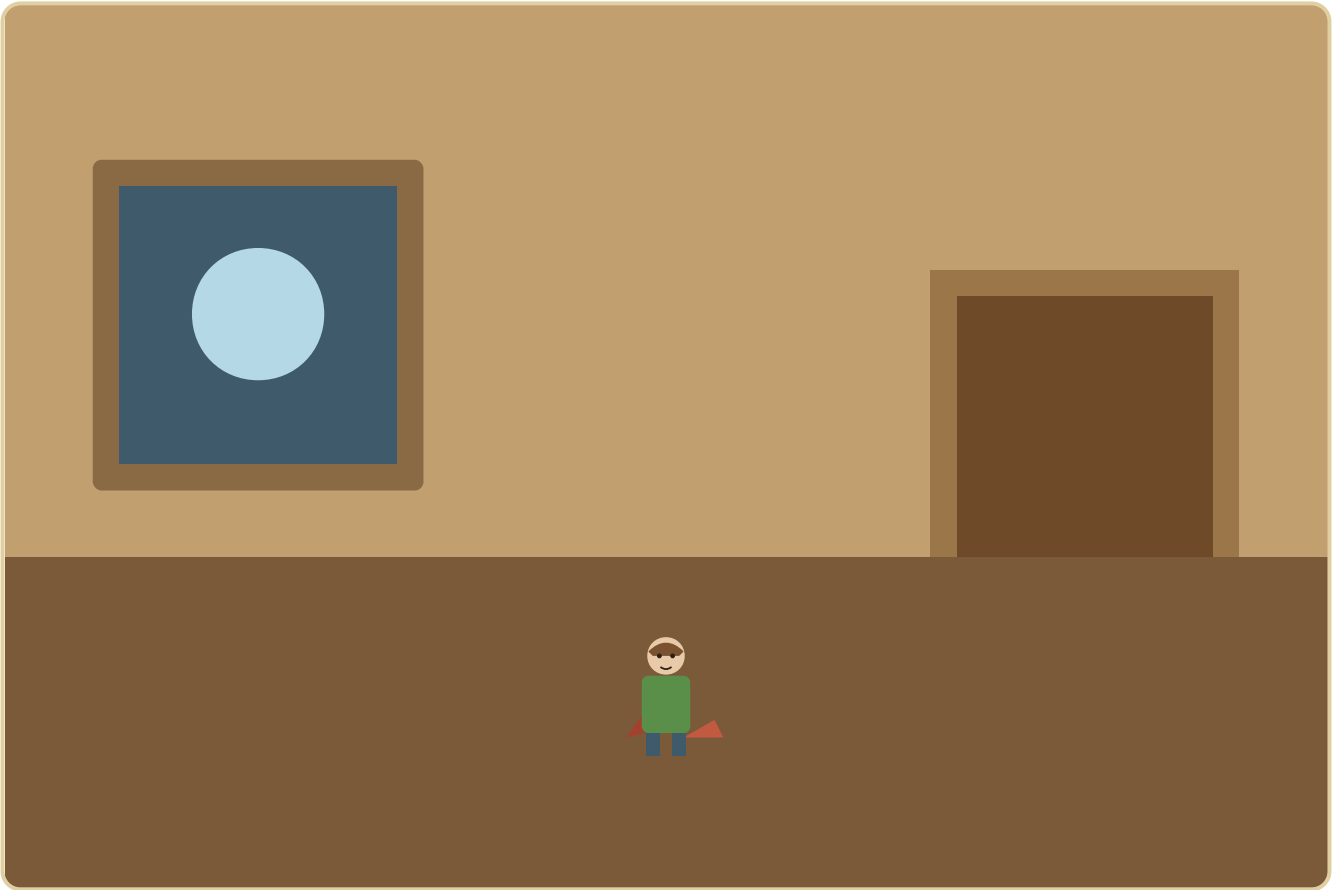
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They stood apart, both stung, the broken pieces on the floor between them. For a long, cold moment, neither spoke. The easy warmth of their friendship had gone silent.

Oliver's heart ached. He had learned so much in the valley — but had he learned *this*? How to cross a silence like this one?

Dijimos cosas feas. (dee-HEE-mohs KOH-sahs FEH-ahs)
We said ugly things.



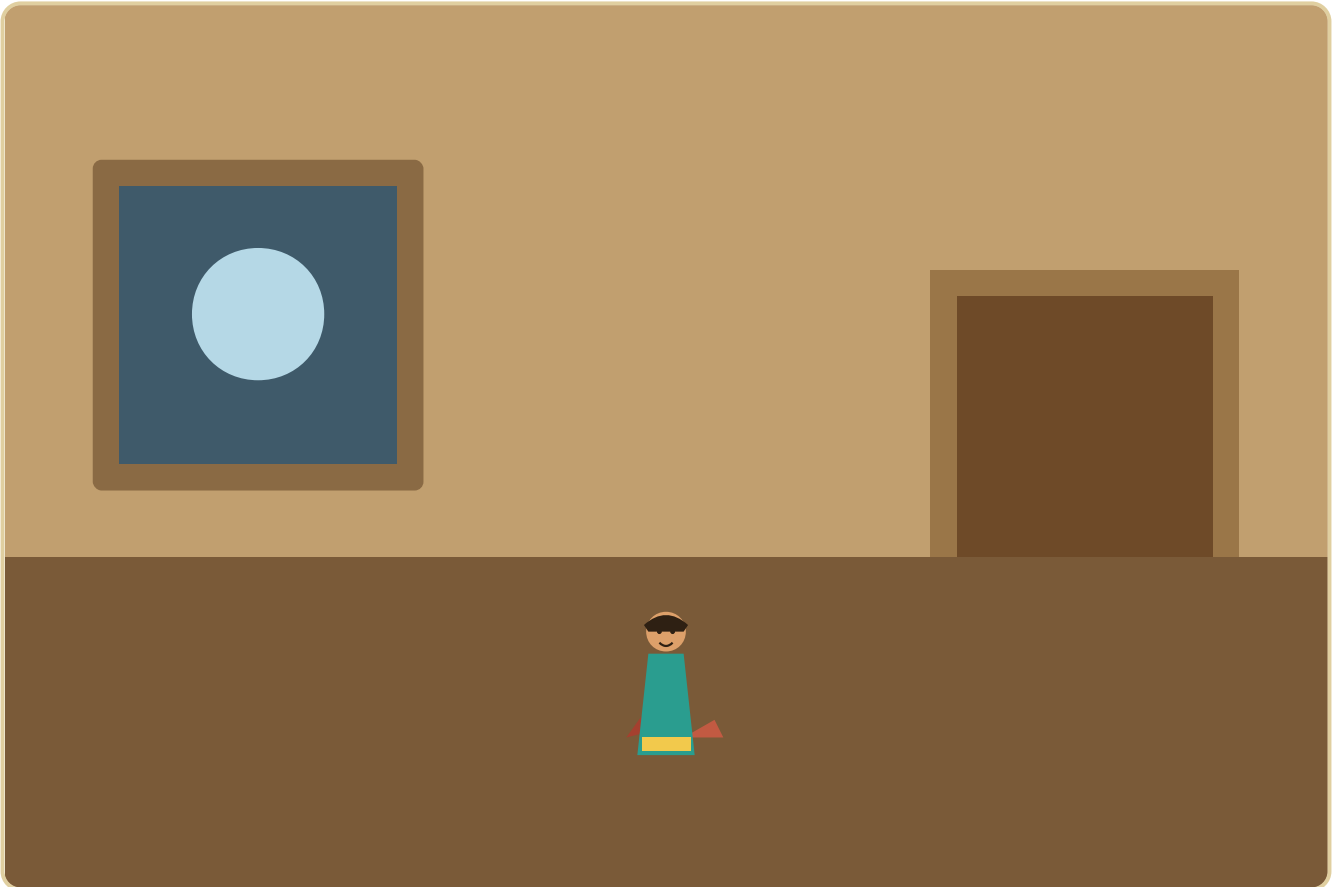
Then Oliver remembered the valley's *llanp'u sonqo* — the humble heart. He knelt, gathered the broken pieces gently, and found the courage for the bravest short sentence he knew.

"Rompí tu cuenco. Lo siento mucho," he said — *I broke your bowl. I'm very sorry.* **"Fue mi culpa."** — *it was my fault.*

Lo siento mucho. Fue mi culpa. (loh SYEHN-toh MOO-choh)

I'm very sorry. It was my fault.

the humble heart: **llanp'u sonqo.**



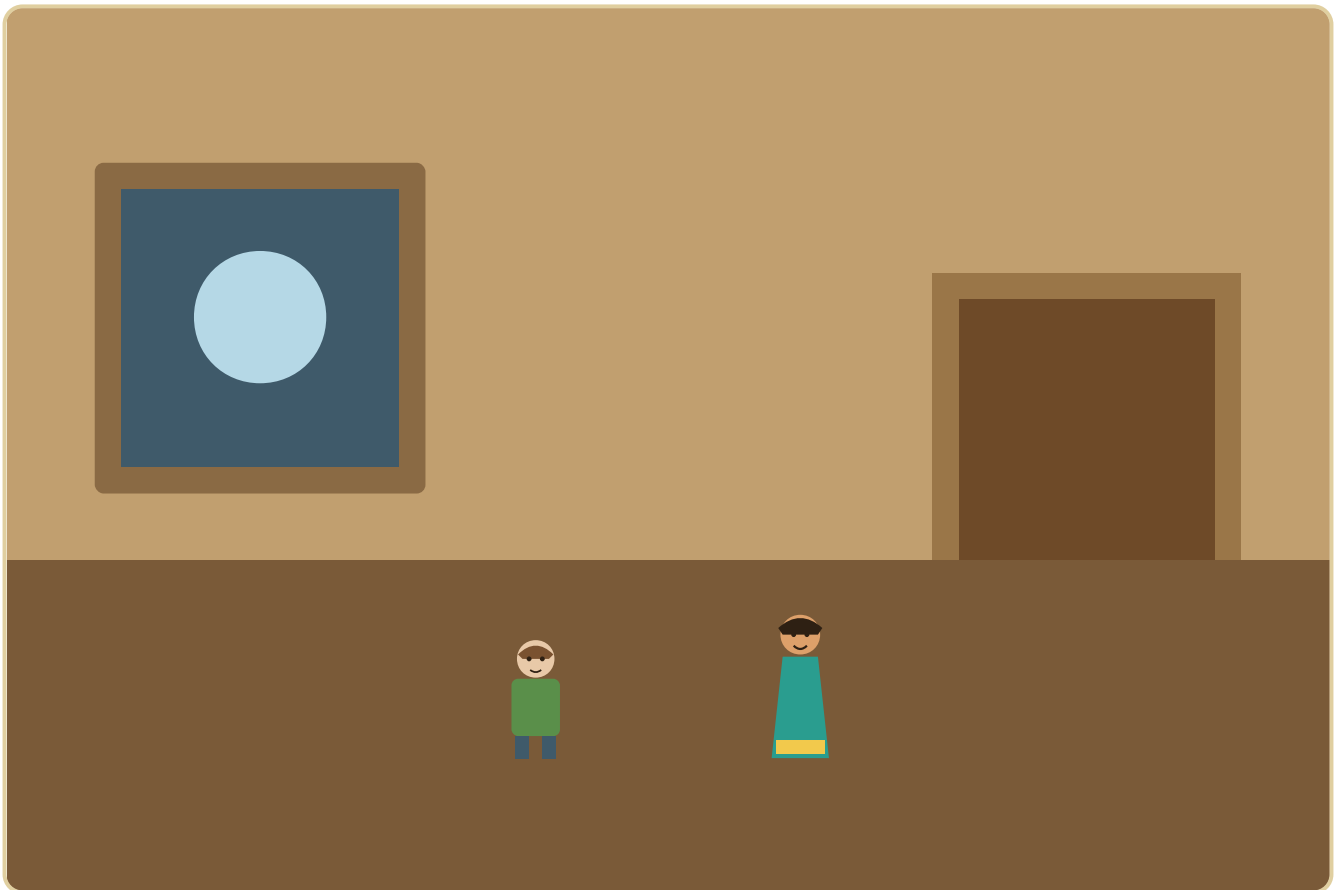
Illa's hard look softened. His courage had made room for hers. **"Me enojé y dije cosas feas,"** she admitted — *I got angry and said ugly things.* **"Yo también me equivoqué."** — *I was wrong too.*

And there it was — the truth of nearly every quarrel. **"Los dos nos equivocamos,"** Oliver said softly — *we were both wrong.*

Los dos nos equivocamos. *(lohs dohs nohs eh-kee-voh-KAH-mohs)*

We were both wrong.

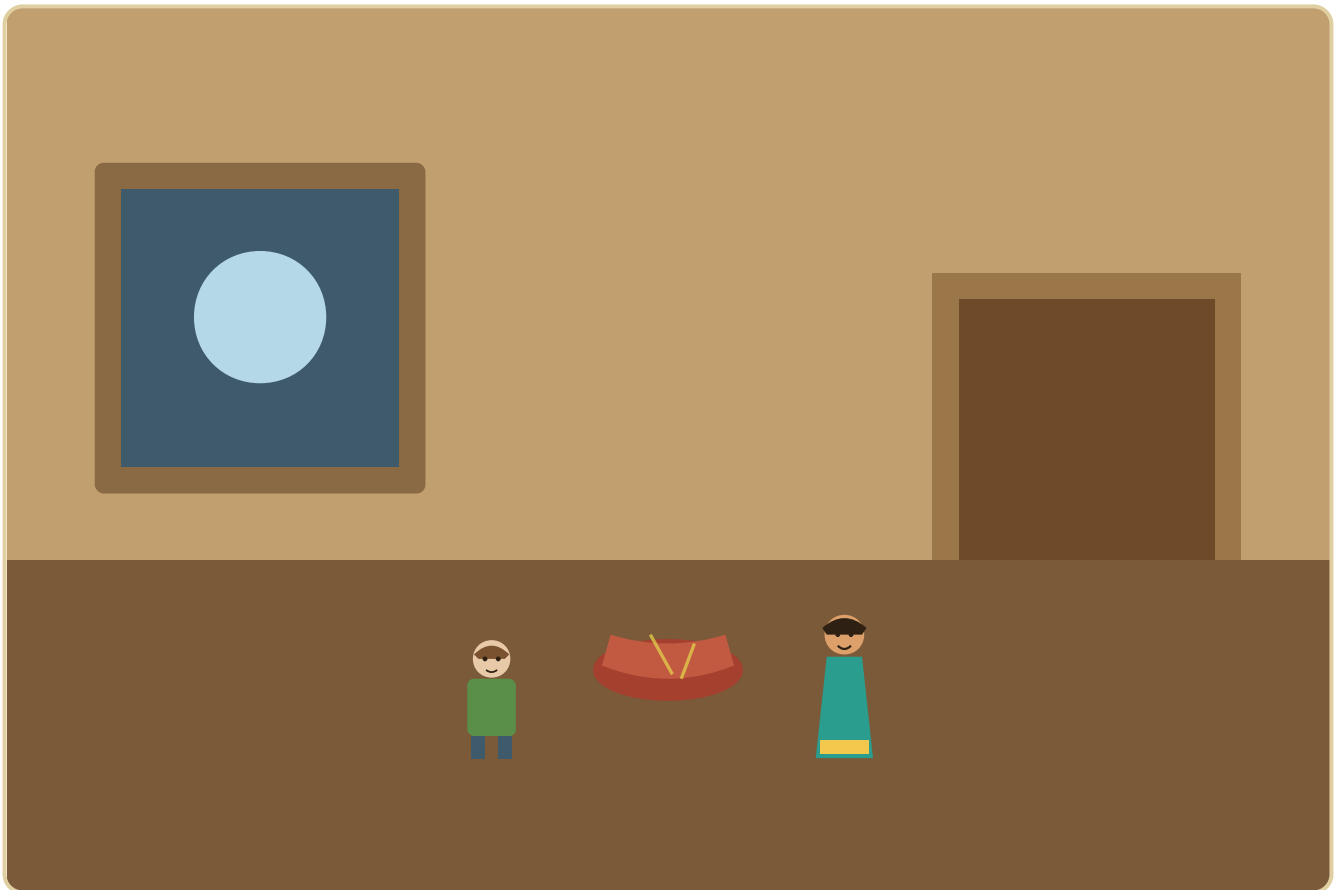
to forgive one another: **pampachanakuy.**



"Te perdono, de corazón," Illa said — *I forgive you, from the heart.* "It's only a bowl." Then, gently: **"¿Me perdonas tú?"** — *do you forgive me?*

"Te perdono. Sin rencor," Oliver answered — *I forgive you. Without a grudge.* **"Empecemos de nuevo."** — *let's start again.* The cold silence began to thaw.

Te perdono, de corazón. Sin rencor. (teh pehr-DOH-noh)
I forgive you, from the heart. Without a grudge.



Together they gathered the pieces, and Illa's grandmother helped them mend the bowl — sealing the cracks with a line of golden resin, the valley's old way. Mended, the bowl was not hidden but *honored*, its golden seams shining.

"See?" said the grandmother. "It is stronger now, at the broken place."

"¿Amigos otra vez?" Illa asked — *friends again?* **"Hagamos las paces."** — *let's make peace.*

Hagamos las paces. Amigos otra vez. (ah-GAH-mohs lahs PAH-sehs)

Let's make peace. Friends again.

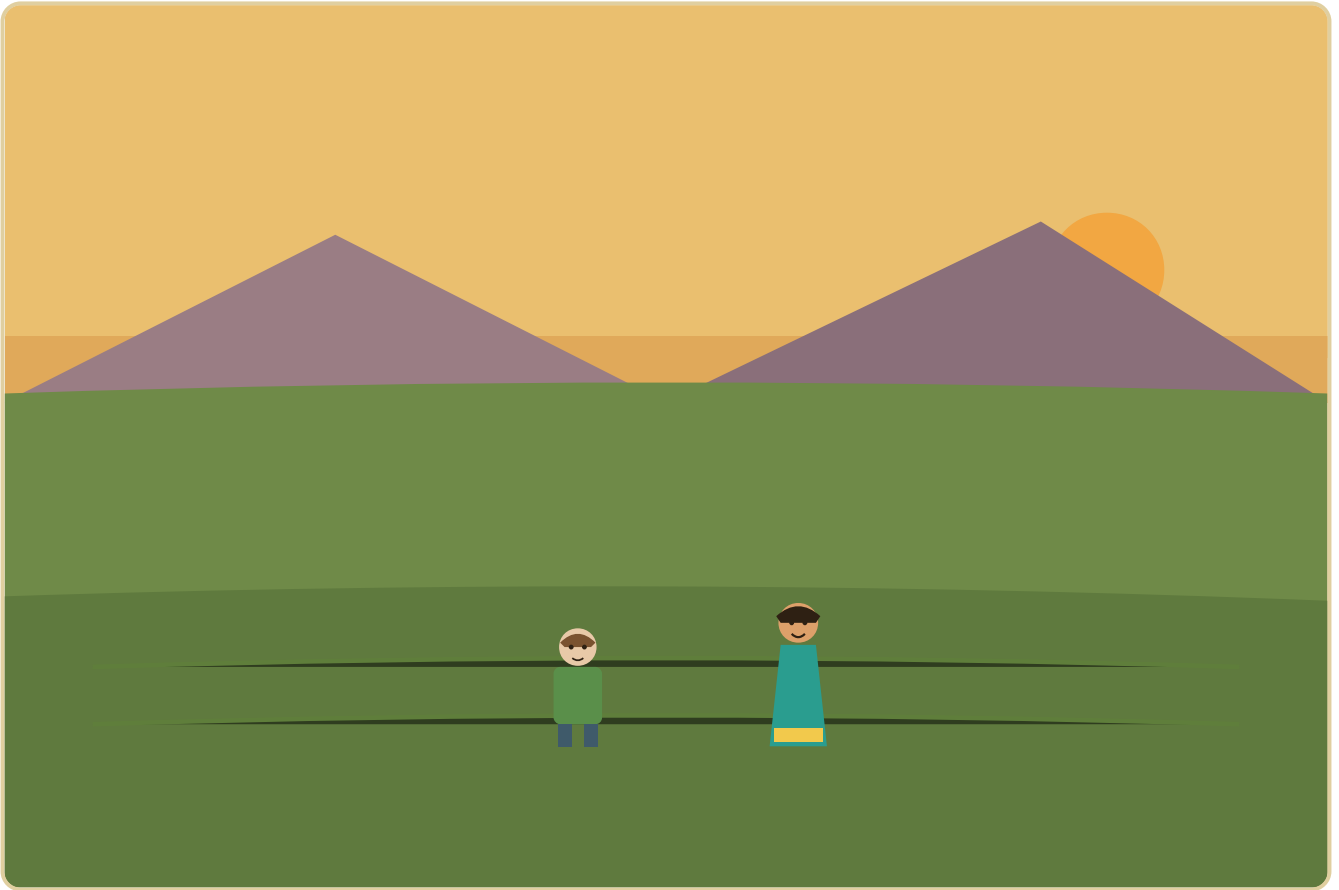
to be at peace: **thak kay.**



They stepped out into the golden evening, the mended bowl between them, and Oliver felt the calm flood back into his chest. **"Ahora estoy en calma,"** he said — *now I'm at peace*.

They had broken a bowl. They had, for a moment, broken more. But they had mended both — and the friendship, like the bowl, felt somehow surer for having cracked and been made whole.

Ahora estoy en calma. (ah-OH-rah ehs-TOY ehn KAHL-mah)
Now I'm at peace.



"We broke a bowl," Oliver said, holding the golden-seamed vessel to the light, "**no la amistad.**" — *not the friendship.*

"Al contrario," Illa smiled — *on the contrary.* **"Somos más fuertes que antes. Nada se rompió para siempre."** — *we're stronger than before. Nothing broke forever.* And Oliver understood: belonging wasn't never falling out. It was knowing, always, the way back.

They broke a bowl — and mended a friendship stronger at the seam.

*To belong is not to never quarrel. It is to know the way back — sorry, forgiven, at peace.
Pampachanakuy — we forgive one another, and nothing breaks forever.*

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day forgiveness proved stronger than a quarrel

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Me equivoqué / sin querer	I was wrong / without meaning to	—
Lo siento mucho	I'm very sorry	—
Fue mi culpa	It was my fault	—
Te perdono, de corazón	I forgive you, from the heart	—
Los dos nos equivocamos	We were both wrong	Pampachanakuy
Empecemos de nuevo / sin rencor	Let's start again / without a grudge	—
Hagamos las paces	Let's make peace	Thak kay
Un abrazo / en calma	A hug / at peace	—
Amigos otra vez	Friends again	—
Más fuertes que antes	Stronger than before	—

May you be brave enough to say "I'm sorry" first.

May you be soft enough to say "I forgive you" fully.

Pampachanakuy — mended at the seam, and nothing breaks forever.

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 8 — companion to "Perdón y Paz" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



The Bridge-BUILDER

El que hace de puente

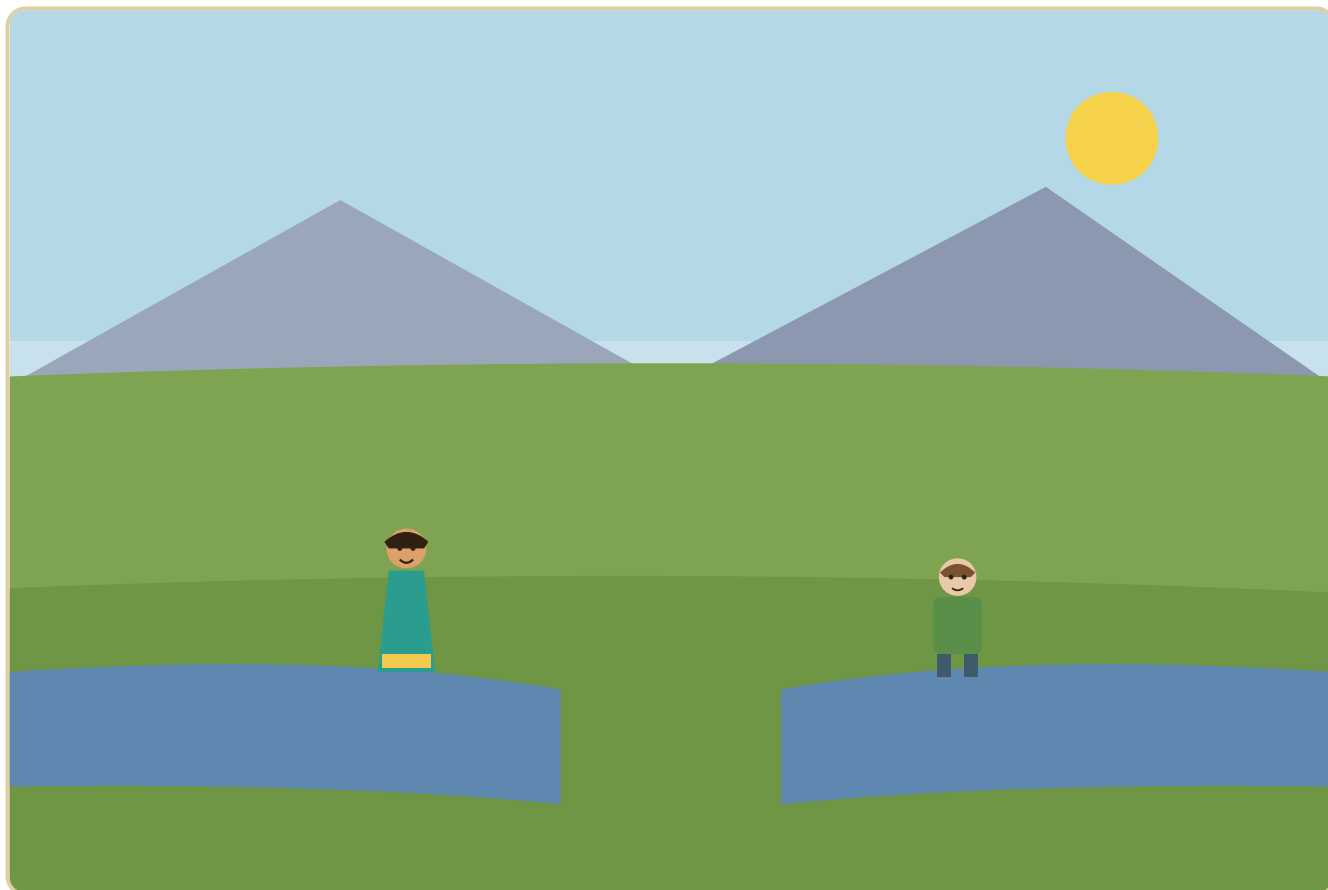
Oliver stops feeling torn between two worlds — and learns he is the bridge

A bridge doesn't choose a shore; it holds them together, and belongs to both

COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 9

For every child of two worlds who feared they belonged to neither, and learned they belonged to both

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



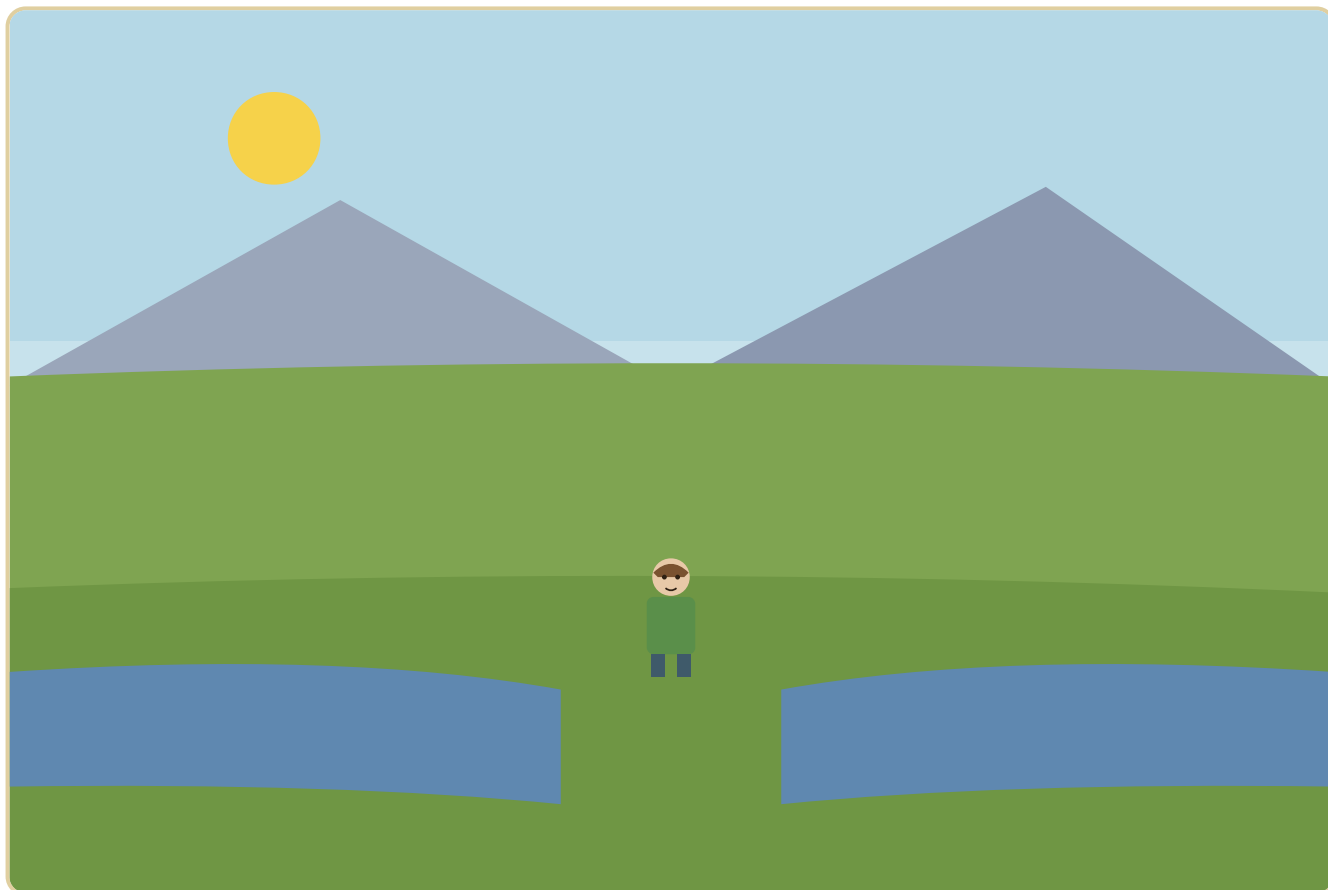
Oliver and Illa came to the great gorge where two shores faced each other across the rushing river, joined by a swaying rope bridge — a *chaka*, old as the valley itself.

They sat at its edge, and Illa, in her searching way, asked the question Oliver had once dreaded most. "**¿Cuál mundo es el tuyo,**" she said — *which world is yours* — "**tu tierra o el valle? Tienes que elegir.**" — *your land or the valley? You have to choose.*

¿Cuál mundo es el tuyo? (kwahl MOON-doh)

Which world is yours?

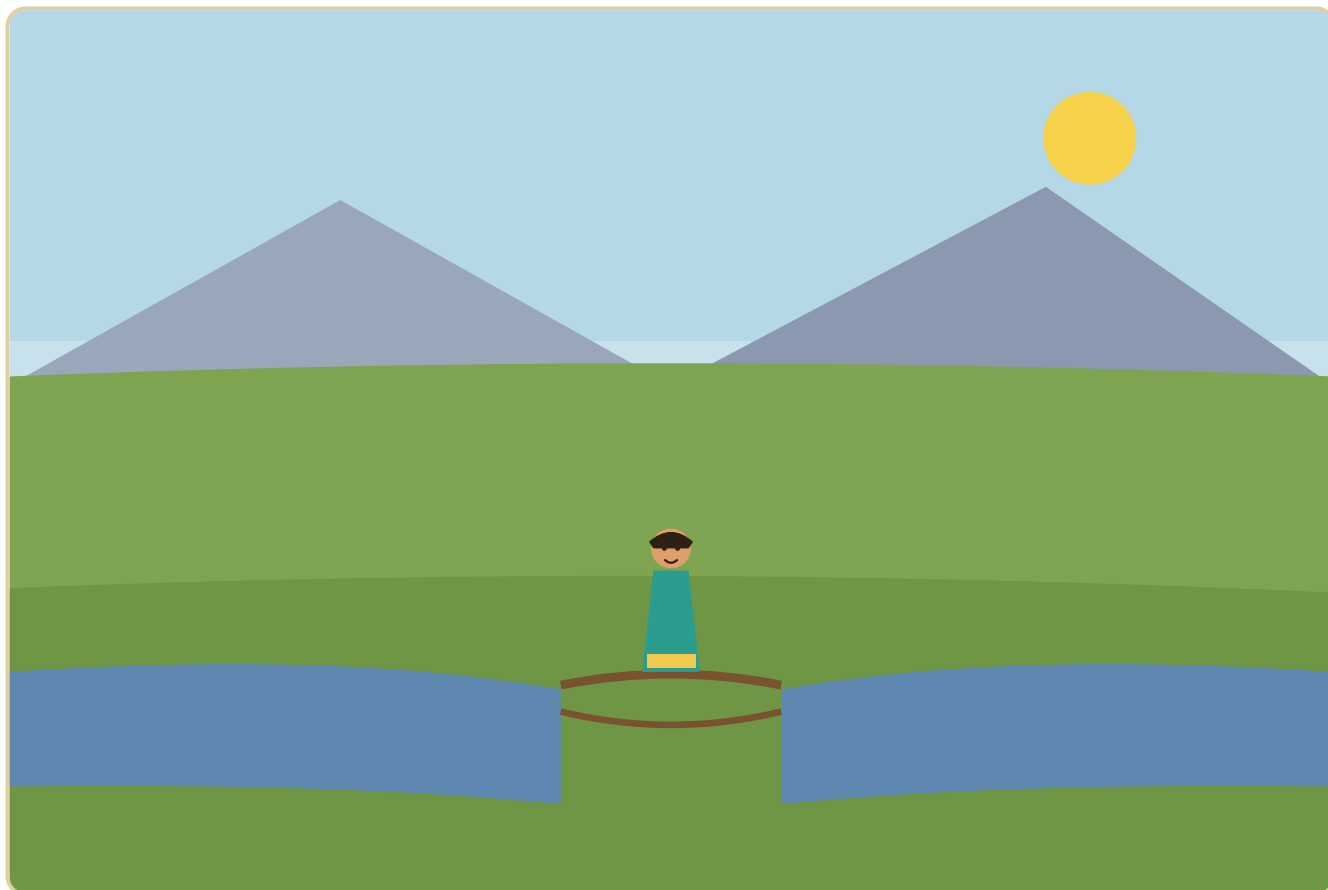
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Once, that question had felt like a hand around his heart. To choose the valley was to lose his homeland; to choose home was to lose the valley. Torn, always torn.

But something had changed in him. He shook his head slowly. "**No tengo que elegir,**" he said — *I don't have to choose.* "**Soy de dos mundos, y de los dos.**" — *I'm of two worlds, and of both.*

No tengo que elegir. Soy de los dos. (noh TEHN-goh keh eh-leh-HEER)
I don't have to choose. I'm of both.



"¿Pero no te partes entre ellos?" Illa pressed gently — *but aren't you split between them?*

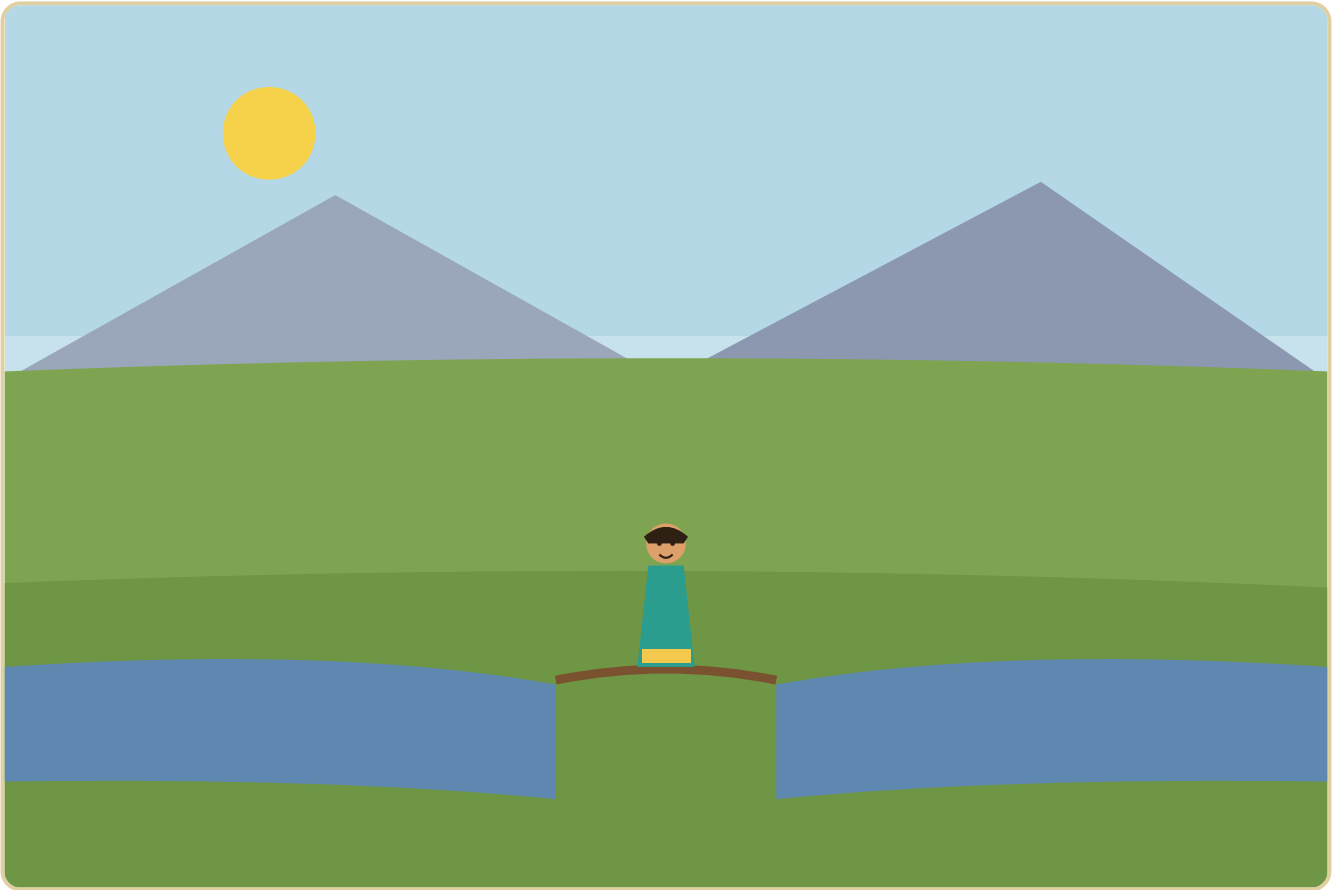
And there, looking at the rope bridge swaying over the river, Oliver found the image that set him free. **"No estoy partido,"** he said — *I'm not split.*

"Soy un puente. Los uno." — *I'm a bridge. I join them.*

No estoy partido. Soy un puente. (soy oon PWEHN-teh)

I'm not split. I'm a bridge.

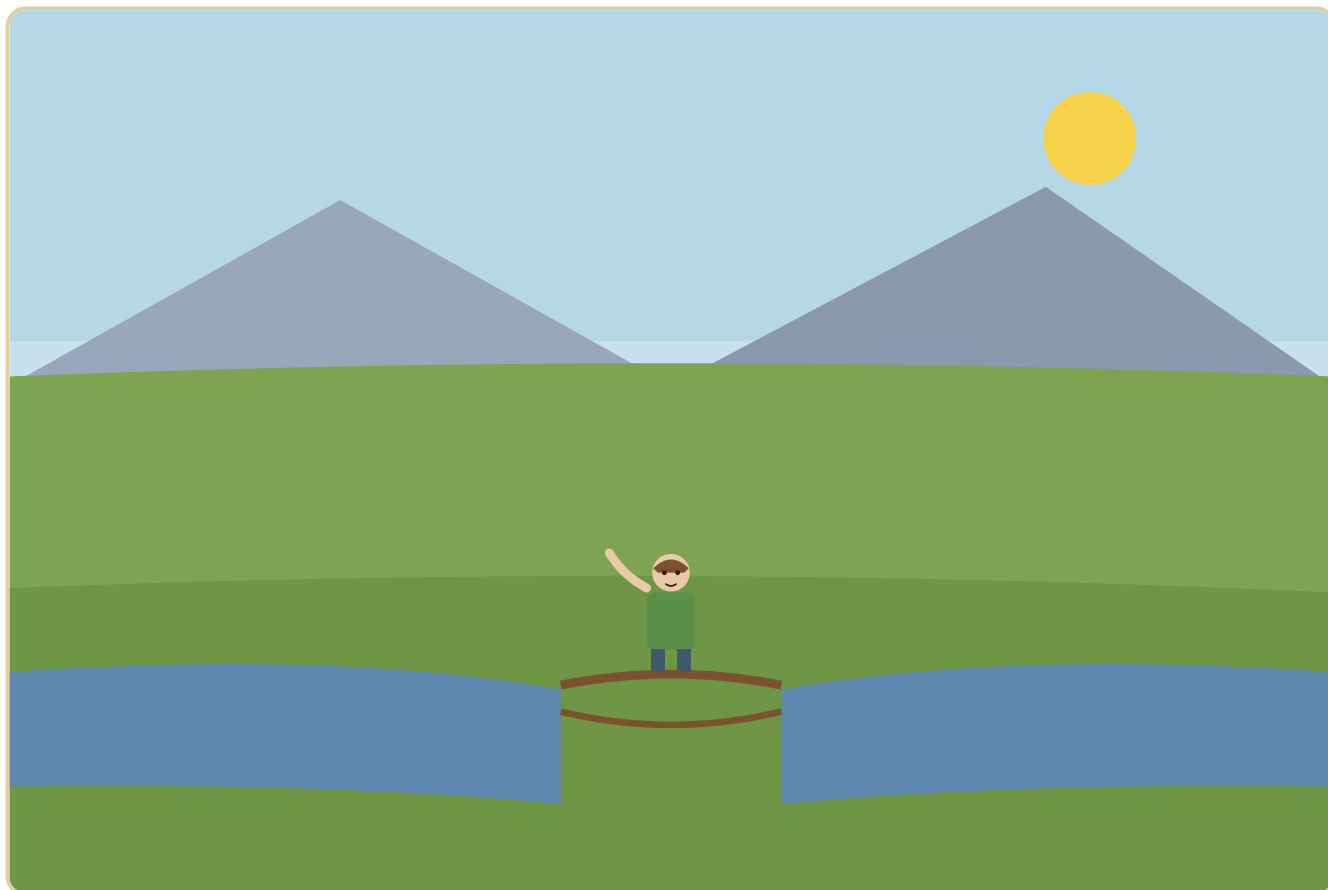
I am a bridge: **chakam kani.**



Illa's whole face lit. "**¡Chakam kani!**" she cried — '*I am a bridge!*' "To be a bridge is sacred here," she said, "like the Chakana, the cross of stars that joins the earth to the sky."

A bridge, Oliver realized, was not a *torn* thing. It was a *joining* thing — the very thing that turned two separate shores into one road.

Ser puente es sagrado, como la Chakana. (sah-GRah-doh)
To be a bridge is sacred, like the Chakana.

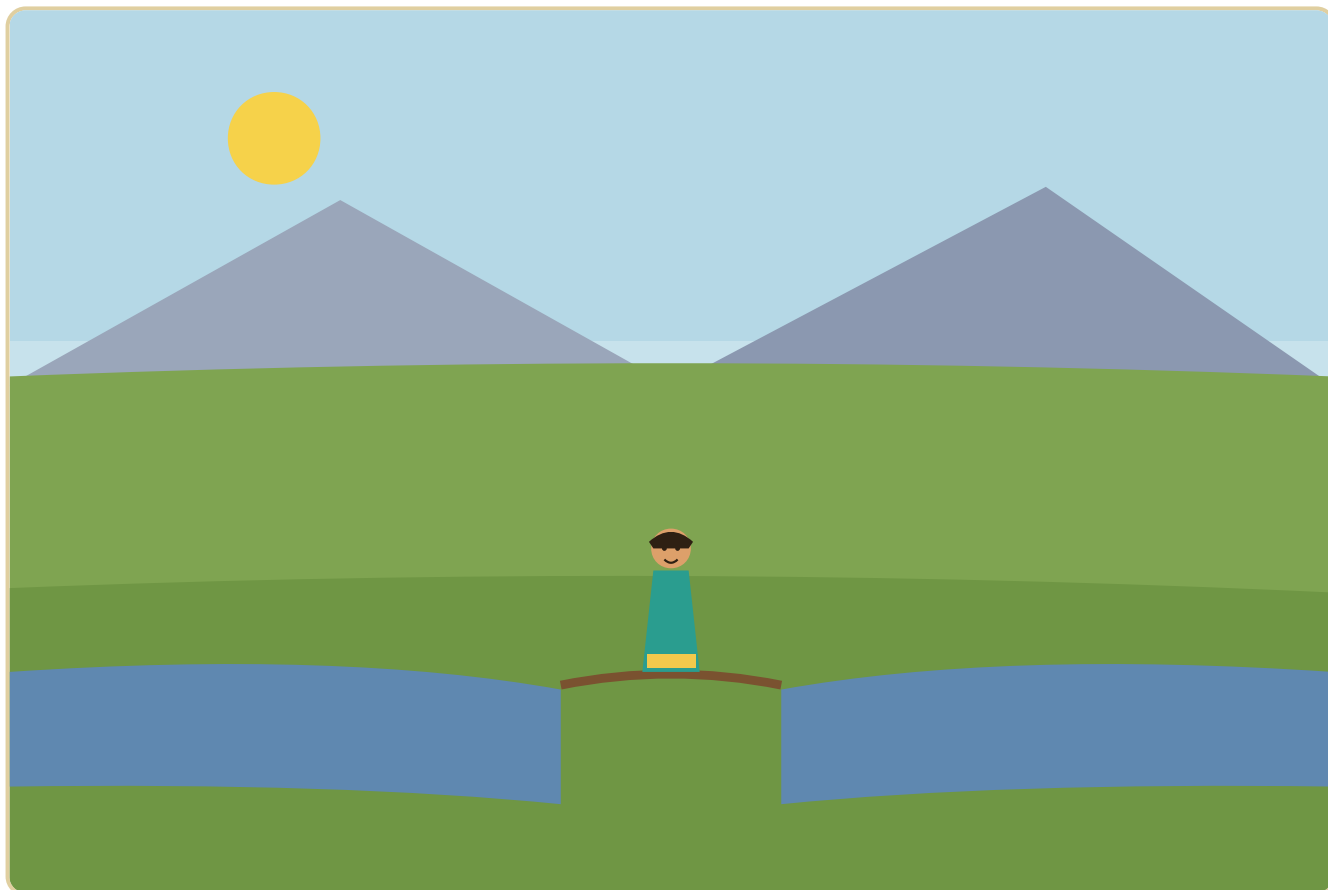


"And what does your bridge carry?" Illa asked. Oliver thought of everything that could cross him, back and forth, shore to shore.

"Llevo el valle al mundo," he said — *I carry the valley to the world* — **"y traigo el mundo al valle."** — *and I bring the world to the valley*. Its stories out; the world's gifts back. **De un lado a otro.** — *from one side to the other*.

Llevo el valle al mundo, y traigo el mundo al valle. (YEH-voh ehl
VAH-yeh)

I carry the valley to the world, and bring the world to the valley.
the whole wide world: **teqsemuyu.**



"Someday you'll go back to the world," Illa said softly. "What will you carry then?" It was not a sad question. It was a proud one.

"Llevaré la sabiduría del valle," Oliver answered — *I'll carry the valley's wisdom* — **"para sembrarla en otros."** — *to plant it in others*. Its ayni, its ayllu, its way of dreaming for the unborn. **"No la olvidaré nunca."** — *I'll never forget it*.

Llevaré la sabiduría, para sembrarla en otros. (sah-bee-doo-REE-ah)

I'll carry the wisdom, to plant it in others.



Then Oliver did something he had never dared. He stepped out onto the rope bridge itself, and stood in its very middle — over the rushing river, between the two shores, held by both.

"Tengo un pie en cada orilla," he called back to Illa — *I have a foot on each shore* — **"y estoy firme en los dos."** — *and I'm steady in both*. Not torn between them. Held by them. Home in both at once.

Un pie en cada orilla, firme en los dos. (oon pyeh ehn KAH-dah oh-REE-yah)

A foot on each shore, steady in both.
two heads, one heart: **iskay uma, huk sonqo.**



Illa crossed to stand beside him on the swaying bridge, and together they looked down at the two shores their feet still touched. **"Pertenece a los dos mundos,"** she said — *you belong to both worlds*. **"Y eso, amigo, es un regalo."** — *and that, friend, is a gift*.

And the last of Oliver's old fear — that to belong here was to lose there — fell away into the river below, and was carried off, and gone. He was a bridge. And a bridge, he knew now, belongs to both shores at once.

He stopped feeling torn between two worlds — and knew he was the bridge.

To live between two worlds is not to be half of each. It is to be the bridge that joins them, belonging fully to both. Chakam kani — I am a bridge, and that is a gift.

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the day he knew he was a bridge

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Soy de dos mundos, y de los dos	<i>I'm of two worlds, and of both</i>	—
No tengo que elegir	<i>I don't have to choose</i>	—
Soy un puente	<i>I am a bridge</i>	Chakam kani
Los uno / los conecto	<i>I join them / I connect them</i>	—
Llevo el valle al mundo	<i>I carry the valley to the world</i>	teqsemuyu
De un lado a otro	<i>From one side to the other</i>	—
Sembrar la sabiduría en otros	<i>To plant the wisdom in others</i>	—
Un pie en cada orilla	<i>A foot on each shore</i>	—
Firme en los dos	<i>Steady in both</i>	iskay uma, huk sonqo
Pertenezco a los dos — es un regalo	<i>I belong to both — it's a gift</i>	—

*May you never feel torn where you can be a bridge.
May you carry each world's gifts gently to the other.
Chakam kani — a foot on each shore, and home in both.*

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 9 — companion to "Soy un Puente" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq



ALLIN KAWSAY

Stories from the Sacred Valley · Cuentos del Valle Sagrado



This Is Home Now

Aquí es mi hogar

The valley gathers around the fire and calls Oliver, at last, its own

To belong is not to lose where you came from — it is to find a second home

**COMPANION STORY · SPANISH FROM THE VALLEY · LEVEL 3 · MODULE 10 ·
GRAND FINALE**

For every child who arrived a stranger — and one day was called home

Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq · Sacred Valley



The whole ayllu had gathered around the great fire — the abuelo, the abuela, Illa, the farmers, the children — every face Oliver had come to love. Tonight, they had told him, was for him.

The abuelo rose, and the circle went quiet. He looked at Oliver a long, warm moment. "**Llegaste sin saber decir 'hola,'**" he said — *you arrived unable to say 'hello.'* "**Mírate ahora.**" — *look at you now.*

Llegaste sin saber decir "hola." Mírate ahora. (yeh-GAHS-teh)

You arrived unable to say 'hello.' Look at you now.



Oliver looked into the fire, and the whole road he had walked rose up before him — three long years of it.

"Aprendí a nombrar," he said softly — *I learned to name* — **"a participar, a pensar, a soñar."** — *to take part, to think, to dream*. He paused, and the last word came out full. **"Y a pertenecer."** — *and to belong*.

Aprendí a nombrar, a participar... y a pertenecer. (*pehr-teh-neh-SEHR*)

I learned to name, to take part... and to belong.
to belong — the whole journey.



The abuelo nodded slowly, and then he spoke the words the whole valley had been growing toward, night by night, day by day.

"Ya no eres huésped," he said — *you're no longer a guest*. **"Eres uno de nosotros. Somos un solo ayllu."** — *you're one of us. We are one family*. Around the fire, every head nodded. The valley was claiming him as its own.

Eres uno de nosotros. Somos un solo ayllu. (SOH-mohs oon SOH-loh
EYE-yoo)

You're one of us. We are one family.
we are one family: **huk ayllulla kanchis.**



Oliver's eyes stung. He thought of his first home, far across the sea — and the valley had never once asked him to give it up.

"Aquí es mi hogar," he said — *this is my home* — **"sin perder mi tierra lejana."** — *without losing my far-away land*. **"Tengo dos, y las guardo las dos."** — *I have two, and I keep them both*.

Aquí es mi hogar, sin perder mi tierra. (ah-KEE ehs mee oh-GAR)

This is my home, without losing my land.

I keep my roots: **saphi**.



The abuelo's eyes glimmered in the firelight. He asked one last, gentle question — the only shadow on the night. "**Algún día cruzarás el mar,**" he said — *someday you'll cross the sea*. "**¿Nos olvidarás?**" — *will you forget us?*

Oliver shook his head, hard and sure. "**Nunca. Volveré,**" he said — *never. I'll return*. "**El valle va conmigo, siempre en el corazón.**" — *the valley goes with me, always in the heart*.

Nunca. Volveré. El valle va conmigo. (NOON-kah. vohl-veh-REH)

Never. I'll return. The valley goes with me.

I will return: **kutimusaq.**



The abuelo opened his arms, and the whole ayllu drew close around the fire. **"Entonces bienvenido a casa, hijo,"** he said — *then welcome home, son.* **"Para siempre parte de nosotros."** — *forever part of us.*

Hijo. Son. The word landed in Oliver like a seed in good soil. He was not a visitor being thanked. He was a child being welcomed home.

Bienvenido a casa, hijo. (byehn-veh-NEE-doh ah KAH-sah)
Welcome home, son.



Oliver rose, and looked around the whole circle of faces glowing in the firelight — his family now, his *ayllu*, his home. He gathered the whole journey into a few full words.

"Llegué, participé, y ahora pertenezco," he said — *I arrived, I took part, and now I belong.* **"Gracias por todo. Aquí es mi hogar."** — *thank you for everything. This is my home.*

Llegué, participé, y ahora pertenezco. (yeh-GEH, par-tee-see-PEH)
I arrived, I took part, and now I belong.



And then the whole ayllu spoke the ancient blessing together, the one that had lived at the head of every story since the very first hello — **Allin Kawsay**, the good living.

"Que viva el buen vivir," said the abuelo, his hand on Oliver's shoulder — *long live the good living*. **"Hasta siempre. Kausachun Allin Kawsay."** Under the great river of stars, a stranger who had once known only *hola* stood among his family, in the place that was, now and always, his home.

He arrived a stranger — and the valley, at last, called him home.

To belong is not to lose where you came from. It is to be claimed by a second home, and to keep them both. Aquí es mi hogar. Kausachun Allin Kawsay — long live the good living. ¡Fin!

The Words Oliver Learned

Every treasure from the night he belonged — and the whole road that led there

ESPAÑOL (THE TREASURE)	ENGLISH	QUECHUA
Pertenezco. Este es mi lugar	<i>I belong. This is my place</i>	—
Aquí es mi hogar	<i>This is my home</i>	—
Sin perder mi tierra lejana	<i>Without losing my far-away land</i>	saphi
Tengo dos hogares	<i>I have two homes</i>	—
Somos un solo ayllu	<i>We are one family</i>	huk ayllulla kanchis
Uno de nosotros / bienvenido a casa	<i>One of us / welcome home</i>	—
Volveré. El valle va conmigo	<i>I'll return. The valley goes with me</i>	Kutimusaq
Llegar, participar, pertenecer	<i>To arrive, take part, belong</i>	—
Que viva el buen vivir	<i>Long live the good living</i>	Kausachun Allin Kawsay
Hasta siempre	<i>Until always</i>	—

You arrived. You took part. And now — you belong.

Two homes, one heart, and a valley that will always call you back.

Kausachun Allin Kawsay — long live the good living. Bienvenido a casa, Oliver.

¡Fin de Spanish From the Valley!

Allin Kawsay · Spanish From the Valley · Level 3 · Module 10 — companion to "Aquí Es Mi Hogar" · Amistad Sagrada · Yachay Wasicha · Písaq